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The martyr of Erromanga

THE

MARTYR OF ERROMANGA,

OR, THE

PHILOSOPHY OF MISSIONS,

ILLUSTRATED FROM THE

Labours, Death, and Character

OF THE LATE

REV. JOHN WILLIAMS.

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BY

JOHN CAMPBELL, D.D.

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AUTHOR OF "JETHRO," "MARITIME DISCOVERY," ETC.

Mr. Williams taking leave of the Rarotongans.—*See page* 90.

LONDON:
JOHN SNOW, 35, PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1842.

PREFACE.

The source of all evil in our world is ignorance of God, or enmity against him. While this enmity and that ignorance remain, and in proportion as they preponderate, sin and misery will continue to exist and to prevail. The only means, therefore, of curing the maladies of human nature, and of rectifying the disorders of society, is to substitute knowledge for ignorance, and love for enmity. This will effect a recovery, and restore tranquillity, complete, universal, and permanent. The result of this substitution will be true and perfect civilization, comprehending every thing necessary to elevate, adorn, and bless mankind—the resurrection of buried intellect — the enthronement of enlightened reason—the subjugation of unhallowed passion—the infusion of real humanity —the extinction of war, with its calamities—the establishment of peace, with its blessings — the annihilation of all that is hurtful to man, and the introduction of all that is contributory to his

happiness,—liberty,—literature,—arts,—science,—commerce,—just legislation,—and international harmony. Hence arise the surpassing glory of the Missionary Enterprise, and the matchless excellence of the Missionary Character,—an enterprise which comprehends all lands, all times, and all men, with all their interests for both worlds; and a character which forms the highest and noblest manifestation of philanthropy, patriotism, piety, and moral greatness.

The work of Missions is incomparably the best medium through which to contemplate the cross of Christ and the mercy of God. The true history of that work supplies a body of the most convincing evidence in support of Christianity, that can be produced. Williams's "Missionary Enterprises," alone, is of more real value than all the writings of a Clarke, a Butler, a Paley, a Chalmers, a Leland, and a Lardner, united. There Christianity appears arrayed in her Missionary costume. She presents her majestic form, and shows her beauteous face, on the battlements of a citadel reared by her own hands, with materials furnished by her own conquests. The fruit of Missions is her best defence; she asks, she needs, no other. Obedience to the Son of God wants no permission; deeds of the highest benevolence to a suffering world call for no apology. He who opposes the work of Missions,

forfeits all claim to the character of a friend either of God or of man. The adversary of Missions is a foe to the Saviour of the world; for by means of them alone can his kingdom be extended, and his throne established. The man who scorns Missions, must renounce the Christian Religion, without which the nations of Europe and all other lands had still been dwelling amid the darkness of idolatry. On departing from our world, the Messiah commanded his disciples to go and teach all nations; they obeyed, and continued in their work till crowned with martyrdom. Their successors for a time walked in their steps; all churches were Missionary Societies; all Christians, in some shape, Missionary agents. In this way, from one generation to another, the enterprise ought to have proceeded, till all flesh had seen the salvation of God. But the Church slept, and her work ceased; and even now she is only awaking. Missions, therefore, are no new thing. They are the mere resumption of an ancient undertaking. Their seeming novelty is the severest reproach that can be cast upon the Church. Missions the disgrace of the Church? They are her first duty, her true glory! Missions the dishonour of those who support and conduct them? Their chief promoters are the principal ornaments of their country, and the best benefactors of their species!

The object of this volume is, to present the subject of Missions in a new form, and to exhibit its facts and principles in new combinations. It is an attempt at the Philosophy of Missions,—an exposition of their great principles,—a display of their beneficent results. It comprises a series of arguments on the facts of Missions generally, and on those of the South Sea Mission in particular. It is an endeavour, on the one hand, to combine such facts with the principles and doctrines which explain them; and, on the other, by the same facts, to prove and illustrate such doctrines and principles. This the writer believes to be the most successful method of dealing with those important classes of persons whom he is most anxious to reach, and excite to the consideration of this paramount subject. The classes more particularly referred to, are educated, inquisitive youth,—men of more advanced years, addicted to books and study,—collegians of every order, whether Churchmen or Dissenters, in all parts of the Kingdom,—the conductors of the Periodical Press,—magistrates and legislators,—and the upper ranks of society, generally. He deems it, on a variety of grounds, a matter of the utmost moment to obtain the favourable regards of all these classes towards the cause of Missions.

The Author's chief hope, however, is in the

Sabbath-school Teachers of the British Empire, and of America. This class of persons are, at the present moment, exerting an influence on the destinies of the millions of England and of the New World, and, through them, of the whole human race, which the wisest of living men can neither estimate nor comprehend. It is cheering to think that these philanthropic agents are already counted by hundreds of thousands, and that their numbers are continually increasing. They comprise the largest portion of the best friends of the cause of Missions; and from their ranks have been supplied nearly the whole host of labourers now in the foreign field. But this is the lowest view of the matter. Of these religious instructors it is the peculiar province, and it will be the special glory, to cast the mind of the juvenile millions of our race in the mould of Missions. To them it belongs to create and foster the spirit of this great enterprise in the breasts of those who are to constitute the pastors, the churches, and the heads of families, in the coming age. He who remembers these momentous facts, will see nothing incongruous in assigning to Sabbath-school Teachers a section of a volume addressed to the Philanthropists, Philosophers, and Nobles of the land.

The subjects of Intellectual and Moral Greatness have been laboured with urgent, but, the Author thinks, with necessary, iteration,—subjects which,

notwithstanding their transcendent importance, have not hitherto, so far as he is aware, been fully and practically discussed. The questions of War and Peace, too, as contrasted with that of Missions, and the subject of the Military, as compared with the Missionary, Character, have received a due share of attention. Philosophy, not biography, being the Author's object, he has studiously avoided intruding into that province, which has been assigned to other and highly competent hands.

In addition to the primary design of advancing the glory of Christ and the good of mankind, a minor object was, to rear a slender monument to the memory of a much-loved friend, as an humble contribution towards the celebration of his name and the extension of his usefulness. With this view, he has delineated, at some length, the portrait of a man who has achieved for himself a deathless fame, and concerning whom generations to come will doubtless feel a laudable and reverential curiosity, which that sketch may help to gratify.

With respect to the execution of the Work, the writer has, to the extent of his ability, with much patient toil, endeavoured to illustrate the principles of the Gospel in their relation to War and to Peace. He is satisfied that his discussions are in perfect harmony with that system which the angels of God celebrated as fraught with "peace on earth and

goodwill toward men." He also hopes, that, by adopting the method of Letters, and by selecting individuals between whose characters and the subjects on which they are addressed, there is an intimate connexion or obvious congruity, he has augmented the interest of discussion, avoiding at once the coldness of abstraction and the languor of dissertation; while it has been his studied endeavour throughout, to give every subject the highest legitimate practical bearing.

The Author trusts that this Work will prove an appropriate Sequel to the "Enterprises" of Mr. Williams, and aid in further developing the worth, beauty, and glory of that wonderful volume; and it is his fervent desire that the result of the whole may be to sustain the memorable words of William Orme, late Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society,—"IN THE WHOLE COMPASS OF HUMAN BENEVOLENCE, THERE IS NOTHING SO GRAND, SO NOBLE, SO CHRISTIAN, SO TRULY GODLIKE—AS THE WORK OF EVANGELIZING THE HEATHEN."

JOHN CAMPBELL.

LONDON,
December 23, 1811.

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THE

MARTYR OF ERROMANGA.

LETTER I.

TO THE TEACHERS OF BRITISH AND OTHER DAY SCHOOLS.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT AS A BRANCH OF EDUCATION, AND THE PREFERENCE DUE TO MISSIONARY WORK.

Benefactors of your country and of mankind! to the Christian pastor, the true patriot, the statesman, and the philosopher, your system and labours present a spectacle of the deepest interest. The edifices in which you exercise your functions, are centres of influence of which it is difficult to describe the limits. The economy of our world supplies no standard by which to measure the importance of your services. Like the true ministers of religion, the utility of your labours is not to be estimated by their earthly reward. The rude millions of which society is composed, cannot yet appreciate them. Be not discouraged, however, but, with the faithful missionaries of the cross, labour on for the good of mankind, in the hope of better times. The day is near in which your work will be its own witness, and will assert its own claims; go on to awaken, enlighten, and

elevate the spirit of man, and to impart benefits which gold cannot compensate! Your work happily carries with it its own reward. How vast and abiding the satisfaction which results from calling forth the intellectual and moral resources of your species, from giving the immortal mind of man a new consciousness of its powers and faculties, invigorating the judgment, regulating the will, and purifying the heart! Your vocation invests you with a power, which, wisely wielded, will shake and subvert all the despotic thrones and dominions of our world. Your position commands for you an awful and augmenting ascendency in the sphere of human agency. You put forth your strength upon a nation's mind in the morning of its life, when all is young, and fresh, and tender. The lessons you teach become part of the very instincts of opening life. The principles you implant are permanently incorporated with the elements of thought and being. It is not for nothing that you are objects of hatred to the foes of freedom and of human advancement.

In proportion to the greatness of a power are the necessity and importance of its right direction. The work of teaching well deserves the best talents; but moral considerations are paramount to intellectual; for it is your high province to produce not simply intellectual, but moral results, and the latter are inexpressibly the more important. Hence no degree of mental progress can compensate for deficiency in moral culture; and the utmost measure of both are essential to complete success in the exercise of your functions. The scale of your competency is one of many gradations; and he who approaches the highest point is entitled to rank with the most distinguished of his race.

The plain and simple apparatus of your rooms is but the index to your powers. There is no limit to the richness and variety of your communications but that

which is set by your own capabilities; and there is scarcely any kind or degree of information which may not be brought to bear upon the interests of education. You may perform miracles in tuition, without book. Thus it was that Socrates and Plato taught the youth of Greece; but you may infinitely excel both Socrates and Plato, not only in the matter, but in the manner of your communication. Amidst the multitude of subjects which lie before you, especial attention is due to those which are discussed in this volume—War and Missions. What may you not do towards teaching mankind to think aright on these mighty themes! They come legitimately before you in the two chief departments of history and geography; and, in able hands, they will never fail to contribute a freshness and an interest to the business of instruction, which nothing else can impart. But that you may teach, it is necessary that you should learn. Let your own minds therefore be thoroughly familiarised with these great subjects. Make an intense and patient study of them till you have mastered them in all their principles, and in all their details. What materials for moral instruction and pathetic exhortation! On these weighty topics how much you may accomplish towards the reformation of the public taste, and the creation of a public conscience! You may ultimately implant in the nation's heart an abhorrence of war which nothing can mitigate, and a zeal for missions which nothing can quench! Thus may you earn the gratitude of earth and the benediction of heaven! In furtherance of this grand object of Christian philanthropy, let me introduce to your attention the Martyr of Erromanga, whose glorious career and cruel end will supply abundance of striking illustration.

Early in the year 1814, John Williams was aroused by the Rev. Timothy East, of Birmingham, from spiritual slumber, in the Tabernacle, Moorfields, London. From

that memorable night, he was deeply convinced of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; he saw that he had incurred the penalty of death, and he was filled with a trembling anxiety to escape the wrath to come. He was soon enabled to understand, and led to believe and obey the gospel of Christ, and became a member of the church assembling in the Tabernacle, under the care of the late Rev. Matthew Wilks. The future Missionary, thus blessed with the hope of salvation, and filled with compassion for the souls of men still walking in the paths of perdition, offered himself as a teacher in the sabbath-schools, and was accepted. As he sat, amid his youthful class, on the free benches of the Tabernacle, initiating them in the elements of saving knowledge, his fellow-labourers little imagined how great a man he was one day to become, and how much he was destined to effect in diffusing the word of God among the heathen. The ways of the Lord are a great deep; he has work, high and glorious, marked out for many of you, likewise, who are, at present, holy and zealous, though humble and obscure teachers of British and other schools.

Young Williams, delighting much in the business of a teacher, was industrious and exemplary in the discharge of his duties. As he advanced in the knowledge and love of Christ, his compassion deepened for the souls of men, and he strongly desired to be entirely devoted to their instruction. He saw multitudes in England pressing on in the broad way that leads to destruction, and his heart bled at the sight; but, on reflection, he thought the state of the heathen still more lamentable, and such as more loudly called for commiseration. On this ground, therefore, after much prayer to God for direction, and asking counsel of wise men, he offered himself to the London Missionary Society, by whose directors he was accepted, and sent to the South Seas. Such was the deliberate

choice of Mr. Williams; and although, alas! it issued in a violent death, it was a wise one. His dreadful end was an event of predestined honour, not of casual misfortune. Paul, the father of Gentile Missions, spent the whole of his laborious life in the spirit, if not even in the anticipation of martyrdom. He was always "ready to die for the Lord Jesus." He cherished the most exalted conception of the apostolic office. He well knew that it was appointed inconceivably to enrich and bless the world. His estimate of its unparalleled importance was formed on this knowledge, and hence his noble-minded exclamation, "I magnify mine office!" He was at all times the subject of a deep, joyous, and exulting conviction, that his was incomparably the highest, the most beneficent, and the most honourable employment in the universe. That consideration formed a chief part of the moral means by which he was upheld under the pressure of overwhelming burdens, and emboldened to proceed amid appalling difficulties and impending dangers.

In this great matter Paul is a pattern to all Christian missionaries. It is not enough, however, that similar views should possess and govern the souls of those who have entered the field of foreign labour; they should also thoroughly pervade the hearts of the home churches, and form a prominent feature in the creed and the conscience of the rising race. Accurate conceptions, and appropriate feelings upon the subject of missions, are the true basis of all successful evangelical effort; they constitute the life and power of the enterprise, and are, therefore, especially deserving of study and cultivation. Upon this head, we, your fathers, have still much to learn; our vision is dim, and our views are narrow; our emotions are comparatively cold and uninfluential. The business of gospel diffusion is still, in many of our minds, very much an affair of pecuniary contribution. The supply of appropriate human agency,

notwithstanding its acknowledged importance, is, with multitudes, not the first, but the second consideration. Both objects, however, thanks be to God! are advancing towards their true position in the mind of the churches. We confidently anticipate the period when they will be transposed, when the first question will be men, and the second the means of their support. The time is doubtless drawing nigh, when all the churches of the saints will consider it a culpable neglect of duty, a stain upon their profession, a disgrace upon their character, not to share, in some shape, in missionary contributions; and, when their gifts will bear a proportion to their numbers and their means. With this conviction of duty, will necessarily be blended the further conviction, that gold and silver, great and pressing as is their importance, are not the prime consideration. The high question of human agency will then take precedence of that and of every other. The great principle will at length be fully acknowledged, that it is the province of the "Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers;" and that constant prayer to this effect is the paramount duty of all Christians and of all churches. The strong and persevering spirit of united prayer for this object will be accompanied by a deep and growing sense of personal duty with respect to the employment of all other appropriate and appointed means. The people of God will be animated by a holy desire to appear in the foreign field, either in person, or by deputy, to publish the mercy of Heaven to a rebel world. They will consider this to be the highest honour they can enjoy on earth; and, in the absence of this, whatever may be their numbers and wealth, or pecuniary assistance to spread the Gospel, they will feel their rank to be one of only secondary importance. So long as they send none of their members abroad "to the help of the Lord," they will consider themselves denied a precious privilege and a high distinction. There is reason to fear,

that, at present, this feeling, where it is not dead, is yet dormant among the bulk of the British Churches; there is reason to fear that it is not very generally and intensely supplicated; and that when the Lord puts this honour upon a people, it is not always very thankfully received—facts which prove that such churches have yet to be baptized with the true spirit of missions. Mere money contribution is but an uncertain criterion of the Missionary character of a Christian community; it may mainly depend upon the pastor, or upon a few active individuals, who put into motion the machinery of subscription, and uphold it, and without whose agency and zeal, for a single year, it would go into derangement and decay. In this coarse and secular affair, much room, too, is left for the entrance and operation of mixed motives and earthly passions, so that, even in churches, from which large sums annually proceed to the general treasury, there may, notwithstanding, be but little of the living and breathing power and spirit of real missionary enterprise. Even the Missionary Prayer Meeting may present a truth-telling and most condemnatory contrast to the treasurer's report! Under the improved condition of things, which we anticipate, Christian churches will display harmony in this respect; and when every fellowship shall have become one pure and flaming mass of missionary zeal, the question of pecuniary support will not lose ground, but will inconceivably gain it, by being placed in a position secondary to that of agency. Then, instead of being, as in too many cases it now is, an artificial stream, it will become a natural one, fed by the heart-fountain of ransomed millions. It will no longer be forced—as undeniably, to a vast extent, it now is, but will flow in copious torrents from its own bursting, grateful abundance.

The question of missions—the question of the world's salvation — will be mainly discussed and carried at the

Christian fireside, and in the bosom of religious circles. When the current of enlightened missionary feeling shall have set strongly into churches, it will, at the same time, penetrate households. Godly parents will then come to consider it the choicest of all felicities, the loftiest of all distinctions, to have sons and daughters enrolled among the ranks of the servants of the Most High God, showing to men of foreign climes the way of salvation. The spirit of missions is simply the spirit of true piety existing in full power. With the spread of this piety those views will increase and multiply; and when this piety shall have attained a healthful maturity, and a general prevalence, those views will impart a new aspect to the business of pecuniary contribution. The celestial fire of the spirit of missions will straightway subdue and melt the hearts of our monied men, and "loose the loins" of our merchant princes to open before the world's Messiah "the two-leaved gates" of their golden stores, "and the gates will not be shut." The power of that fire will everywhere go before him, and make the "crooked places straight," and "break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron;" it will sweetly constrain converted men to "give him the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places." The dissolving power of that celestial fire will at length release the hoarded millions of Christendom, and render them available to the cause of Christ. Men and money, missionaries and their support, like substance and shadow, will walk in company. Personal and relative fortunes will flow outwards, in torrents, for the sustenance of the armies of the Cross, while the still augmenting mites of the accumulating myriads of the industrious classes will go on to swell the tide of their grateful munificence.

Teachers of the Christian youth of England! in connexion with this glorious anticipation, we look most wistfully to you! Your charge is the hope of the Church and

of the world. Heaven bless their blooming hosts, guide their hearts into the love of Christ, and fill their generous bosoms with the pure and lofty spirit of peace, and of missions to the Gentiles! It is of the utmost moment that their minds should be early directed to that work, that they should become thoroughly acquainted with the entire subject in all its amplitude and variety of bearing, and be led rightly to appreciate the missionary character. The lamented Williams, who had deeply drunk into the spirit of Paul, has left them a solemn testimony concerning it. Although himself clothed with humility, he understood well how to "magnify his office." In his view, the missionary was the first of mortal men, and his functions worthy of angelic agency! He has, in the closing paragraph of his "Enterprises," recorded his sentiments relative to this great theme, in words suited to the exalted subject. The passage is appropriately placed in that position, as now sustaining all the weight and solemnity of a testamentary declaration. Since its appearance, the churches of Britain have had time to pause and to ponder, till the unlooked-for and sorrowful event of his death has broken the silence. Should some generous hand ever erect a monument over the recovered portion of his mangled body, that passage would form the most appropriate inscription that could be devised for his tomb. It is as follows:—

"An enterprise, beneficial in so many ways, presents an universal claim; and we hope the day is fast approaching, when the merchant will not only consecrate the gains of his merchandize to its promotion, but when he shall also add the facilities which commercial intercourse affords, to further the great design; when the man of science shall make his discoveries subserve this godlike work; and when not only the poor, but the rich and noble, will feel honoured in identifying themselves with missionary ope-

rations, and in consecrating their influence, their wealth, and even their *sons* and their *daughters* to this work; and why should not the *son* of a nobleman aspire to an office that an angelic spirit would deem an honour? Why should not such become active agents in an enterprise which is to regenerate and bless our world? They aspire after *military* and *naval* glory, but here they may obtain distinctions far higher than these:—here, instead of inflicting death in the acquisition of their laurels, they would scatter life, and comfort, and peace, to unborn millions! And is there more glory in spreading misery than in conveying mercy? Is it more honourable to carry the sword of war than the gospel of peace? Is it a higher dignity to bear a commission from an earthly sovereign than from the King of kings? Oh! that the minds of the noble youth of our country could be directed to this field of labour and of love, and that the soldiers of the cross were as high in the estimation of our nobility as those who bear commissions from our king! It will be a blessed day for our world, when the first nobleman's son, influenced by a spirit of piety, and constrained by the love of Christ, shall devote himself to go among the heathen, to turn them from darkness to light. But, whether such forward it or not, the work will go on, enlargement and deliverance will come, until the earth, instead of being a theatre on which men prepare themselves by crime for eternal condemnation, shall become one universal temple to the living God, in which the children of men shall learn the anthems of the blessed above, and be made meet to unite with the spirits of the redeemed from every nation, and people, and tongue, in celebrating the jubilee of a ransomed world!"

Such is the conclusion of the "Missionary Enterprises"—a conclusion full of eternal truth, and clothed with the garment of immortality. It will be enduring as the language of England, and the history of religious missions.

Christian youth! is it possible to read the passage just cited, without emotion? How noble, generous, and philanthropic is the spirit of it? Having returned from the field of evangelical conflict, where he had bravely fought upwards of half a lifetime, he reported the mighty works which God by his hands had done among the Gentiles, and concluded the wondrous recital with these solemn declarations and interrogatories. His weighty words are strongly entitled to the deep meditation of all classes of Christians, but especially of the sons of the aristocracy, that class to whom the martyred man more particularly directed them. To the bulk even of the good, the idea of the son of a British peer going forth as a missionary is as preposterous and as ridiculous as any that can well be imagined. But men should stop, pause, and ask themselves, Why? Is it beneath the son of a peer to report what it was not beneath the Son of God to perform? The fact which I allude to, only shows how little the public mind is yet imbued with the Spirit of God! No work is beneath the sons of our nobles, where there is the slightest chance of obtaining gold, power, or glory! Such delusions, however, will have an end. The tide of youthful vigour, which, from the higher classes of Great Britain, has for so many ages been profusely streaming into her armies and navies, and thereby diffused over the globe for purposes of war, conquest, and the conservation of empire, shall not be thus destroyed for ever! It will one day be turned into a new channel, and spread abroad for far different and infinitely nobler objects. The unmeasured wealth and accomplished life, which have hitherto been so ingloriously wasted at home, or fruitlessly, if not destructively, for mankind and themselves, consumed in foreign climes, and which, under Christian influence, had been enough to enlighten the universal family of man, will yet be consecrated to celestial

service, and in divers ways employed to diffuse knowledge and happiness among all nations!

The valedictory declarations of Mr. Williams comprise great principles, which deserve to be specified, illustrated, and enforced, till thoroughly appreciated by the public mind. They ought to be pondered by all believers, but more especially by Christian youths, and by day-school teachers. It is absolutely necessary that those principles should be clearly understood and deeply felt, inasmuch as they enter vitally into the business of the world's emancipation from sin, and the establishment of the kingdom of God. These principles are accordingly the basis of this book: they will be discussed in the following pages. The great question to be raised, is the comparative claims of the missionary character, and the comparative value of a life spent in the field of missions. The discussion of this question will involve the subject of moral greatness; for I hope to establish the principle that moral greatness is entitled to the first distinction, and that such greatness attains its highest elevation only in the missionary character. As Mr. Williams is a fit and proper representative of the missionary brotherhood, of which he formed so distinguished a member, I shall proceed, in his name, to try the question. The Martyr of Erromanga, however, is not singled out as the object of individual idolatry, but simply as furnishing, by his tragical death, a suitable occasion; and in his once beloved person, and still admired character, an appropriate subject. Whatever may be awarded, therefore, to that great missionary, as the representative of his brethren, in every clime, must, according to their respective measures of individual desert, be divided among the whole of the beloved and venerated body.

My position relative to the superiority of moral greatness to every other kind of greatness, will necessarily lead

to comparison and argument; for although, in Britain, there are, happily, not a few who yield a cordial assent to that position, yet greater, by a thousand-fold, are the multitudes who listen to it only with disgust and derision. I shall, therefore, endeavour to sift the claims of their respective views, and duly to estimate them, taking the Martyr of Erromanga as the subject of comparison, and the standard of reference.

LETTER II.

TO THE TEACHERS OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

ON THE SUCCESS OF MISSIONARY EFFORTS TO SUBVERT IDOLATRY, AND TO INTRODUCE THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUE GOD.

HONOURED labourers in the Lord's vineyard! next to the teachers of day-schools, you possess the power of promoting the cause of missions. The moral training of the most important portion of the rising race is largely in your hands. The youthful heart, unhardened, and unpreoccupied, is subjected to your influence; and, while you pour into it the lessons of gospel knowledge, with that knowledge you may daily blend the subject of Christian missions. You may show that the claims of the heathen are, in another view, the claims of Christ, and that his glory and kingdom are inseparably bound up with their conversion and salvation. You may realise the honour and felicity of rearing a generation of missionary supporters and advocates, such as the world has not yet seen. You may deeply engrave upon the youthful breast the doctrine that, next to the duty of personally receiving the truth, is the duty of diffusing it. In furtherance of this great work, it is indispensable that your own minds should be most amply stored with the literature of missions. To this end you

will do well to read, with the utmost care, all the missionary biography to which you can have access,—all the missionary history that has appeared—missionary reports—periodical accounts, and general works upon the subject. For purposes of Scripture illustration, of the most striking and appropriate character, apart from the spirit of missions, these sources will yield you an inexhaustible supply. They will, indeed, render you more service than all commentaries and critical apparatus, and all the encyclopædias united. This is one of the best methods of training a missionary church. To the following illustrations of the great truth that the gospel is "the power of God unto salvation," I now beg your serious attention.

The isles of the South present peculiar advantages for the correct estimate and profitable contemplation of man's fallen condition. Their surfaces are small, and their population is limited, as compared with the great continents of the earth—circumstances singularly favourable to accurate views and deep impressions. The mind feels itself capable of dealing more effectively with the question under these small insular exhibitions, than on the expanded empires of the East. Idolatry, in Polynesia, may be viewed either as a crime or as a calamity—the latter being at once the fruit and the punishment of the former. In the light of a calamity it is more palpable and impressive to the common observer, than in that of a crime, since it is spread as a covering over the face of the Pacific Ocean, dyed in colours of the darkest hue, and traced in all possible or imaginable forms of wretchedness. The original state of Polynesian society, considered as the result of idolatry, displayed it as the most heinous enormity conceivable or practicable by man. In the economy of Providence, the measure of penal infliction never exceeds that of moral desert; and the former may, therefore, be considered as the measure of the latter. Now, if we take an island of the South Seas,

MANGAIA* for instance, was there wanting a single ingredient of consummate, unmitigated wretchedness? In that wretchedness, then, behold the measure of its people's sin!

Viewing Polynesian idolatry simply as a source of calamity, and merging the fact of its sin in the sight of God, we must consider it as incomparably the greatest disaster that could have befallen the islanders on this side of eternity. The boundless system of creation supplies no similes that even approach the dread reality! The highest efforts of fancy are impotent to furnish illustration or analogy. The dissolution of matured society into its primary elements—the extinction of schools and colleges, and all the lights of Christian knowledge—the utter loss of all literature, all science, and all art—the annihilation of commerce, the cessation of agriculture, the destruction of property, and of every element of social comfort—all this complication of distress among an island of Christians, which should leave them nothing but the knowledge of God in their hearts and in their Bibles, would still leave them in a state of incalculable wealth, and of ineffable felicity, as compared with the people of MANGAIA. Where the knowledge of God is lost, all is lost that is essential to the happiness of man. It is difficult for youth, without the aid of images, to form any conception of such a calamity. If you can conceive of a peopled planet rushing from its orbit, and shooting away into regions of the deepest night, severed at once from the sight, and rule, and vital influence of the glorious sun, and remaining poised and buried in the shades of those dismal regions—you may imagine a slight analogical resemblance to the dreadful position of MAUKE and MITIARO† before the arrival of Mr. Williams; and the more than mortal or angelic might, which, grasping such a planet, and snatching it from the dominion of the shadow of death, should replace it in its

* Williams, p. 21. † Ibid. p. 23.

own orbit, to behold the beauty and glory of the sun, to obey his laws, to enjoy the light, life, and felicity which he alone can impart, would perform an act in some degree resembling the deeds achieved by the Martyr of Erromanga.

But we must not confine our views to the earthly calamities by which idolatry was distinguished in Polynesia; for this is only a matter of comparative importance. Time, with whatever trials and tortures it may be attended, soon passes over each successive generation of mankind; but unpardoned guilt survives the wreck of the sepulchre; it marches onward to eternity, followed by punishment, as substance by shadow. The condition of the idolater is not improved beyond the grave. By exchanging worlds, he obtains knowledge; but his misery still cleaves to him as a girdle. Living without God, he dies without hope, and awakes beyond the flood, only to descry the certainty, the intensity, and the perpetuity of his sorrows! The degradation of the idolater then receives the stamp of eternity! Between him and the glorious fountain of everlasting felicity the separation is rendered complete and final! He must remain through endless ages an outcast from God, the contempt of the righteous, wholly devoid of all virtue and of all bliss, an inhabitant of perdition, amid "weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth!" Who can describe, who can understand, the final results of idolatry! If its temporal consequences have been such, that the greatest catastrophes of our earth arising from plague, famine, and the sword, have only been as the troubles of childhood, who shall estimate its terrible results on the eternal condition of its votaries! If, then, there be any means by which we may subvert the empire of idolatry—any means by which we may dry up those streams of endless and intolerable anguish which issue from under its blood-stained and infernal altars, and roll

on into the regions of futurity, to embitter the being of its victims, is not the immediate and most extensive application of such means an act of the most devoted piety, the most imperative duty, and the most sublime philanthropy? Are not all other vocations and pursuits—how laudable, how illustrious soever, in the eyes of men, and with whatever favours and honours loaded by the world—but as the plays of infancy, and the amusements of dotage? And are there means of certain efficacy to such ends? Yes; and the life of John Williams was devoted to their application. The primary object of that remarkable man was to subvert idolatry, to restore the lost knowledge of the true God, to proclaim the Gospel of Christ, to renew the souls of men in the Divine image, and to reinstate them in the favour and service of the Most High. These were his primary objects; but he had also objects of a secondary, yet still exalted order, such as to extinguish war, and establish peace, to awaken the dormant sensibilities of the human heart, to lay deep and strong the foundations of society by a revival of the law of marriage according to the Divine appointment, to impart the blessings of education, arts, science, commerce, and civilization, to institute just law and free government. We now proceed to show that both these classes of objects were amply realized by the Martyr of Erromanga.

Our illustrations open with the wondrous narrative of Aunra, the chief of Rurutu, who, after fleeing from the imaginary fury of his gods, supposed to be expressed in a destructive malady, and escaping the rage of successive tempests, and the perils of famine, reached Raiatea, where he beheld the effects of the gospel, and listened to the voice of mercy. Providence soon opened a path for the chief to return to his native island: but, notwithstanding his anxiety to revisit it, he refused to go back to "the land of darkness without a light in his hand,"—a person,

he meant, to instruct his people and himself in the gospel of salvation. He obtained his wish, and returned to Rurutu. Mr. Williams, anxious for the fate of the teachers, and the success of their message, soon after sent a boat with a native crew on an expedition of inquiry; and in the space of a few weeks the boat returned, laden with the gods of the heathen, which their late worshippers had solemnly abandoned. What a sight was this to the youthful missionary! It was, however, only a pledge of that more abundant success with which the Lord was pleased to honour his servant. Cheering letters from the native teachers accompanied the idol cargo. You may conceive of Williams, reading the one, and gazing upon the other, his heart rejoicing within him, with an exulting rapture not unlike that which will animate the spirits of the heavenly hosts, when with shouts of triumph they announce, that the "kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ."* The joy was not confined to the breasts of the Missionaries. A meeting was straightway held in the Mission Chapel, to announce the intelligence to the people, and to offer thanks to the Most High, for the success of this first effort to extend the kingdom of his Son. The house was lighted up with all possible brilliancy—an act which harmonized with the object of the assembly; for light had triumphed over darkness. In the course of the evening the rejected idols were exhibited from the pulpit to the happy throngs, who saw in them the symbols of their own previous thraldom, and woful degradation. The national god of Rurutu attracted chief notice. The proper name of this monster-idol was Legion; he was the insular god of gods; with gods he was bedecked externally, and with gods he was filled; for, on opening a small door, which was dis-

* Williams, p. 12.

covered in his back, no fewer than twenty-four smaller idols were found within him!

Williams employed the capture of the idols to deepen the people's horror of idolatry. While the chandeliers illumined the external scene, the lights which the Spirit of God had kindled in the breast of the natives were trimmed, and their collected rays poured full on the minds of the assembly. Deacon Tuahine, while gazing on the heap of idols, nobly exclaimed, "Thus the gods made with hands shall perish! There they are, tied with cords! Yes: their very names are also changed! Formerly they were called gods; now they are called evil spirits. Their glory, look—it is birds' feathers, soon rotten; but our God is the same for ever." On this glorious night, Uaeva, too, dexterously displayed the temporal bearings and blessings of the gospel. While the oil of the cocoa-nut was diffusing its radiance on the assembly, he cried out, "Look at the chandeliers! Oro never taught us any thing like this! Look at our wives in their gowns and their bonnets, and compare ourselves with the poor natives of Rurutu, when they were drifted to our island, and mark the superiority! And by what means have we attained it? By our own invention and goodness? No! it is to the good name of Jesus we are indebted. Then let us send his name to other lands, that others may enjoy the same benefit. Angels would rejoice to be employed by God to teach the world this gospel of Christ."*

The eye of the Christian philanthropist beholds in this evening's illumination and exhibition, a beauty and a glory of an order far superior to those of European capitals announcing the victories of fleets and armies. What were the triumphs of Marengo and Austerlitz? Triumphs based in rapine, blood, and slaughter! The light and joy of

* Williams, p. 12.

Raiatea were not counterbalanced by darkness, tears, groans, and death in Rurutu! The voice of gladness was heard in both isles. The addresses to which we have referred supply a wondrous contrast to the savage harangues of Suwarrow, and the barbarous bulletins of Buonaparte! How unlike was the benevolent and gentle joy of the Mission Station to the ferocious and sanguinary exultation of the Romans, when Lucius Veturius announced in the city the slaughter of the brave Hasdrubal, with fifty-six thousand Carthaginians!* Behold the effects of "the knowledge of the Lord!" See how peace succeeds to war—love to hatred—and sparing mercy to ruthless vengeance!

Aitutaki supplies the next illustration. When Williams first visited that island, its people presented an appalling picture of savage life. Some were tattooed all over; others were fantastically painted with pipe-clay, and red and yellow ochre; while some were all begrimed with charcoal; and, thus disfigured, they danced, shouted, and threw themselves into the most frantic gestures. In this bedlam isle he left two teachers to assail idolatry, and to diffuse the knowledge of the true God and of Jesus Christ. When he next approached their shores, his vessel was surrounded by canoes, the crews of which shouted, "Good is the word of God; it is now well with Aitutaki; the good word has taken root at Aitutaki." Some holding up their hats, of European make, and others their spelling-books, as proofs of their assertion. The arrival of a chief's canoe communicated the fact, that the Maraes were burned; that such of the idols as had escaped the flames were in the hands of the teachers, and that so general was the profession of Christianity that not an idolater remained. Every thing harmonized with this representa-

* Livy, lib. xxvii. cap. 41.

tion; a chapel, of the enormous length of nearly two hundred feet, had been erected, and waiting the arrival of Williams to open it; the Sabbath was a day of rest from all labour, when young and old assembled to receive instruction; and family prayer was prevalent throughout the island. On going ashore, Mr. Williams found the face of things entirely changed. Every mind seemed alive to the business of religion. Gentleness, docility, and kindness were every where apparent; the people were occupied, according to their tastes, feelings, and different stages of advancement, spelling long words, repeating catechisms or prayers, giving thanks for food, and singing verses of hymns.* This wondrous transformation was effected within the brief space of eighteen months.

The next day presented Williams in a position of glory which, in moral grandeur, far transcended that of Napoleon, when—on his fatal march to Moscow, with eight sovereigns enlisted under his banners, an emperor, kings, and a crowd of princes, all impelled by every passion but love, thronged to meet him—him by whom they had been subdued, humbled, plundered, and oppressed—him, who had injured them all, and whom for that injury they all abhorred! While Williams was in the midst of conversation, his attention was arrested by a tingling sound, produced by striking an axe with a stone, in substitution for a bell. By this means the people were assembled, to the number of from 1500 to 2000, who listened with the utmost decorum and with eager attention, while he preached to them that "God so loved the world, as to give his only begotten Son." How had the love of God triumphed here! At the time of his former visit, these people were constantly killing, and even eating each other, for they were cannibals; but now they were all with one accord

* Williams, p. 16.

bending their knees together as friends and brethren, and worshipping the God of peace and love. In the evening the triumph was rendered complete by transferring to the vessel the gods—thirty-one in number—that had escaped destruction.*

The word of the Lord had run at a very rapid rate among these people. Papeiha, one of the teachers, had convened them, and proclaimed to them the love and greatness of Jehovah, making war at once upon the idols and upon their temples. The assent of the assembly to his proposition for their destruction was cordial and universal; the meeting broke up; lights were struck; the conflagration commenced; straightway all the temples of the island were in flames; and by the time the morrow's sun arose to illumine the scene, not a single Marae remained unconsumed!† Nor did the marvel end with this awful but delightful demonstration. The same truth which destroyed the temples, overthrew their occupants, the gods. Never was military conquest more complete than was that of the humble men who carried on the spiritual war with idolatry in Aitutaki. The whole population came in procession, district after district, the chief and the priest leading the way, and the people following, loaded with their rejected idols, which they laid at the teacher's feet! Who can estimate the benefit thus conferred upon these islanders? How quickly they were lifted up from their intellectual and moral prostration, and freed from the fetters of a foul and sanguinary idolatry, the evil genius of which had for many ages ruled and tortured the inhabitants of that verdant isle! Is there one among the Christian youth of England, who would not ten thousand times rather have been Williams in Aitutaki, than Napoleon in Moscow? Both were surrounded by the work of destruction, but

* Williams, p. 17. † Ibid. p. 20.

how different the objects and results! When the colossus of war had reached that great capital, he coldly and proudly exclaimed, "At length, then, I am in Moscow, in the ancient palace of the Czars, in the Kremlin!" Yes, destroyer of men! thou art in the Kremlin, crowned with the curses and execrations of an empire! Let the votary of war view the god of European armies in this dreadful position. The patriotic Russians, preferring the loss of all things to French subjugation, nobly fired Moscow; and while fleeing to prepare for fresh resistance, they left the devouring element to expel the ruthless invader from the palace of their emperors! In that renowned edifice the imperial warrior slept till awaked on the following morn by the blended light of the rising sun and the blazing city! He started; and his eye—an eye familiar with the dread ravages of fire and sword—flashing on the terrible scene, he exclaimed, "What a tremendous spectacle! It is their own work! So many palaces! What extraordinary resolution! what men! These are Scythians indeed!"* There the tyrant, encircled by a sea of fire, which blocked up all the gates of the citadel, was left to battle with the furious element! Wave succeeded to wave, and the ocean of flame rolled on towards the mighty Kremlin, whence it drove the scourge of Europe! Here was a foe that defied his cannon! He whose lion heart had never turned the back on an enemy, now fled amid the roaring of flames, the crash of walls, the fall of burning timbers, and the red-hot iron roofs which every moment tumbled around him, and dashing over a pavement of fire, beneath a canopy of flaming sky, with burning walls on either hand, he escaped beyond the city!†

Following Williams in his benevolent career, we are next conducted to Atiu, and there introduced to Romatane,

* Segur, vol. ii. p. 49. † Ibid. pp. 47, 48.

the principal chief, one of nature's highest nobles. This man presents to the historical painter one of the finest subjects in connexion with emancipation from the thraldom of darkness and the degradation of idolatry ever exhibited on the field of missions. It is much to be regretted that Williams did not record the principal parts of the wondrous dialogue held with this remarkable man under circumstances of so extraordinary a character. Academic discussions and the profoundest speculations of philosophy are matters low and grovelling compared with the discourse which Williams and his attendants held with Roma-tane. The process of illumination was rapid and complete. On boarding the missionary vessel he was cordially received by all, and immediately led aside by the chief of Aitutaki, who at once apprised him of the destruction of the temples of that island, and also of the burning of the great idols,—while, to confirm the strange recital, he led the astonished chieftain into the hold of the vessel and showed him the smaller gods which were being conveyed to Raiatea. This was the first step in the process; the second was a sermon by Williams, on the morning of the next day, which was the Sabbath, from Isaiah's description of the idolater's infatuation, "With part thereof he roasteth roast, and is satisfied; and the residue thereof he maketh a god, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me, for thou art my God." On the utterance of these words, the light of heaven was poured upon the mind of Roma-tane; he was filled with utter astonishment. To this succeeded a scene which it was worth sailing to the antipodes to witness. A new world had opened to the mind of the chief; the great transition had begun; he had already far advanced in his passage from darkness unto light; he now beheld for the first time the footsteps of Deity; his soul had burst its fetters; its covering of darkness had been rent asunder, and he ob-

tained a glimpse of the Throne of the Great Eternal. The first element of the highest knowledge attainable by man or angel, had entered the mind of Roma-tane. Awful, sublime discovery! The effervescent rapture and school-boy exultation of the Grecian geometer, on discovering a point of science, has been much lauded as an illustration of the delight imparted by knowledge. "I have found it!" said he, "I have found it!" The levity of the philosopher indicated the quality of the discovery, and showed that there was nothing moral in it. Very different was the feeling of appalling and unutterable solemnity which filled the soul of Roma-tane. That dread idea which comprises all others, which absorbs, hides, annihilates all others, had entered his mind and heart—the idea of GOD! He was lifted up by its dignity; he was expanded by its immensity. The knowledge of all causes is as nothing compared with the knowledge of the First Cause—the knowledge of GOD. Even Newton, the father of the new philosophy, made but a frivolous discovery respecting the law of gravity and the planetary motions as compared with Roma-tane. As Williams expounded the marvellous theme, he was lost in wonder. He grasped the subject with inconceivable vigour and fervour. The new idea filled his whole mind; there was no room left for a second thought. Sleep and food were trifles beneath attention. "At length he retired and spent the whole of the night in conversation with the teachers and chiefs from Aitutaki, about the wonderful truths he had heard, frequently rising up, and stamping with astonishment that he should have been deluded so long, and expressing his determination never again to worship his idol gods."* The lesson of Isaiah was not lost upon him; how affecting to listen to his utterance of the following words: "Eyes, it is true, they have; but wood cannot see: ears they have; but wood cannot hear!"

* Williams, p. 22.

He instantly decreed the destruction of his temples, the conflagration of his idols, and the erection of a house for God! He proceeded with Williams to Mitiaro, of which he was sovereign, and exhorted the people to burn their temples and abandon their gods, and listen to the servants of Jehovah, giving instructions that the house which they were erecting for himself should be devoted to the servants of God. His new light was employed to stifle the terrors of the people, lest the gods should be enraged and strangle them, by the bold reply, "It is out of the power of the wood, that we have adorned, and called a god, to kill us."*

This convert king next sailed with the Missionary to Mauké, an island not previously known to any European, and of which he also was sovereign. The fulness of his heart, and the decision of his character, were beautifully exemplified in his conduct on landing. The first words he uttered as he leaped on shore, to Tararo, a chief, and an assemblage of the natives, were the following:—"I am come to advise you to receive the word of Jehovah, the true God, and to leave with you a teacher and his wife, who will instruct you. Let us destroy our Maraes, and burn all the evil spirits with fire; never let us worship them again. They are wood which we have carved and decorated, and called gods. Here is the true God, and his word, and a teacher to instruct you. The true God is Jehovah, and the true sacrifice is his Son Jesus Christ."† He then exhorted them to build a house for God, and gave to the teacher a house which had been lately erected for himself.

How great a work Williams achieved in this brief space! Behold three islands almost unknown, and two of them never before visited by any European vessel, brought at once to renounce idolatry! The first visit of the "white man" was a visit neither of idle curiosity, nor of mer-

* Williams, p. 23. † Ibid.

chandise, nor of plunder, but of Christian mercy. Thus perished before the breath of the Lord the glory and the terror of many generations. The sun had risen with his wonted splendour, gilding the eastern heavens with his glory; and little did the inhabitants of Mauke and Mitiaro imagine, that before he retired beneath the horizon in the western sky, "Ichabod" would be written upon the idolatry of their ancestors.

Pausing for a moment in the career of conquest, we must allow our Missionary a brief space for triumph. Setting sail from Rarotonga, immediately after discovering it, he proceeded homeward to Raiatea. His arrival was an event that will long be remembered. Nothing in the history of naval glory presents to our eye a picture possessing one thousandth part of the beauty of the following passage of Williams: "With grateful hearts we now turned our faces homewards; where, after eight or ten days' sail, we arrived in safety; and, as other warriors feel a pride in displaying the trophies of their victories, we hung the rejected idols of Aitutaki to the yard-arms and other parts of the vessel, entered the harbour in triumph, sailed down to the settlement, and dropt anchor amidst the shouts and congratulations of our people."* This great event, as in the case of the idols of Rurutu, was not allowed to pass without due improvement. Williams detailed to the assembled people the results which had signalised the voyage. The idols were suspended in proper positions about the chapel, which was illumined, and the people were addressed by successive speakers, among whom, Tuahine, the Deacon, took the lead. His speech was worthy of himself and of the occasion. Its conclusion possesses great beauty; probably nothing finer in thought, or more felicitous in expression, was ever uttered by a

* Williams, p. 28.

man under similar circumstances. "Behold!" said he, pointing to the idols, while addressing the unconverted portion of the assembly, "these are still your gods, although you do not acknowledge them." Urging them to turn to Christ, by whose power the idols had been overthrown, he added, "And how can you resist his power? The gods of wood are food for the fire, but the God without form is beyond your strength; his head cannot be reached! These gods are conquered; but the invisible God will remain for ever. The idols now hanging in degradation before us, were formerly unconquerable; but the power of God is gone forth, by which men become Christians, and savages brethren in Christ."

A second speaker brought forth with equal force and beauty the peculiar character of the means by which this great victory had been obtained, and presented it in striking contrast with the instruments of human carnage. Hear his remarkable words:—"We have been praying that God would exert his power, and cause his word to grow, that his good kingdom might come; and now, behold, every man, with his own eyes, may see the effects of that power. These idols have not been obtained by spears clotted with human blood, as formerly; no guns, no clubs, no other weapon but the powerful gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Formerly all was theirs, pigs, fish, men, women, and children; and now, behold them suspended in contempt before us! This is not the commencement of our joy. We saw the idols hanging about the vessel, and gladness sprang in our hearts. They called our ship the ship of God, and truly it was so, for it carried the gospel to distant lands, and brought back the trophies of its victory. Does praise grow in every heart? Is joy felt by all? Then let us not only rejoice that

* Williams, p. 28.

'devils are subject to us, but also that *our* names are written in the book of life.'"

British youth! do try to realize the feelings of the Martyr on entering the harbour of Raiatea, and during that glorious night. How transcendent were they as compared with those of the greatest admirals on returning from the scene of ocean carnage! Who, among you, would not ten thousand times rather have been John Williams on those occasions, than Blake, or Duncan, or Hood, or Howe, or even Nelson himself, in their proudest hour? Defence of country against invasion is, doubtless, a source of satisfaction to a patriotic heart; but the thought of blood and slaughter embitters all. The means apart, the end, how high soever, admits not of a moment's comparison with the work of Williams. How great, unutterably great, the good bestowed upon those benighted islanders! What honour, what felicity to himself resulted from the operations of the Missionary! What raptures of delight filled his soul while he cast his benignant eye over those verdant and lovely isles, and reflected that he had demolished their idolatry with its abominations, and lifted up the spirits of their people to fellowship with God! What joy to think that the good he had conferred would descend from generation to generation, down to the latest ages, and that, after time, it would fill eternity!

The next enterprize of the great Missionary relates to the discovery and illumination of Rarotonga. Such were the profligacy and licentious violence of its people towards the native teachers, whom Williams purposed to leave, that he determined to carry them back, and for the present to abandon the island. But Papeiha, strong in faith, and full of pity, bravely volunteered to remain among them, and attempt the subversion of their idolatry. Just think of this converted native advancing from the vessel to the isle for this great object, having, as his weapons,

simply a New Testament and a bundle of elementary books. In the eyes of mere reason, how feeble an agency! How utterly inadequate, in the estimation of a vain philosophy, was this humble man to the arduous enterprise! But what saith history? Tyerman and Bennet, who visited the island about a year afterwards, attest that the whole population had renounced idolatry, and were engaged in the erection of a house for the God of heaven six hundred feet in length!

When the Missionary Martyr subsequently visited this island, he received a welcome of which it is not easy for us to understand the real character. Only conceive of him sitting, at the request of the teachers, outside the door of the house built by them, and assigned for his convenience during his stay, and look at yonder multitude in the distance, advancing towards the Missionary, a portion of them bearing heavy burdens. The procession draws near; an enormous idol is by its bearers dropped at his feet, and another, and another, till fourteen are laid before him, the smallest of them about fifteen feet in length! Behold him, on the ensuing Lord's-day, surrounded by a concourse of about four thousand of those persons who had rejected their gods, hanging on his lips as he proclaimed the gospel of mercy!* Tinomana, the chief, will continue, while Rarotonga shall exist, a beautiful example of simplicity and docility, as a learner of the way of salvation. When he asked the teachers what was the first lesson that he had to learn, they told him that he must destroy his maraes and burn his idols; and his reply simply was, "Come with me, and see them destroyed." They followed, and anon the temple was in flames! It was to no purpose that some raged, and that others broke forth in passionate grief and doleful lamentations.†

* Williams, pp. 30, 31. † Ibid. p. 47.

Reader! will this islander rise up in judgment against thee? Hast thou taken up thy station on the Saviour's side? Hast thou followed the Lord fully? Hast thou destroyed thine idols, and made way for thy Lord? Hast thou received him into thy heart? Oh! remember that, according to the Scriptures of truth, thou art dead; but God has given thee life, and that life is in his Son Jesus Christ! Search the Book of God for thyself; compare its testimony with what is seen around thee, and felt within thee. Compare the blessings which it offers with those which human nature requires; compare what it proposes to do with what it has actually done, in the case before us. Is not the power which effected these marvellous changes equal to the achievement of any thing and of every thing? Would not its universal exercise upon the hearts of men put a new face on the condition of our world? Would not such a transformation be the most beneficent and glorious event that ever appeared in that world? Do not the Scriptures promise such a revolution? If Christian Missions are the means by which God has appointed to effect it, can any earthly enterprise be compared, in point of importance, excellence, and dignity, with such missions? As thus compared, are not all other pursuits low and worthless? Then ought not every man, who makes the slightest pretensions to either piety or philanthropy, to range himself, with all his influence, on the side of this great undertaking?

Conductors of the press! this matter deeply concerns you. Is it not full time to consecrate literature to this highest species of humanity? Is it not obligatory on your whole body to put forth their stupendous power in support of it? Is it not lamentable, that hitherto so little has been done by many of you, in your all but omnipotent department of influence? Gentlemen! be assured that it is of the first importance to the interests of our race, that the

helm of literary power should be placed in the hands of those men, and of those alone, whose hearts beat high in unison with the advocates and conductors of Christian Missions. In this great battle of benevolence, it becomes you to fight, side by side, with the ministers of religion, against the indifference, selfishness, and cupidity of British Christians. What auxiliaries, in this momentous work, might your presses prove to the pulpits and the platforms of the Christian churches! You who conduct the periodical press ought no longer to cater, as you too frequently do, to the corrupt passions of a profligate and semi-barbarous populace. It behoves you, in the pursuit of your high vocation, to labour, by all proper methods, to improve the understanding, and to purify the heart of the nations which compose this great empire.

Gentlemen! your position is awful; it is full of responsibility. You hold in your hands a key to the minds of millions, in England, whom the voice of the preacher cannot reach. To those millions themselves it is in your power to perform a service which language cannot estimate, and which neither gold nor gratitude could ever repay, by enlisting them on the side of Missions. There is no limit, in this direction, to the field of your usefulness. It is a work which yet remains to prove the full power of the British periodical press. Splendid are the laurels which are yet to be reaped by it; and happy those editors who shall be the first to put in the sickle! It is not proposed that you should forthwith become expositors of theological truth; this is not your province: but the subject of morals is confessedly within your empire; you claim politics as your own; and it is your pride and honour occasionally to plead with power in behalf of distressed humanity. The question of Christian Missions, therefore, both Home and Foreign, comes legitimately within the sphere of your labours. It forms a chief branch, equally of morals, of

politics, and of humanity. Its relations are manifold and multifarious; its bearings on legislation and commerce are innumerable. In able hands, no subject admits of a more fascinating exhibition to the public mind and heart. You need not fear, therefore, the corrupt part of the public; they are neither your sole readers, nor your most influential supporters. But the topic of Christian Missions may be rendered not merely palatable, but enchanting, even to them. Still, however, if it were offensive to some, there is another class of readers to whom consideration is due—Christians of all sects. Their hearts are deeply set upon the work of Missions, and in that work you can render them essential service. Their claims on you are strong; you are deeply in their debt; you have done little for religion and for them, as compared with what they have done for letters, and consequently for you. You often try at once their patience and their principles; you frequently offend their taste and wound their piety. Your columns are ever open to the world, while closed to the churches; and your services are both frequently and effectively volunteered on the side of ungodliness. The tendency of much that you publish is, rather to encourage evil than to repress it.

Gentlemen, be wise at length; be just to the cause of humanity and its advocates. But what, it may be said, can you do? You can do much. You can give full reports of Missionary meetings and services; you can give occasional articles on the sphere and labours of particular missions, in addition to advocating the general question; you can plead the cause of Missionaries, when oppressed; you can give reviews of the published annual reports of the several Societies, and bring their claims before multitudes, who otherwise would never hear of them; you can give notices and extracts of Missionary works, and of Missionary biography; you can call the attention of the

rich and great, the high and mighty, to this work, and urge its claims upon their substance and patronage. These are some of the deeds which you may do; and by doing which you will render homage to Heaven, oblige the best portion of British citizens, and promote for both worlds the highest interests of all nations.

LETTER III.

TO THE SUPERINTENDENTS OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

FURTHER ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SUCCESS OF EFFORTS TO SUBVERT IDOLATRY, AND TO INTRODUCE THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUE GOD.

BRETHREN, beloved of the Lord! you occupy a position of high honour and awful responsibility. Next to the ministers of the glorious gospel, there is no class of men to whose labours a more solemn importance attaches; indeed, the superintendents of large schools exert, whether for evil or for good, a far greater influence than the pastors of small congregations. The true interests of all nations demand the creation of a thoroughly Missionary church in England for the generation to come. In this most momentous work a very prominent place is assigned to you. At this moment a very large portion of the church of the next age is in your hands; and to what extent it shall be Missionary, depends very much upon your spirit and procedure. By the good hand of your God upon you every school in Great Britain may become a nursery for missions. In order to the efficient prosecution of this object, it is necessary that your own hearts, to the greatest possible extent, should be embued with the spirit of Missionary enterprise. O brethren! drink deep into the well-spring of life. Be clad with zeal, as with a

cloak! Study every means to promote the enterprise of the world's salvation in the hearts of your teachers. Let your school libraries be stored with all the varied existing Missionary literature in our language. Endeavour to promote, to the uttermost, the study of it among the teachers and senior scholars. Devise suitable methods of bringing the main facts to bear upon the whole school. I shall endeavour, in a subsequent letter, to suggest the best plans for effecting this; and, in the mean time, I invite your attention to the following facts, illustrative of the beneficial tendency of the gospel of Christ.

Of all the South Sea characters sketched by Mr. Williams, few are more interesting than that of the spiritual beggar, Buteve. One hardly knows whether more to admire this man's temporal or his spiritual industry. Both his hands and feet were eaten off by a disease which the natives call *kokovi*. Notwithstanding this calamity, he contrived to raise food sufficient for the support of himself, his wife, and three children. He walked on his knees, and he tilled his ground with an instrument called the *ko*, which he pressed firmly to his side, and resting the weight of his body upon it, pierced the ground, and then, scraping out the earth with the stumps of his arms, he clasped the plant, placed it in the hole, and filled in the earth. The weeds he pulled up in the same way. With this afflicted creature Mr. Williams one evening fell in, and held the following dialogue. While the Missionary was walking along, Buteve, getting off his seat, proceeded on his knees to the middle of the pathway, and shouted, "Welcome, servant of God, who brought light into this dark island; to you are we indebted for the word of salvation." In reply, Williams said, "What do you know of the word of salvation?" The Martyr's account of the dialogue is as follows:—"He answered, 'I know about Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners.' On

inquiring what he knew about Jesus Christ, he replied, 'I know that he is the Son of God, and that he died painfully upon the cross to pay for the sins of men, in order that their souls might be saved, and go to happiness in the skies.' I inquired of him if all the people went to heaven after death. 'Certainly not,' he replied; 'only those who believe in the Lord Jesus, who cast away sin, and who pray to God.' 'You pray, of course?' I continued. 'Oh yes,' he said, 'I very frequently pray as I weed my ground and plant my food, but always three times a-day, besides praying with my family every morning and evening.' I asked him what he said when he prayed. He answered, 'I say, "O Lord, I am a great sinner, may Jesus take my sins away by his good blood; give me the righteousness of Jesus to adorn me, and give me the good Spirit of Jesus to instruct me, and make my heart good, to make me a man of Jesus, and take me to heaven when I die."' 'Well,' I replied, 'that, Buteve, is very excellent, but where did you obtain your knowledge?' 'From you, to be sure: who brought us the news of salvation but yourself?' 'True,' I replied, 'but I do not ever recollect to have seen you at either of the settlements to hear me speak of these things, and how do you obtain your knowledge of them?' 'Why,' he said, 'as the people return from the services, I take my seat by the way-side, and beg a bit of the word of them as they pass by; one gives me one piece, another another piece, and I collect them together in my heart, and, by thinking over what I thus obtain, and praying to God to make me know, I understand a little about his word.' This was altogether a most interesting incident, as I had never seen the poor cripple before, and I could not learn that he had ever been in a place of worship. His knowledge, however, was such as to afford me both astonishment and delight, and I seldom passed his house, after this interview, without holding an

interesting conversation with him."* It is not easy to conceive of any thing more interesting than the spectacle presented by Williams and Buteve, while holding the conversation here recorded. How deplorable an object was the one! What a benefactor to that object was the other!

A Missionary Meeting of the southern Islanders presents to the moral eye a sight at once sublime and beautiful. Such a meeting is in itself a trophy, and to the Missionary a triumph, while the speeches of the natives are a species of deposition on the subjects of idolatry and Christianity, of the most interesting and gratifying character. I shall here set forth the substance of several addresses on one of those occasions as they were minuted down at the moment by Mr. Williams.

First Speaker.—"My friends, let us this afternoon remember our former state—how many children were killed, and how few were kept alive; but now none are destroyed. Parents now behold, with pleasure, their three, five, and even their ten children, the majority of whom would have been murdered had not God sent his word to us. Now hundreds of these are daily taught the word of God. We knew not that we possessed that invaluable property—a living soul. Neither our wise ancestors, nor any of our former gods, ever told us so. But Jehovah caused compassion to grow in the breasts of the good Christians of England, who formed a society, purchased a ship, and sent Missionaries to tell us that we had souls—souls that will never die; and now we are dwelling in comfort, and hope for salvation through Jesus Christ. But do all the lands of darkness possess the same knowledge? Do all know that they have never-dying souls?—that there is one good and one bad place for every soul

* Williams, p. 54.

after death? Do all know that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners? No! some are worshipping idols; some are killing themselves, and others their children. Then let us send them Missionaries to teach them the good word which we have been taught."

How direct to the point is this speech! There is not one stray observation. The speaker seems to have felt as if the souls of the murdered innocents hovered about the meeting! His heart recoils with horror as he calls to mind the hosts of babes butchered in the days of darkness! His reference to the new doctrine of the soul is very affecting. How touching and pungent his exclamation relative to the employments of benighted men, at the moment in which the meeting was being held!

Second Speaker.—"Praise to God well becomes us; but let it be heart-praise. All the work we do for God must be heart-work. We were dwelling formerly in a dark house, among centipedes and lizards, spiders and rats; nor did we know what evil and despicable things were around us. The lamp of light, the word of God, has been brought, and now we behold with dismay and disgust these abominable things. But stop! Some are killing each other this very day, while we are rejoicing; some are destroying their children, while we are saving ours; some are burning themselves in the fire, while we are bathing in the cool waters of the gospel! What shall we do? We have been told this day by our Missionary, that God works by sending his word and his servants. To effect this, property must be given. We have it; we can give it. Prayer to God is another means: let us pray fervently. But our prayer will condemn us if we cry, 'Send forth thy word and make it grow,' and do not use the means. I shall say no more, but let us cleave to Jesus."

This is the language of a person accustomed, not to fear, but to command, his fellow men. These brilliant

words were uttered by the chief of Tahaa. Seldom has figurative language been employed with greater force or greater beauty. How abrupt and striking is the pause, introducing the contrast which their condition presented to the state of such as were still sitting in the region of the shadow of death!

Third Speaker.—"There were two captivities amongst us formerly: the one was a captivity to our gods; the other was our captivity to the *teuteu arii*, or king's servants. Perhaps there is an individual present to whom the former will particularly apply, for I know the very cave in which he hid himself several times, when he was sought after to be offered up as a sacrifice to the gods. Has he obtained shelter in the true Refuge for sinners? The other captivity was to the servants of our chiefs. These would enter our houses, and commit the greatest depradations. The *raatira*, or master of the house, would sit as a poor captive, without daring to speak, while they would seize his rolls of cloth, kill the fattest of his pigs, pluck the best of his bread-fruit, and take the very posts of his house for firewood with which to cook them. Is there not a person present who buried his new canoe in the sand to hide it from these desperate men? But now all these customs are abolished; we live in peace, without fear. But what has abolished them all? Is it our own goodness? Is it our own strength? No! it is the gospel of Jesus. We do not now hide our pigs underneath our beds, and use our rolls of cloth for pillows, to secure them; our pigs may now run where they please, and our property may hang in our house, no one touching it. Now we have cinet bedsteads; we have excellent sofas to sit on, neat plastered houses to dwell in, and our property we can call our own."

This is the language of a teacher; and, accordingly, we find in it the indications of an enlarging intellect, and an

improving habit of observation. The political and social benefits conferred by the gospel are more fully brought out by him than by the previous speakers. Mahamene shows that he is one of the *people*, and exults in deliverance from oppression. He and the chiefs see things from different points. His views, all things considered, are at once minute and comprehensive. The past and the present state of his countrymen were vividly before the eye of his mind; and he very strikingly shows them that godliness has the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come.

The missionary life is not without its pains, privations, and perils; but it has also its comforts and consolations. It is impossible for us to form any just conception of the exquisite pleasure with which Mr. Williams listened to such addresses as those which have been recited. How unlike to his the position of the military hero, surrounded by those whom he has vanquished! In the one case there is cruel selfishness repaid by indignant hatred; in the other there is Christian benevolence inspiring gratitude, confidence, and love. Curses are the reward of the one, blessings of the other! The missionary imparts more felicity than he receives. As the servant of the Most High God, who shows unto men the way of salvation, he communicates a wisdom worth more than worlds. What times were those which Messrs. Barff and Williams enjoyed at Atiu! At this island they were fully occupied night and day; the anxious natives would not allow both the missionaries to sleep at once; as soon as one was overcome they awoke the other, and in this way they were employed, alternately, during the nights, teaching the people to sing, and explaining to them the sacred Scriptures.*

The hour of dissolution is the time to test principles;

* Williams, p. 69.

and the value of all things is to be determined by their relation to death, judgment, and eternity. We have already listened to the testimony of the natives concerning the sanguinary nature of their idolatrous system, and the wondrous change produced upon their temporal condition by the glorious gospel; let us now approach the tomb, and confer with some of the converts in the immediate prospect of entering the eternal world. Vara will supply an appropriate illustration. During the reign of idolatry, one of Vara's functions was to provide human sacrifices, and among them he offered up his own little brother to the Moloch of the South Sea! To Vara also belonged the office of rallying dispirited warriors; and many a live-long night did he run from house to house to rouse the sunken spirit of his savage brethren to deeds of murderous vengeance, by assurances, on the authority of communications from the gods, of success in the coming battle. After a course of singular consistency from the day of his conversion, he reached at length the limit of his earthly span. Mr. Orsmond, seeing that his end was fast approaching, said to him, "Are you sorry that you cast away your lying gods by which you used to gain so much property?" This question stirred up the feelings of the dying man to the innermost soul. With tears of pleasure sparkling in his eyes, he exclaimed, "Oh no, no, no,—what! can I be sorry for casting away death for life? Jesus is my rock, the fortification in which my soul takes shelter." The missionary put another interrogatory, which elicited an exquisitely beautiful answer. "Tell me," said he, "on what you found your hopes of future blessedness?" Vara replied, "I have been very wicked, but a great King from the other side of the skies sent his ambassadors with terms of peace. We could not tell, for many years, what these ambassadors wanted. At length Pomaré obtained a victory, and invited all his subjects to come and take refuge

under the wing of Jesus, and I was one of the first to do so. *The blood of Jesus is my foundation.* I grieve that all my children do not love him. Had they known the misery we endured in the reign of the devil, they would gladly take the gospel in exchange for their follies. Jesus is the best King; he gives a pillow without thorns."

Shortly after, the missionary asked him if he was afraid to die. Vara replied, with surprising energy, "No, no! the canoe is in the sea, the sails are spread, she is ready for the gale. I have a good pilot to guide me, and a good haven to receive me. My outside man and my inside man differ. Let the one rot till the trump shall sound, but let my soul wing her way to the throne of Jesus."* What an answer! Which is the more admirable, the thought or the expression? How affecting the figure of "the canoe in the sea!" Never was poet, in his highest moods, more felicitous than this expiring islander! Only contrast the condition of Vara, providing human sacrifices for the gods of his country, and even shedding his youthful brother's blood; and the condition of Vara on the verge of eternity, full of love to God and man, and exulting in the hope of a blessed immortality! Oh, what a transformation! Who shall estimate the worth of the blessing conferred upon this immortal creature? What can be added to that blessing? How light, how little, and how contemptible is all sublunary good, compared with the felicity which the gospel of Christ imparted to Vara the idolater, the purveyor of human sacrifice, and the murderer of his own brother!

Our next illustration is supplied by Me, who was among the first converts of Raiatea, and one of the earliest members of the first church formed in that island. Me had been a warrior of great note; he was the terror of all the inhabitants of Raiatea and the adjacent isles; but, in the

* Williams, p. 96.

last battle that was fought before the introduction of Christianity, he received a blow which deprived him of sight. But, although he was blind, none excelled him in diligent attendance on the means of grace. Me was at no loss for guides: the most respectable females, the principal chiefs, and at times even the king himself, might be seen leading Me to the house of God. He attended the adult schools at six o'clock in the morning, and by hearing the Scriptures read then and at other times, he soon acquired an extensive acquaintance with the inspired volume. The death of this son of slaughter supplies a glorious illustration of the value of the gospel, and the unequalled importance of missionary labour. Mr. Williams, on returning from one of his voyages, missed Me at public worship, and ascertaining that he was ill, went to see him. On entering the blind man's hut, the missionary said, "Me, I am sorry to find you so ill." The gladdened sufferer exclaimed, "Is it you? Do I really hear your voice again before I die? I shall die happy now. I was afraid I should have died before your return." The missionary then inquired what brethren visited him in his affliction, to read and pray with him. The poor patient naming several, said, "They do not come so often as I wish, yet I am not lonely, for I have frequent visits from God:—God and I were talking when you came in." What pathos, piety, and dignity in these words! But this is little compared with the burst of sublimity that followed. Mr. Williams having signified an opinion that the warrior's days were numbered, asked what were the views of himself in the sight of God, and what his hopes rested upon. Mark the reply: "I have been in great trouble this morning; but I am happy now. I saw an immense mountain, with precipitous sides, up which I endeavoured to climb, but when I had attained a considerable height, I lost my hold, and fell to the bottom. Exhausted with perplexity and fatigue, I went to a distance, and sat down

to weep; and while weeping, I saw a drop of blood fall upon that mountain, and in a moment it was dissolved." Here he paused. Mr. Williams, anxious for his own idea of the figure, asked what construction he put upon it. He said, "That mountain was my sins, and the drop which fell upon it was one drop of the precious blood of Jesus, by which the mountain of my guilt must be melted away." How vast were this man's conceptions of the magnitude of his guilt! How lofty and just were his ideas of the efficacy of the sacrifice of the Son of God! The missionary thus concludes the scene. "On saying, at the close of the interview, that I would go home and prepare some medicine for him, which might afford him ease, he replied, 'I will drink it, because you say I must; but I shall not pray to be restored to health again, for my desire is to depart and be with Christ, which is far better than to remain longer in this sinful world.' In my subsequent visits I always found him happy and cheerful, longing to depart and be with Christ. This was constantly the burden of his prayer. I was with him when he breathed his last. During this interview, he quoted many precious passages of Scripture; and having exclaimed with energy, 'O death, where is thy sting?' his voice faltered, his eyes became fixed, his hands dropped, and his spirit departed to be with that Saviour, one drop of whose blood had melted away the mountain of his guilt. Thus died poor old Me, the blind warrior of Raiatea. I retired from the overwhelming and interesting scene, praying as I went that my end might be like his."*

Here my illustrations terminate: and the question which I now ask the man who pours contempt upon missions, is, What think you of the facts which this and the foregoing letter lay before you? What think you, for example, of

* Williams, p. 97.

the character and death of Vara and of Me? I invite you to examine the subject. You shall not be limited in the field of your inquiry. Go forth; ascend the historic pathway, and walk at large through all countries and all times,—assemble the sages of every clime, and of every tongue,—marshal the hosts of philosophers, philanthropists, legislators, and rulers,—unite their deeds of benevolence, and tell us whether you deem it safe to challenge for them all a comparison with the preceding solitary specimen of the deeds of the Martyr of Erromanga? Is such a comparison for a moment admissible? Are not all their moral achievements as nothing, if placed side by side with those of the Christian missionary? Approach the death-beds of Vara and of Me, and behold them die! Give me your estimate of what Christianity has done for these once blood-stained savages! Could any thing less than Christianity have met their case, and made them happy? Has Christianity left them with a single want? Has it not brought immortality to light, and prepared them for its enjoyment? Do not all discoveries, and all bounties, which stop short of this, leave man ignorant, poor, and wretched? Seeing that he is immortal, are not all systems of instruction, reformation, and rule, which do not assume this fact as their basis, insufficient and delusive? All efforts of philanthropy which exclude God and his grace, Christ and his gospel, are but false lights which lure to destruction. Men and brethren, awake from your dream! Search and look, and tell us what your philosophy has ever done for barbarous tribes and perishing nations? Nay, more; what has it done for its own most renowned and illustrious professors? Reader! what has it done for thee? Be assured that its boasted provisions and proud pretensions will disappear amid the darkness of a dying chamber! The cross alone can there maintain its ground!

LETTER IV.

TO THE COMMITTEES AND MEMBERS OF THE LONDON AND AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETIES.

ON THE TENDENCY OF MISSIONARY LABOUR TO EXTINGUISH WAR AND TO ESTABLISH PEACE.

FRIENDS of your countries and of the whole human race! the formation of your benevolent confederacies will constitute an era in the future history of our world. Excepting societies for preaching the gospel, mankind never associated for any object of equal importance with that which has brought you together. Your object is to stay the effusion of human blood, to promote permanent and universal peace upon the earth, and good-will among men. A more magnificent idea never entered the human breast. Its benevolence is equalled only by its greatness. The true character and design of your societies are still but imperfectly known, especially in England; for it is pleasing to reflect, that, in America, the cause of peace has taken a deeper and a more general hold upon the public mind. A mighty gain has been realized by the publication of the "Prize Essays on a Congress of Nations, for the adjustment of international disputes, and for the promotion of universal peace, without resort to arms." In common with those in England who sympathize with the aim of both the societies, I hailed the appearance of that important volume with great satisfaction, and I have read it

with no ordinary interest. I consider that the gentlemen whose zeal and liberality called this book into existence, have established a claim to the thanks of the whole civilized world. Observant men will allow that a great step towards commanding the attention of mankind was gained when such characters as the Hon. Joseph Story, W. Wirt, John M'Lean, the Hon. John Q. Adams, Chancellor Kent, T. S. Grimké, and the Hon. Daniel Webster, consented to become the adjudicators. Names so distinguished amongst legislators and literary men, both in Europe and America, serve to dignify the subject, and to rebuke the ignorant flippancy of those who deride the idea that the nations of the earth can dispense with human slaughter. Great good must result from the publication both in America and in England. It was a wise resolve in the American Peace Society, to present copies of it to the President of the United States, to the heads of departments, to the governors of every State in the Union, to every foreign minister at Washington, to the executive of every republic in America, and to every crowned head in Europe. The London Peace Society judiciously followed the example, in taking a very large portion of the edition, and in transmitting a copy to each of the foreign ambassadors in European courts. The possible results of this exalted movement no man can foresee. As a means, it seems admirably adapted to bring the momentous subject before the ruling minds and monarchs of the civilized world. The Six Essays are certain to obtain a careful perusal, and that they can be perused without effect is utterly impossible. May the Prince of Peace, in whose hand are the hearts of men, give the volume favour in the sight of all the high and mighty whose eyes may light upon its invaluable pages!

I have been not a little gratified by the evangelical turn which the subject has taken in the hands of all the writers

of these essays. While the subject is discussed in a manner suited to the taste and habits of educated men, it is in every case pervaded by a vein of pure and scriptural religion which will serve greatly to commend the work to the whole churches of Christ. There is not in the entire volume one expression which can give just offence, either to the scholar, or to the Christian.

Our cause—for I have the honour to be a member of the London Society—has received very important assistance from the labours of the South Sea mission, which presents a rich variety of most affecting, most convincing illustration. I now proceed to analyse the "Missionary Enterprises" of Mr. Williams, with a view to exhibit the facts which they disclose, in such a manner as to carry to the heart of every reader the conviction that war is utterly incompatible with true Christianity, and that the uniform tendency of successful missions, is to extinguish the flames of martial conflict, and restore "the waste places of many generations."

The labours of the missionary are not simply an affair of eternity. The changes which he effects on earth are a meet prelude to the felicities of heaven. One of the first and greatest of these changes relates to war and peace. The invariable tendency of his labours is, to extinguish the former, and to establish the latter. In speaking of the happy results of his toil, I give precedence to war as at once the greatest curse and the greatest crime. You may learn from history, that, in all countries, through all time, the path of destruction has been deemed by the million the path of glory; and the most extended havoc has been always identified with the most exalted greatness. The amount of plunder and the extent of slaughter have been generally taken as the standard by which to measure desert, to bestow rewards, and to regulate renown. The splendours of martial triumph have so dazzled the eyes

of mankind, that they have become intoxicated with a delirious admiration of each successive Apollyon who has arisen to desolate the earth, and to devour his species. It has mattered little whether he has led on his legions to fight the battles of liberty, or to subvert her throne, and trample in the dust the dearest rights of her children; it has mattered little whether he has conducted wars of defence or of aggression; these points, I say, have mattered little, if his victories have been but rapid and brilliant,—if he has but ravaged the world, and drenched its bosom with the blood of its occupants, his votaries have been counted by millions, and his praises have resounded through many lands. This spirit, which is inherent in human nature, has been cultivated and sustained by a multiplicity of processes, and with uniform success. Historians, orators, poets, sculptors, painters, and musicians have all exerted their separate and combined influence to nurture the savage spirit of human slaughter in the breasts of the more enlightened and refined classes of mankind; while the vulgar herd of ordinary artists have, each in his own way, with corresponding effect, promoted the same object among the million-multitude. All, all have united to celebrate the delights of conflict, the glories of victory, and the greatness of conquering heroes. The fife and drum of the infant boy, the mimic troop, the school battle, the nursery rhyme, the kitchen ditty, the street ballad, the publican's sign-board, the drunkard's toast, and the tavern song, all have respectively and incalculably contributed to foster the taste for shedding blood! So powerful is the hold which this diabolical passion has taken upon the spirit of man, that, even in Europe, during a space of nearly two thousand years, Christianity has but partially succeeded in abating its force. Even England, which comprehends more true piety than all the continental

nations united, is yet full of the elements of war. The heroes of England are still the gods of millions of her people; and the fountain of her proudest honours is a fountain of blood!

In no part of our globe was the spirit of war more powerful and rampant than in the islands of the Southern Pacific. The highest ambition of multitudes of mothers was, that their sons might be great warriors. The inhabitants of those isles, unburdened with the cares of agriculture, trade, and commerce, and blessed with the abundance of perpetual fertility, were wholly at leisure for the employments of war. Mutual destruction was the great business of their existence. This spirit was characteristic of every group. The people of Manono, for example, resorted to a method of recording their conflicts through a period of limited duration, which gives us some idea of their frequency. They fastened a basket to the ridge pole of the sacred house, and deposited therein a stone of a peculiar form for each successive fight. The basket was lowered in the presence of Mr. Williams, who counted out one hundred and ninety-seven stones! Polynesian war, in its mildest form, was a dreadful proceeding. Even the Samoans, among whom cannibalism is held in detestation and horror, carry on war with the utmost cruelty. The contest which raged during Mr. Williams's first visit continued with unabated fury for several months, and at its close, many of the vanquished were thrown indiscriminately into large fires! It is fully ascertained that whole islands have frequently been all but depopulated. Of such desolation, some idea may be formed from the fact that Mr. Williams sailed along the beautiful coast of Ana, the seat of war, nearly a year after its termination, without observing either a house or a human being for a distance of ten miles! In many islands wars were followed on the

part of the victors by a banquet on the bodies of the slain!* Neither age nor sex was spared in those dreadful frays. "Female prisoners were very frequently put to death; and the reason assigned for this cruel practice was, that they might perchance, give birth, at some future period, to warriors. The poor little children had spears passed through their ears, and were carried in triumph to the marae. Of late years, as soon as an antagonist was overcome in battle, the victor beat in his skull, and taking out a portion of his brains, he placed it upon bread-fruit leaves, and carried it immediately to the gods, as an earnest of the victim he was about to bring."†

The tree of life was occasionally planted in the very midst of conflict. For example, when Mr. Williams paid his memorable visit to Savaii, it was under the following circumstances, as recited by himself:—"As we were expecting Malietoa from Upolu, we could not accompany the teachers, but promised to follow them either in the evening, or on the following morning. While we were engaged in lading the canoes, our attention was arrested by observing the mountains on the opposite shore enveloped in flames and smoke; and, when we inquired the cause of it, were informed that a battle had been fought that very morning, and that the flames which we saw were consuming the houses, the plantations, and the bodies of the women, children, and infirm people who had fallen into the hands of their sanguinary conquerors. Thus, while we were landing the messengers of the Gospel of peace on the one shore, the flames of a devastating war were blazing on the opposite; and under these striking circumstances was this interesting mission commenced."‡

The question to be now settled is, what has been the effect of the gospel in Polynesia in relation to war?

* Williams, p. 29. † Ibid. p. 29. ‡ Ibid. p. 87.

Has it been to foment strife, or to extinguish it? Let history put in her answer. The volume of Williams, exclusive of all other testimony, satisfactorily settles the point. In that wonderful production there is one article which is especially entitled to precedence among our proofs and illustrations. That article is the speech of Tamatoa, a person of the first distinction; it was delivered at a Missionary Meeting, and is as follows:—

"An under chief of Tautu spoke concerning his king, Tautu opiri.* The legend of Natoofa† says, concerning Tautu opiri, that in his reign the roots of the bread-fruit tree were adzed smoothly from off the pathway; it was even polished with shark's skin.‡ The great seat Reuea was sat upon,§ the sweet-toned bamboo flute, Taneua,‖ was played, and men grew wrinkled with age, using a staff to support them as they walked. This king died lamented by his people, having spread the garment of peace over them; for the heads of men were not cut off with bamboo knives during his reign, but the heads of pigs, and the food of peace was eaten. The foreheads of the beautiful women were made red with the *mati* berry, and their bright black hair was anointed with sweet-scented oil.¶ Behold, the peaceful reign of this king was long; and let not the still more blessed reign of Jesus, the best of all kings, be short among us.

* The name of the chief. † The name of his district.

‡ The pathways in the island, being exceedingly narrow, are rendered rugged by the roots of the large trees which shoot across them; hence the allusion in the text became a common figure to express a state of unimpeded peace, when every thing in their political and social intercourse went smoothly on.

§ A great seat, hewn out of one tree, on which the principal chiefs sat at all their great festivals.

‖ Taneua, a celebrated flute which they blew with their noses.

¶ Expressions intimating that their amusements were enjoyed without interruption.

"Tautu opiri begat a son, *Te hau roa*, or Long-reign, and then long was the peace enjoyed between the great Tahaa and Raiatea.* The roots of the bread-fruit tree were adzed, and the pathway polished with shark's skin, the great seat Reuea was sat upon, the flute Taneua was played, men grew wrinkled with age, and this king lamented by his people, having spread the garment of peace, &c. &c. The peaceful reign of *Te hau roa* was long; and shall that of Jesus, the true Long-reign, be short?

"Long-reign begat a son, and called him *Te Petipeti*, or the Beautiful, and then delightful was the peace enjoyed between great Tahaa and Raiatea. The roots of the trees were adzed off smooth, &c., &c. Behold the peaceful reign of Beautiful was long, and shall that of Jesus, the true Beautiful, be short among us? No, never let it be shortened. It exceeds all others in beauty.

"*Te Petipeti* begat a son whom he called Light-heart, and then light and happy were the hearts of the people in the peace between great Tahaa and Raiatea. The roots of the trees were adzed smoothly off, &c., &c. And this king died lamented by his people, having spread the garment of peace over them. And shall that of Jesus, whose gospel gives true lightness of heart, be short among us? No, let it never be shortened.

"At length twin-brothers were born, *Tautu* and *Taumata*, Snappish-lips and Scowling-eyes; and then jealousy began, and desperate war was waged. The polished pathway was made rugged, the seat Reuea was never sat upon, the conch-shell of war was blown instead of the flute Taneua; men were slain, instead of growing wrinkled with age; the women were not beautified with the *mati* berry, and the heads of men were cut off instead of those of the

* Adjacent islands encircled in one reef.

pigs. Thus was the peaceful reign of Tautu destroyed; thus was the protracted happiness of Long-reign shortened, and the lovely reign of Beautiful deformed. Thus were the light hearts of the people made sad; for misery and bloodshed reigned, and the invisible world was peopled with men from our earth. Let us all grasp firmly the good we now enjoy, lest the peaceful reign of Jesus should end, and the days of darkness and bloodshed return."*

This speech is composed of legends ingeniously applied to new and useful purposes. Mr. Williams conceives that it was used by the natives when "addressing their kings at their inauguration; and also, by a little variation of phraseology, at the deposing of a chief whose reign had been one of tyranny and bloodshed." The point to which I would specially call your attention is the peculiar and extraordinary prominence which is given in it to the subject of *peace*, and the consequent longevity of men. Tautu opiri "spread the garment of peace over" his people; they did eat the food of peace; and on his decease they lamented him. Long-reign, also, "spread the garment of peace" over his people, and men grew wrinkled with age. Beautiful followed, and his reign too was peaceful; to him succeeded Light-heart, whose rule was of the same description. At length, in an evil hour, were born the ill-favoured twin-brothers, Snappish-lips and Scowling-eyes; wars then broke out; "misery and bloodshed reigned." It is not easy to conceive how the lesson of peace could be more strikingly taught than in this speech of Tamatoa. It is equally full of wisdom, truth, and beauty.

It is delightful to trace the operations of Divine truth in the human soul, as delineated in the "Enterprises" of Mr. Williams. The youthful Samoan chief expresses the

* Williams, p. 61.

feelings of a heart under the first impulses of right views, with touching simplicity. "Oh, my countrymen," said he, "the Samoaman too much fool, plenty wicked; you do not know. Samoa great fool; he kills the man; he fights the tree. Bread-fruit tree, cocoa-nut tree, no fight us. Oh! the Samoa too much fool, too much wicked."* Here he refers to the barbarous practice of destroying the trees of their adversaries, that they might reduce them to famine.

The poor natives soon became sensible of the blessings of peace. Nothing can surpass the beauty of their own comments on their altered circumstances. Take, for instance the close of the following passage:—"Between each district was left a space of uncultivated land, generally about half a mile in width. On these wastes their battles were most frequently fought; for the inhabitants of each district invariably used every exertion to prevent their opponents from making encroachments upon their *kaingas*, or cultivated lands, and therefore disputed, with the greatest pertinacity, every inch of the uncultivated waste; nor did they, until entirely driven off, yield their possessions to the hands of the spoiler. But since the introduction of Christianity many of these wastes have been cultivated.

"Their wars were exceedingly frequent. They had just been engaged in a disastrous conflict when we discovered the island. Pa and Kainuku, with the inhabitants of the eastern district, had been fighting with Makea and Tinomana, the chiefs of the north and west sides of the island, when the latter were beaten, and Makea, with his people, driven away from their possessions; to which, however, peace having been restored, they had returned about a month or two prior to my first arrival. The sad effects of

* Williams, p. 117.

these contests were then and are still apparent; for the laws of savage warfare appear to be like those of civilised countries, to 'burn, kill, and destroy:' and there is not one old cocoa-nut tree to be seen on the north-west or south sides of the island. A few old bread-fruit trees still rear their lonely heads, having survived the injuries which they received from the hands of the devastating conquerors. Walking one day with the king, among the groves of banana and bread-fruit trees, and observing the mutilations, I asked him jocosely, whilst pointing to one of them, why all the bark was stripped off; and, turning to another, inquired why so deep a gash was cut in it; and wished to know what had become of the cocoa-nut trees, against the stumps of which we were continually striking our feet. To this he replied, 'You know very well that we were conquered, and why do you banter me? We were fools enough to fight with the trees as well as with men; some we cut down ourselves, lest our enemies should eat the fruit of them; and others our conquerors destroyed. If it were possible, I would put new bark on all these trees, and fill up the gashes in the trunks of the others; for, wherever I go, they stare me in the face, and remind me of my defeat. However, young trees are growing fast, and I am planting cocoa-nuts in all directions, so that my possessions will soon be equally valuable with those of our conquerors; and I am under no apprehensions of having them again destroyed, for the gospel has put an end to our wars!'"*

Worthy of the passage above cited is the following testimony of Makea, relative to the effects of Christianity at Rarotonga. "'Now,' he said, 'we enjoy happiness, to which our ancestors were strangers; our ferocious wars have ceased; our houses are the abodes of comfort; we have European property; books in our own language; our

* Williams, p. 55.

children can read; and, above all, we know the true God, and the way of salvation by his Son Jesus Christ.' He concluded his important and most effective address by earnestly exhorting Malietoa and his brother chiefs to grasp with a firm hold the word of Jehovah; 'for this alone,' he added, 'can make you a peaceable and happy people. I should have died a savage had it not been for the gospel.'"*

What a declaration! Behold the triumph of eternal truth! Hear also its voice from the lips of this illustrious convert; "this *alone* can make you a peaceable and happy people." How true and how important the allegation! But let us hear the testimony of Tinomana, to the people of Mangaia. "One gave an account of the introduction of Christianity into their island, and another pointed out the blessings they were now enjoying. Tinomana stated, that he was formerly a conquered chief, and, with his oppressed people, lived in the mountains, but that he now possessed a large settlement of beautiful white houses by the sea-side, with a spacious chapel in the centre, and a Missionary of Jesus Christ to teach him. 'My people,' said he, 'can now go to the sea to catch fish, or to the mountains to procure food, without the slightest fear; and we are enjoying a state of peace and happiness, of which, formerly, we never heard.'"†

To these I will add another illustration from the principal chief of Mauké; and, in my view, cold must be the heart which that illustration shall fail to move. A spacious place of worship having been erected on that lovely island, Mr. Williams, an hour or two before service commenced, went to the chapel, accompanied by the principal chief, and after commending his diligence, engaged him in the following dialogue. "'How came you to build so

* Williams, p. 112. † Ibid. p. 66.

large a place? there are not people enough in your island to fill it.' Instead of answering me he hung down his head, and appeared much affected. I asked him why he wept; observing that it was with us rather a day of joy than sorrow, for we were about to dedicate this house to God. 'Oh,' he replied, 'I weep in consequence of what you say, that there are not people enough in the island to fill this one house; if you had but come about three years before you first visited us, this house and another like it would not have contained the inhabitants.' On inquiring what had become of the people, he informed me that, about three years prior to my first arrival, a disease had raged among them, which though not very fatal, was nearly universal. This was accompanied by a famine, the result of a severe storm, which swept over and devastated the island; and, while enduring these complicated sufferings, the warriors of Atiu came upon them in a fleet of eighty canoes, killed the people indiscriminately, set fire to the houses which contained the sick, and, having seized those who attempted to escape, tossed them upon fires kindled for the purpose. 'By these means,' said the chief, 'we have been reduced to the remnant you now behold; and had you not come when you did, our sanguinary destroyers would have repeated their visit, killed us all, and taken the island to themselves.' The person who conducted this murderous expedition was Roma-tane, whose conversion to Christianity, by my discourse upon the folly of idolatry, I have already described. And it is a deeply interesting fact, that this chieftain, who, with savage aspect and devastating cruelty, had led his ferocious tribe against the almost defenceless people of Mauké, was not only the first person whose voice they heard inviting them in accents of persuasive energy to receive the gospel of peace, but also among the very first who there united in commemorating the Saviour's death. It was a truly de-

lightful sight, to behold the once sanguinary chieftain, with his no less bloodthirsty warriors, sitting down at the same sacramental table with the remnant of a people to whom his very name had been a terror, and whose race he had almost exterminated: thus, verifying what a speaker, at one of our native Missionary Meetings, observed, 'that, by the gospel, men became Christians, and savages brethren in Christ.'"*

Christians of England! Supporters of the London Missionary Society! Such are the facts of the case with respect to war and its evils, to peace and its blessings, and to the success of your missionaries in working the wondrous change! Do you blush at the enterprise which you have espoused and upheld? Do you regret the substance which you have thus appropriated? Are you not at one with your martyred Williams in the following emphatic words:—"How many thousands of ships has England sent to foreign countries to spread devastation and death? The money expended in building, equipping, and supporting one of these, would be sufficient, with the divine blessing, to convey Christianity, with all its domestic comforts, its civilizing effects, and spiritual advantages, to hundreds and thousands of people."† Would that millions of our nation's wealth, which have been lavishly appropriated to objects utterly discordant with the gospel of mercy, had been thus laid out!

O ye voyagers, ye travellers, ye men of science, who compass the oceans and continents of our globe, what say you to these things? Do you affirm their falsehood? Prove it! Do you acknowledge their truth? Apply it! With these achievements of the missionary, compare your own. What has been done by you, or by your predecessors, to extinguish the flames of war, to rear the temple

* Williams, p. 73. † Ibid. p. 109.

of concord, to dry the tears of a weeping world, and to make "savages brethren in Christ?" Oblige the churches of the living God, the friends of missions, by a statement of your claims. Ah! they may soon be set forth. Much, very much, have ye done to perpetuate and aggravate the calamity, to swell the wail of hopeless woe, and to embitter the overflowing cup of human wretchedness! Ah! how little does the cause of God or of man, of civilization or of humanity, owe to you! How poor, how mean, how utterly worthless is the whole library of your specific literature, travels, journals, and voyages, when weighed in the balances with the "Enterprises" of the Martyr of Erromanga! He has done incalculably more earthly good—eternity and the gospel which prepares for it, wholly apart—than your entire fraternity united. Am I dogmatizing? I appeal to the facts of the present letter. How are these facts to be accounted for? The missionary informs you of all that he said, and of all that he did; he thus exhibits the means. But to what shall we ascribe their efficacy? Hear the converted native, part of whose words are already before you, as uttered at a missionary meeting. "These gods are conquered; but the invisible God will remain for ever. The idols now hanging in degradation before us were formerly unconquerable; but the power of God is gone forth, by which men become Christians, and savages brethren in Christ."* Yes, "the power of God is gone forth." This fact explains the whole matter. "Consider what I say, and the Lord give you understanding in all things!"†

* Williams, p. 28. † 2 Tim. ii. 7.

LETTER V.

TO SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, BARONET.

ON THE RESULTS OF MISSIONARY LABOUR IN RELATION TO GOVERNMENT, LIFE, LIBERTY, AND PROPERTY.

FRIEND of humanity, and honoured advocate of the slave! the facts which will be embodied in this letter, excite feelings which at once suggest the dedication of it to you. Permit me, at the same time, to acknowledge the receipt of your recent work on the slave-trade, and to thank you for the publication of that philanthropic volume. Nothing, connected with Africa, has yet been published, from which I have derived so much pleasure and encouragement as from your "Remedial" suggestions. But while from the beginning to the end there is not a statement, nor a view, which has not the full concurrence of my humble judgment, my gratification is extreme to find you bearing, in the face of your country and your country's government, in the face of Europe, and, indeed, the world, with all its courts and kings, and presidents, a testimony to the omnipotence of the gospel, and the importance of missionary labour as the sure and the only means of extinguishing the horrid wars, exterminating the slavery, and healing the deep sorrows of Africa and her children. The Directors of all missionary societies, both British and Foreign, will

appreciate the value of that testimony. In public assemblies your lips have frequently given utterance to the same sentiment; but now, in the maturity of your large experience, you have reduced it to the form of a permanent record. Nor is this all; that sentiment has been adopted and proclaimed by the bright roll of illustrious names who compose the "Society for the extinction of the Slave-trade, and for the civilization of Africa," instituted in the year 1839, and of which you are the chairman. Let the ill-informed and unreflecting infidels of England and of Europe hear the solemn and deliberate declaration of that body of great men: "It is the unanimous opinion of this Society, that the only complete cure of all these evils is the introduction of Christianity into Africa. They do not believe that any less powerful remedy will entirely extinguish the present inducements to trade in human beings, or will afford to the inhabitants of those extensive regions a sure foundation for repose and happiness." The Christian people of England will read these words with appropriate emotions, and with fervent aspirations to the God of justice and of mercy, for his benediction upon an institution, the statement of whose humane and godlike object is prefaced by such an avowal. Nor can I refrain from noticing that this view is reiterated in the Society's Prospectus; and, as if they knew not how sufficiently to impress it on the public mind, they introduce and urge it again at the close of their publication:—"It is impossible, however, to close this address without again expressing, in the most emphatic terms, the conviction and earnest hope of all who have already attached themselves as members of this institution, that the measures to be adopted by them for the suppression of the traffic in slaves—for securing the peace and tranquillity of Africa—for the encouragement of agriculture and commerce—will facilitate the propagation and triumph of that faith which one and all

feel to be indispensable for the happiness of the inhabitants of that Continent. Howsoever the extension of the Christian religion may be attempted, it is far more likely to take root and flourish where peace prevails, and crime is diminished, than where murder and bloodshed, and the violation of every righteous principle, continue to pollute the land."

Sir Thomas, the publication of such sentiments as these by a body largely composed of the nobles, the first gentlemen, the philosophers, the legislators, and literary men of England, is no light matter, and no ordinary occurrence. It marks a great era in the history of public opinion. How opposed is the spirit of the present age to that of Hume, Bolingbroke, and Shaftesbury! How has the proud crest of infidel philosophy fallen! With what power and glory has Christianity burst forth! In England and throughout the earth she is everywhere her own witness. The calm voice of academic dialecticians, in her defence, was scarcely heard amidst the tempestuous and blasphemous boastings of a former age. Works on the evidences were multiplied; but such works, instead of quenching the fires that were raging among all ranks, only added fuel to the flame, which, combined with that of war, went on blazing and spreading till it enveloped England, Europe, America, and both the Indies! At length the power of God broke forth in the ministrations of Whitefield, Wesley, and others, in whose hands the doctrine of the Cross became to multitudes the power of God unto salvation. Missions to many lands were established; the experiment was made upon men of divers climes, tongues, and stages of civilization, and every where the result was the same. The case for the gospel, as the great Restorer of lost happiness to man, is now closed, and judgment has been pronounced by a competent tribunal, from which there can be no appeal.

Yours, Sir Thomas, has been a career of glory infinitely surpassing that of the conquerors of mankind. Your conflicts have been in behalf of humanity; your weapons have been those of truth, love, and reason; your laurels have not been the growth of tears and blood! Generations yet unborn will pronounce your illustrious name—not forgetting the names of your great compeers—with the most profound and grateful veneration. But you need not be reminded that, although you have achieved much, the work is only begun. Your volume, already referred to, shows that you are fully and painfully apprized of this fact; and it also shows that the discovery has excited and awakened your spirit to the uttermost. The leisure resulting from your retirement from the labours of legislation, which multitudes deeply regretted, has been both laboriously and laudably employed in devising a remedy for the woes of Africa. That retirement, no Christian will doubt, was an event in providence for the accomplishment of wise, gracious, and all-important purposes of humanity. It has secured for you the intellectual vacation indispensable to profound inquiry and elaborate discussion. "*Deus* tibi hæc otia fecit." Persevere, Sir Thomas, in your glorious undertaking! There is a heart in the bosom of at least a million of England's best people that will respond to your call! May the Father of mercies and the friend of the oppressed, preserve your health, prolong your days, and prosper the work of your hands as leader of the hosts of British philanthropy and friend of Africa!

The question of African slavery has now assumed a fearful shape. It has proved itself a deadly evil of all but omnipotent might, which defies the power of diplomacy. It laughs the assaults of legislation to utter scorn! It spurns the checks of naval armaments; and still maintains, and even enlarges the boundaries of its vast and terrible

empire! Under this great defeat, nevertheless, there is much to console the bleeding heart of an English philanthropist. Since the year 1807, England has wrought wonders. She has induced all the great Powers of Europe to unite in expressing their abhorrence of this infernal system; and with all of them she has made treaties for its extinction. She has expended in bounties alone, nearly a million sterling, and, in upholding courts established for adjudicating upon the case of captured slaves, nearly 350,000*l.*, besides the annual expense of supporting a considerable force of cruizers, in various waters, to intercept and destroy the abominable traffic. These, as matters of finance, have been no light thing. This expenditure, together with payments made to foreign courts, in furtherance of the object for the relief of liberated Africans, and other incidental expenses, has amounted to upwards of fifteen millions sterling! Shall we add to this the twenty millions paid to the West Indian planters, and all the outlay connected with working out the freedom of their slaves? Such has been the cost of these mighty movements of British mercy! What has been the result? It has been great, great even beyond the price paid to realise it. The Christian humanity of England has obtained an unparalleled triumph—a triumph compared with which all her martial victories shrink into deeds of littleness and of doubtful praise. "She," the queen of nations, "hath done what she could." But has the slave market been closed? Has the accursed traffic ceased? No! Sir Thomas. Let the Christians of England learn from your invaluable book that the export trade in human beings, from the shores of Africa, is doubled as compared with 1807—that the destruction of life, with all its consequent guilt and misery, is augmented from seventeen to twenty-five per cent!

Such is the present state of this awful question. What are its prospects? What can England do by diplomacy and legislation that she has not done? By efforts unparalleled, incredible, and above all praise, she has laboured to dry up the fountain of this foulest disgrace of our times; but her stupendous and imperial exertions have hardly sufficed to arrest a few of its smaller currents, and that only to turn them aside into other channels; the main streams roll on swollen by internal tributaries, as they proceed in their rapid progress, while some dark and fathomless abyss, in the centre of Africa, by which they must be principally fed, has not yet been even seen by the white man's eye, much less reached by the healing hand of Christian benevolence. What then is to be done? Parliaments and cabinets stand aghast, and mere philosophic philanthropy is mute! To this question there is only one correct answer. Let the churches of Christ go and erect the cross in the midst of the carnage! Let them point the nations of Africa to the Lamb of God. Let God's own remedy be applied to stanch the wounds of that bleeding country. Let the wisdom of the world give place to the Revelations of mercy, and let the saints of Europe rally to a new and holier crusade! They are now summoned to the loftiest evangelical enterprise that has yet engaged their hearts or filled their hands. As an auxiliary establishment, it is difficult, Sir Thomas, to speak of your Society in terms of extravagant commendation. It is, undoubtedly, every way very much adapted to facilitate Missionary operation and accelerate the triumphs which certainly await our African Missions. That Society, in my opinion, deserves the most cordial and munificent support of all the friends of Missions and of mankind. In support of the claims which I set up for Missions, and which you so frankly and feelingly concede, and in addi-

tion to the illustrations of your work, I will now detail a series of appropriate facts which have been supplied by the Martyr of Erromanga.

Government is the ordinance of God for the good of man. It may exist under a variety of forms, and these forms may all be bad. Such was the fact in the South Seas. At Tongatabu, the chiefs were elected and their power was limited; in the surrounding isles, they were hereditary and despotic. In the Samoa group government presented a very fragmentary character; every settlement even was an independent state governed by its own rulers, whose authority, in the view of Mr. Williams, was not extensive. In some groups the despotism was strong and deadly; in others, so weak, that government could hardly be said to exist. This fact was strikingly set forth by the chief of Mangaia, who, as an apology to Mr. Williams for his inability to prevent the brutal treatment of the native Missionaries, with tears, said, that "in his island, all heads being of an equal height, his influence was not sufficient to protect them."

Wherever Christian Missionaries successfully prosecute their labours, and exert an influence upon the minds of men, that influence speedily extends to government. Change the character of the subject, and you ultimately change the character of the laws, and the form of administration. The church and state principle was, in Polynesia, found to be in general operation. Their civil and judicial polity and all their usages were interwoven with their superstitions. These superstitions necessarily imparted a foul, a sanguinary character to their barbarous laws, which were consonant neither with justice nor with virtue. When the power of Divine truth has once smitten the superstructure it will soon shake the foundation. The spreading light of the gospel quickly makes manifest the real nature of heathen institutions, which, it is found,

are utterly incompatible with the precepts of Christ. The question of the reform or the reconstruction of such systems then begins to press heavily upon the attention of their adherents. Now it is that the missionary assumes an attitude of interest before the awakening population. To him the heads of the community, whose confidence he has won, naturally seek. It is quite within his province to give counsel upon every point where the word of God has spoken; and where it is silent, he is authorized, as well as Paul, to give his "judgment as one that hath obtained mercy of the Lord to be faithful." Of the missionary duty, under such circumstances, Mr. Williams furnishes a beautiful example. In all his operations, of this description, he carefully distinguished between the things that were Cæsar's and those which belong to God. How pure, and how important is the principle laid down in the following passage, as to the rights and duties of the chief in relation to the spread of the kingdom of God!—"Matetau, the chief of the neighbouring island of Manono, having come to see us, we were desirous of showing him respect by making him a present, and therefore requested him to accompany us to the vessel. He was described as equal in rank, and superior in war, to Malietoa. This we could easily believe, for he was one of the largest and most powerful men I ever saw. His muscular and bony frame brought forcibly to our minds him of ancient fame 'the shaft of whose spear was like a weaver's beam.' Men of ordinary size would be as grasshoppers in his hand. This chief spent a day and a night with us, and was exceedingly urgent that we should give him a teacher, and pressed his claim by assuring me that he would feed him, and place himself under his instruction, and make all his people do the same. Having no teacher left, I satisfied him by promising that on my next visit I would bring him one; but, as he had observed, by way of inducing me to do so, that he would

make his people place themselves under his instruction, I thought it advisable at once to tell him that he must not *force* them, contrary to their own wishes, but, having set them the example *himself*, and exhorted them to follow it, then to leave them to their own convictions and inclinations; but the employment of any kind of coercion to induce men to become Christians was contrary to the principles of our religion."*

The people of Raiatea adopted a code of laws prepared by Mr. Williams and Mr. Threlkeld. In that instrument the wisdom and humanity of the missionaries shine beautifully forth. The facts, as rehearsed by Williams, are so very precious as to demand transcription in his own words. "The laws were but few in number, and drawn up in the plainest and most perspicuous language, entirely devoid of all the technicalities and repetitions by which the statutes of enlightened and civilized countries are too frequently rendered obscure and perplexing: for it appeared to us of the greatest importance that they should be so simply and clearly expressed, that they might be easily understood by the people for whom they were framed. We determined, also, as far as possible, to lay a permanent foundation for the civil liberties of the people, by instituting at once that greatest barrier to oppression—trial by jury. The same code, a little modified, was, after much deliberation and consultation, adopted by the chiefs and people of Rarotonga; and thus we trust that the reign of despotism, tyranny, and private revenge, under which the inhabitants of this secluded garden had so long groaned, has for ever terminated."†

These sentiments become an Englishman and a Christian missionary. The value of such a code may, by unthinking men, be deemed very small; but they ought to remember,

* Williams, p. 92. † Ibid. p. 35.

that the first step towards rational freedom is a movement of unutterable importance. The rudest elements of a system of true liberty form one of the noblest and most glorious objects that this world can present to an enlightened understanding. How barbarous a picture of a South Sea despot is given by Williams in his account of Finau! When the missionary proposed that he should receive a teacher, the savage said, that "as to receiving the new teacher, he would speak his sentiments freely, and not deceive us. If he was placed at Vavau he would protect him, but he would neither embrace Christianity himself, nor allow his people; for he would put to death the very first person, man, woman, or child, who did so."*

Such was the spirit that ruled in the breast of many a ferocious chief, and that spirit must be quelled before free churches and free governments could be established in Polynesia. Matetau and Finau adopted and acted upon the same principle, they only differed in its practical application: the former said he would "make" his people attend to the religion of the Son of God; the latter declared that he would put to death the very first person who "embraced" it. Englishmen there are, of worth and learning, who hold this principle with a tenacious grasp, while they deprecate the employment of the power of the magistrate to uphold error, and would have it wielded only on the side of truth. They appear not to be rightly apprised of the difficulty, contradiction, and perplexity inseparable from their theory. Some such there are who actually ascribe the progress of Christianity, in the South Sea Islands, to the aid which it derived from the civil power, the power of such men as Matetau and Finau! Mr. Williams has most happily, as well as instructively, settled this point. "Now this statement is not founded in truth.

* Williams, p. 82.

Having witnessed the introduction of Christianity into a greater number of islands than any other missionary, I can safely affirm, that in no single instance has the civil power been employed in its propagation. It is true that the *moral* influence of the chiefs has, in many instances, been most beneficially exerted in behalf of Christianity; but never, to my knowledge, have they employed coercion to induce their subjects to embrace it. And I feel satisfied, that in few cases has the beautiful prediction been more strikingly accomplished—'And kings shall be thy *nursing* fathers, and their queens thy *nursing* mothers.' Had the missionaries desired the exercise of that power, the chiefs were not in a condition to gratify them; for they had to defend themselves against the fury of a large portion of their own subjects, by whom they were so fiercely attacked. I am, moreover, happy in being able to contradict the assertion of Dr. Lee, because, were it true, it would have detracted from the honour of Christ, by the interposition of whose providence the great work has been effected: 'His own arm hath gotten him the victory.'"* Dr. Lee, and those who adopt his views, would do well to ponder such passages as the following relative to regal interference. When the introduction of ardent spirits threatened the ruin of Otaheite, the parliament, or representative body, which Christianity had called into existence, assembled to consider the case; and, as it was new, they sent a message to the queen to know upon what principles they were to act. What was her reply? As head, not of the church, but of the state, she returned a copy of the New Testament, with this injunction, "Let the principles contained in that book be the foundation of all your proceedings." In Otaheite, the laws were framed according to Christianity; in Europe, Christianity has been moulded according to the laws.

* Williams, p. 50.

But the wonders wrought by the gospel of Christ are not confined to the moral and political economy of the several islands considered apart. The best principles of international law are fully brought to bear upon many of them. What Africa has long been to the impious and cruel nations of Europe, Manua was to the group of which it formed a part. "The inhabitants of Manua are regarded as a conquered people, and are, in consequence, despised and oppressed by the other islanders. Indeed, in most of the groups of the Pacific, one island was subject to peculiar oppression, and supplied the others with human sacrifices and slaves: and in single islands, particular districts were thus subjected. This was the case with the district of Arorangi at Rarotonga, the chief and people of which dwelt in the mountains."* The demon of cruelty that reigned in those regions retired at the sound of the footsteps of the servants of Christ. Those principles which excited abhorrence in the breasts of the islanders against human sacrifices, were equally efficient in the destruction of slavery. Indeed, the Christian islanders discovered what the nations of Europe and the republics of America have still to learn, namely, that human sacrifice and slavery are but two sides of the same object—two degrees of the same crime—in the one case the murder is immediate, in the other it is prolonged—in both, the end is death! How reproachful to the slave-holding states both of the Old World and the New is the example of the chief of the Friendly Islands! On hearing that "Slavery was inconsistent with Christianity," he immediately emancipated all his slaves. Surely this man will rise in judgment against the inhuman planters of America, whose fields are watered with tears and blood, and whose groves are vocal with the groans of oppressed millions!

The laws which provide for life and liberty always suf-

* Williams, p. 125.

fice to secure property. In former letters we have heard the grateful testimony of the people to their emancipation from the thraldom in which they were held by the chiefs, and to the accompanying security of personal property which they enjoyed. Formerly, in many instances, the chief claimed a right in every thing that was acquired by his people, and the people, in their turn, seized as their own whatever belonged to strangers. The gospel put an end to this system of rapine. How striking and valuable, as illustrative of this and other points, is the language of Malietoa to Mr. Williams, when he inquired if the chief would protect the wives and property of English Missionaries in the event of their arrival. "Why," said the indignant chief, "'why do you ask that question? have I not fulfilled my promises? I assured you that I would terminate the war as soon as possible; this I did, and there has been no war since. I gave you my word that I would assist in erecting a chapel; it is finished. I told you I would place myself under instruction, and I have done so. Twenty moons ago you committed your people, with their wives and children, and property, to my care; now inquire if, in any case, they have suffered injury. And do you ask me whether I will protect English Missionaries, the very persons we are so anxious to have? Why do you propose such a question?' Feeling at once that I had committed myself, I instantly replied, 'You cannot suppose that I ask for my own conviction: the faithful performance of your promises is perfectly satisfactory to my own mind; but you know that the English are a very wise people, and one of their first questions, in reply to my application for Missionaries, will be, 'Who is Malietoa? and what guarantee have you for the safety of our people?' and I wish to carry home your words, which will be far more satisfactory than my own.' 'Oh!' he exclaimed, 'that is what you wish, is it?' and significantly moving

his hand from his mouth towards me, he said, 'Here they are, take them; here they are, take them: go and procure for us as many Missionaries as you can, and tell them to come with confidence; for, if they bring property enough to reach from the top of yonder high mountain down to the sea-beach, and leave it exposed from one year's end to another, not a particle of it shall be touched.'"*

Young men of England! in what light does the Martyr of Erromanga appear to you as he works out a constitution for these benighted and enslaved inhabitants of the South Seas? Can you conceive of a human being more gloriously occupied? How little, as compared with him, have been the heroes of all times, and of all lands! When did warriors go forth, in good faith, making war upon the rulers of enslaved nations in order to emancipate those nations and to give them a free constitution? The one or two seeming instances have been less real than collusive. The common result has been the succession of one despot to another. Gunpowder has no moral power; the bayonet and the battle-axe are slow reformers. Truly does Johnson remark, that "the wars of civilized nations make very slow changes in the system of empire. The public perceives scarcely any alteration, but an increase of debt; and the few individuals who are benefited, are not supposed to have the clearest right to their advantages. If he that shared the danger enjoyed the profit; if he that bled in the battle grew rich by victory; he might show his gains without envy. But, at the conclusion of a long war, how are we recompensed for the death of multitudes, and the expense of millions, but by contemplating the sudden glories of pay-masters and agents, contractors and commissioners, whose equipages shine like meteors, and whose

* Williams, p. 112.

palaces rise like exhalations!"—Is this all the gain of war, even among civilized nations? What then must be the result among nations still buried in the depths of barbarism! Oh, compare these results with the achievements of the Missionary! Who can estimate his services, even in those things which pertain to this life? You who have always breathed the air of a pure and generous freedom, are unable to do so; but your honoured fathers who sleep in the dust, and who, in the days of their flesh, trembled at the tyrant's rod, were they to arise from their sepulchres, they could state the case of bondage and liberty. They could detail the horrors of arbitrary government, where life, property, and personal freedom are in constant peril, and at the utter mercy of the whim, avarice, passion, revenge, or ambition of an individual who is, ofttimes, according to the prophet, "the basest of men."

Oh, happy England! how changed her condition since the period when she groaned under the despots of the Norman line, who subverted her Saxon constitution and destroyed her liberties! In those dreadful days, the will of the prince was the law of the people. Take the forest laws of those times as an illustration of the misery of the country. Castration, the loss of the eyes, the amputation of the hands and feet, were the penalties for killing a hare! The house of Stuart would fain have walked in the paths of our Norman tyrants. James the First frankly informs his parliament, that he and his ancestors were the gracious source of all the people's privileges, and that "as to dispute what God may do, is blasphemy, so is it sedition in subjects to dispute what a king may do in the height of his power." This is the pure and genuine diction of despotism! It is, nevertheless, most revolting to the feelings of free-born Englishmen. Yet time was, when the guardians and expositors of our laws were so lost in subservience to power, that when Richard II., impatient of the fetters of certain acts, asked the assembled judges whether

he could not annul them, the ready answer was, "The king is above the law." From such a principle the transition is easy to another, viz. "The king is the law;" and this will conduct us at once to the palmy days of true despotic glory—the days of Nebuchadnezzar, whose dreadful sway is thus described by Daniel: "All people, nations, and languages, trembled and feared before him; whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive; whom he would he set up, and whom he would he cast down." Such was once the government of England, now the chosen abode of legal freedom. Our lovely sovereign is as much bound by the laws as the humblest cottager in the empire. The prince, the peer, and the peasant, are on a perfect level in the presence of the law. Every British subject is equally protected with regard to life, liberty, and property. The entire people dwell within the common sanctuary of legal protection. None are excepted, none are privileged. The law is supreme. To this divine fellowship of freedom, the Missionaries of Christ are introducing the nations of Polynesia. I say the Missionaries are doing this thing. Those isles were visited by the students of science in search of facts, by the conductors of commerce in search of gain, and by the voluptuous in quest of pleasure—the object of all these men was to *find* good, not to impart it. It was reserved for the Missionary of the Cross, not merely to visit, but to become a resident on the islands, and to sacrifice all that the world holds dear in order to promote the people's welfare. He took with him the fundamental element of British freedom, the Gospel of Christ, and the results are such as we have set forth.

O ye philosophers and philanthropists, ye friends of the slave, of barbarous tribes and fettered nations, come and learn the sure method of accomplishing your object! So long as you despise the gospel, and deride its missionaries, you utterly deceive yourselves, and set aside the only in-

struments by which the aspect of our world can ever be transformed, and clothed in moral beauty. In vain you expect it from war, science, commerce, or legislation. That the instrument appointed of God is the gospel of Christ is established by the facts of this chapter. The true Christian missionary, once safely landed on the most benighted shore, will, sooner or later, prove "a light to lighten the Gentiles" who people it,—a little leaven which will ultimately leaven the whole of the surrounding region. Despotism, with its attendant evils, always flees in the end before pure Christianity. They cannot long co-exist; and tyrants know it! To them the missionary, with his New Testament and his types, is more terrible than an army with banners! This fact explains the conduct of all despots, both of past and of present times, towards these lights of the world. The friends of missions in England can look to the West Indies, and trace every particle of the marvellous change which has been effected in the lot of its once afflicted children to the labours of its missionaries. Yes, one of the most glorious chapters in the future history of freedom will be composed of facts which relate to the sorrowful isles of the west. Ask the now rejoicing inhabitants of those lands whether the instrument of their deliverance was the soldier or the missionary. Ask them; they know their friends! Again, we point to Africa, the land of murder and blood, the mart of human flesh for the fiends of Europe and America! There we point to trophies of freedom erected by the hands of the missionary, which are a sure pledge of deliverance for the whole population of that ravaged Continent! O tell me what the genius of war has done for Africa, and I will set forth the feats accomplished by the genius of missions! Inquire of the Hottentot and of the Caffre whom they love, whom they trust, and whom they consider their best, their only friend—whether the missionary or the

military band? When the names of warriors are forgotten in Africa, or remembered only to be execrated, those of Vanderkemp, Philip, Moffat, and others, will live from age to age, engraved in the heart of ransomed nations! Again, survey the empire of the East; request the understanding, among the millions of Hindostan, to state the amount of their debt to the muskets and the cannon of the military establishments of England, and at the same time to record the extent of their obligation to her Bible and Missionary Societies. Inquire of them whether there is one substantial blessing connected with British rule which may not be distinctly traced to the influence of British missions. We abide by the result of the investigation!

"O ye orators and philosophers, who make the civilization of the species your dream! look to Christian missionaries, if ye want to see the men who will realize it. You may deck the theme with the praises of your unsubstantial eloquence, but these are the men who are to accomplish the business! They are now risking every earthly comfort of existence in the cause; while you sit in silken security, and pour upon their holy undertaking the cruelty of your scorn."*

* Chalmers's Sermon before the Dundee Missionary Society, in 1812.

LETTER VI.

TO JAMES DOUGLAS, ESQ., OF CAVERS.

ON THE RESULTS OF MISSIONARY LABOUR IN RELATION TO MORAL SYMPATHY.

Sir,—It is now about twenty years since the appearance of your "Hints on Missions," and since that time you have favoured the public with your work on "The Advancement of Society in Knowledge and Religion;" and with the article "Missions," in the Encyclopædia Britannica. For these publications the Christian world is deeply your debtor, and its guiding spirits are not insensible to the obligation. It deserves remark that, while you are one of the very few great landowners in Britain entirely devoted to literature, you are the only layman of your class who has stood forth as the bold and unwearied advocate both of home and foreign missions. While your compeers are inflamed with the spirit of a low ambition, or are the slaves of still worse passions, the comprehensive and philosophic spirit with which God has endowed you, felicitates itself in the exalted region of contemplation, whence you descend from time to time to communicate to the occupants of a lower and a busier sphere the practical result of your high inquiries. May the life so laudably devoted be prolonged to a good old age, that you may witness the realization of many of those prophetic views with which your productions abound!

I have read most, if not all, that you have written; and

been studious to compare your abstract speculations with the practical operations of the mission field. Frequently have I been gratified in observing with what exactness the deductions of reason have been verified by the test of experience. Matters are, in many respects, altered and improved since the publication of your "Hints," and it cannot be doubted that they have materially contributed to that improvement. When you wrote that piece, the work of missions was, in many quarters, but just begun; and much that you desiderated, there had not been time to produce. Of this, indeed, you were fully aware. But the following passage, although true to the letter at the period when it was written, can no longer be taken as a correct description of the state of things.—"Two great, though indirect, means have been mentioned for spreading Christianity—Colonizing, and the introduction of the Arts. It is surprising how little Missionaries have availed themselves of the last. With the exception of some Moravian settlements, no instances, till very lately, could be pointed out to an infidel, of what missions had done for the temporal good of mankind. Can we be surprised, then, if men of thought, but whose thoughts are confined to the present world, should despise missionaries, who, instead of reclaiming barbarians to civilized habits, have sunk down to the outward condition of the people to whom they are preaching? And certainly the accusation of indolence is naturally brought forward against missionaries, who will not make the moderate exertions requisite to procure the comforts of life for themselves and those around them. This reproach, however, is gradually wearing off; and missions, though not with any very enlightened and enlarged plan, are gradually introducing the simpler productions and arts among their converts. Till more exertion of this kind takes place, it is almost hopeless to expect that Missionaries, or the Directors of Missions, will do much

to procure such information as would attract the attention of men who, without being Christians, are well-informed, and benevolent too, as far as kind wishes and kind speeches go, and who take an interest in whatever furthers the temporal welfare of humanity without impairing their own. Between Christians and those who are called philosophers, a great and impassable gulf seems fixed; while the first are interested in nothing but what concerns the next world, and the second neither care for nor believe in any thing but 'the world of to-day,' as the Mahometans speak. It is rather singular, however, that those who are looking to the future and the invisible, are the men of action; and that those, whose only world is the present, have never advanced one step beyond professions of philanthropy, nor made the least effort to introduce the improvements of philosophy into the greatest and uncivilized portion of the world. Still it is to be regretted that Christians will not show them what Christian benevolence can do for the comforts and embellishments even of this transitory life, and thus there might be some common feeling between two parties, who might gain much by mutual intercourse. The missionaries, instead of filling their journals with the experiences of particular converts, which have often more connexion with the state of the body than the soul, might be gaining experience themselves of the climate and the country, the modes of thinking, and the prevalent superstitious notions of the people by whom they are surrounded."

During the last twenty years—the period elapsed since you penned the foregoing passage—much has been done to correct the errors and supply the defects referred to. Proofs of this might be derived from every part of the missionary field, and from every section of the missionary church; but my purpose only requires it to be shown, that much, in this way, has been done, in Polynesia, by

the labours of Mr. Williams and his brethren. It is not easy to conceive of any thing, within the power of a missionary to perform, that has not been either achieved or attempted, for the earthly good of the islanders.

The Arts are at once a cause and an effect of civilization; their existence implies the antecedent existence of society; and society is cemented by sympathy. But sympathy may arise from different, nay from opposite sources. The highest order of society, however, demands for its cement a sympathy founded on humanity. Now humanity is not a quality of savage nature; it has every where to be created. Here, then, the missionary commences his operations; and the success which attends them in producing that humanity, demonstrates the infinite superiority of gospel truth to philosophic dogmata. The speedy and almost utter loss of this gentle quality was among the earliest indications of the fall of man. Hesiod, the father of Poetry—for it is probable that he was the contemporary of Homer, and somewhat earlier—has poured forth a stream of most pathetic reflection upon this subject. Having set forth the state of man under the golden, silver, and brazen ages, he reaches the iron age, in which man was bereft of the last remains of his humanity. Hesiod was among the primeval poets what Isaiah was among the Jewish prophets, with this difference, that Hesiod sung of an age of bliss and glory that was past, and Isaiah of such an age to come. Hesiod is immeasurably more entitled to the epithet divine than Homer. He was the poet of religion, peace, morality, and the arts; Homer was the bard of desolation and blood; and hence he has ever been the idol of man, while Hesiod has been all but forgotten. Hesiod thus bewails the depravity of man, at the close of the heroic age, and with a sagacity almost prophetic, foretells the result of the principles which then began to be manifested:—

"O! would I had my hours of life began
Before this fifth, this sinful race of man;
Or had I not been call'd to breathe the day,
Till the rough iron age had passed away:
For now, the times are such, the gods ordain
That every moment shall be wing'd with pain;
Condemned to sorrows, and to toil we live;
Rest to our labour death alone can give.
And yet amid the cares our lives annoy,
The gods still grant some intervals of joy:
But how degenerate is the human state!
Virtue no more distinguishes the great:
No safe reception shall the stranger find;
Nor shall the ties of blood or friendship bind;
Nor shall the parent, when his sons are nigh,
Look with the fondness of a parent's eye;
Nor to the sire the son obedience pay,
Nor gaze with reverence on the locks of grey,
But oh! regardless of the powers divine,
With bitter taunts shall load his life's decline.
Revenge and rapine shall respect command;
The pious, just, and good, neglected stand.
The wicked shall the better man distress,
The righteous suffer, and without redress;
Strict honesty, and naked truth, shall fail,
The perjur'd villain in his arts prevail!
Hoarse envy shall, unseen, exert her voice,
Attend the wretched, and in ill rejoice.
At last fair modesty and justice fly—
Robed their pure limbs in white—and gain the sky;
From the wide earth they reach the bless'd abodes,
And join the grand assembly of the gods,
While mortal men, abandoned to their grief,
Sink in their sorrows, hopeless of relief."

WORKS AND DAYS. BOOK I.

It were not easy to improve this striking picture, the exact truth of which is proved by its universal correspondence with the state of fallen nature. The inhumanity which is thus diffused among mankind, is the mother

element of all social evil. The best poets of every age, since the days of Hesiod, have borne testimony to its prevalence, and denounced it. How striking and tender is the address of the sage Ulysses to the fierce Achilles, whom he reminds of his father's last words!—

> "My child! with strength, with glory and success,
> Thine arms may Juno and Minerva bless!
> Trust that to heaven: but thou, thy cares engage
> To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage;
> From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
> And shun contention, the sure source of woe;
> That young and old may in thy praise combine,
> *The virtues of humanity be thine!*"
>
> HOMER, BOOK IX.

Of all the Roman poets, none had a keener perception of the evil which we deplore than Juvenal. The following vigorous passage presents man in a two-fold light,—first, in a state of unsophisticated nature, and then as hardened into a more than brutal insensibility:

> "Compassion proper to mankind appears,
> Which Nature witnessed when she gave us tears.
> Of tender sentiments *we* only give
> Those proofs; to weep is man's prerogative!
> To show by pitying looks, and melting eyes,
> How with a suffering friend we sympathize!
> Who can all sense of others' ills escape,
> Is but a brute, at best, in human shape!
> This nat'ral piety did first refine
> Our wit, and raise our thoughts to things divine.
> This proves our spirit of the gods' descent,
> While that of beasts is prone and downward bent:
> To them but earth-born life they did dispense;
> To us, for mutual aid, celestial sense.
> But serpents now more amity maintain!
> From spotted skins the leopard doth refrain:
> No weaker lion 's by a stronger slain;
> Nor, from his larger tusks, the forest boar
> Commission takes his brother swine to gore!

Tiger with tiger, bear with bear, you'll find
In leagues offensive and defensive joined!
But lawless man the anvil dares profane
To forge the dart by which a man is slain!
An impious race we now behold, whose rage
The slaughter of their foes cannot assuage,
Unless they banquet on the wretch they slew,
Devour the corpse, and drink the blood they drew!"

SATIRE XV.

This dreadful picture, as applied to the savages of Polynesia, is not an exaggeration. How fearfully was the prediction of Hesiod, in relation to parents and children, verified! By the practice *kukumi anga*, one of the most atrocious sights imaginable was exhibited. On a son reaching manhood, his first duty was to fight his father, and, in the event of victory, he immediately took forcible possession of his farm, and drove away his vanquished parent in destitution, to shift for himself or die in the woods! In all respects worthy of this, and still more inhuman, was the *ao anga*, by which the friends of a husband, on his death, came and seized his house, food, and land, turning adrift the mourning widow with her helpless offspring. Let us contrast the former practice with the precept, "Honour thy father and mother;" and the latter with the declaration that "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction." Such was the condition of the people of the isles, such their destitution of humanity. The question is, What was the effect of the gospel of Christ upon them? In the emphatic words of Scripture, it changed the hearts of all who believed it from stone to flesh. In proof of this, I offer the dying declarations of Tuahine,—the very first plebeian convert of Tahiti. A day or two before his death, he thus wrote to Mr. Williams:—

"*Raiatea, November* 11*th*, 1827.

"Oh, dear friend,—May blessing attend you and your family, through Jesus Christ our Lord. I have written this letter on the day that my body is completely destroyed with sickness. I am convinced of the near approach of death, for I perceive that my illness is very great. The 11th of November is the day on which I write; I write with great difficulty, for my eyes are now dim in death. My compassion for my family is very great; I therefore write in death to you, my dear friend, about my family. We do not belong to Raiatea, neither myself nor my wife; we both belong to Tahiti; but, from love to the word of God, and attachment to you, our teacher, we have forsaken our lands, and now I am about to die. It is death that terminates our close connexion. This is what I have to say to you, my dear friend, about my family: do not let them remain at Raiatea; take them to Tahiti, in your own large boat; convey them there yourself; let no one else. They belong to Papeete: there are their parents and their land. My perplexity is very great, occasioned by my dear family crying and grieving around me. They say, 'Who will convey us back to our lands?' I refer them to you; replying, 'Mr. Williams is our friend.' We miss you very much in my illness, and grieve greatly at your absence. Now, my dear friend, let me entreat you not to forget my dying request. Do not follow the custom of my countrymen, and say, when I am gone, 'Oh, it is only the command of a corpse.' This is what they say, and then seize his little property. I have been endeavouring to lengthen out my breath to see you again, but I cannot: my hour is come, when God will take me to himself, and I cannot resist his will. Perhaps this is the time the Lord has appointed for me. And now, my dear friend, the great kindness you have shown me is at an end; your face will not see my face again in the

flesh—you and I are separated. Dear friend, I am going *now* to the place we all so ardently desire.

"May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you and your family!

"TUAHINE.

"P.S.—Take care of my family."

"My compassion for my family is very great; I, therefore, write in death to you, my dear friend, about my family." What language! What pathos! What parental tenderness! How marvellous the power that can fill the savage breast with such a flood of benevolent emotion! Shall we compare this pattern of tenderness with the white-man monster who perished in the Navigators' Islands? This man shared in all the native wars; he slaughtered his fellow-creatures with his own hands, by the hundred; he had the heads of his victims invariably cut off, and ranged before him during his meals; he often seated himself upon a kind of stage smeared with blood, and surrounded with the heads of those whom he had slain; and in this state his followers used to convey him on their shoulders, with songs of savage triumph, to his own residence!* Or shall we compare him with the mingled mass of Polynesian parents, prior to the introduction of the gospel? Contrast the unutterable tenderness of this man for his family with the Martyr's account of the prevalent crime of infanticide. "The modes by which they perpetrated this deed of darkness were truly affecting. Sometimes they put a wet cloth upon the infants' mouth; at others, they pinched their little throats until they expired: a third method was to bury them alive; and a fourth was, if possible, still more brutal. The moment the child was born, they broke the first joints of its fingers and toes, and then the second. If the infant survived this agonizing

* Williams, p. 120.

process, they dislocated its ankles and the wrists; and, if the powers of endurance still continued, the knee and elbow joints were then broken. This would generally terminate the tortures of the little sufferer; but if not, they would resort to the second method of strangulation."* To this pandemonium practice the Gospel of mercy has put a perpetual end, in a large portion of the isles of the south. Those all-powerful principles which God has most wisely and graciously implanted in the parental bosom, have experienced a glorious resurrection. What you, Sir, observe of society in Europe, with one or two verbal alterations, may be truly affirmed of it in Polynesia:—"The many wheels of its intricate mechanism are beginning to revolve, and a complicated movement, continually accelerated by fresh impulses, is bearing along the world from its wintry and torpid position, and bringing it under the influence of serener heavens and an awakening spring. All the genial powers of nature are being unlocked, and the better feelings that have long slumbered in the breast of man are being roused into life."†

To the foregoing beautiful illustration of a dying husband's love to his wife and a parent's to his children, we may add the following of a people's love to their teachers. Mr. Williams, after a residence of twelve months at Rarotonga, intimated his intention to leave the mission of that island in the hands of others,—a communication which elicited a most interesting display of sensibility. For more than a month prior to his departure, groups of the people collected, in the cool of the evening, around the trunk of some gigantic tree, or beneath the shade of a stately banana, and sung, in plaintive strains, the stanzas which they had composed to express their sorrow at the antici-

* Williams, p. 148.

† Advancement of Society in Knowledge and Religion, pp. 296, 297.

pated separation. On the evening of his departure, several thousands accompanied him and his friends to the beach; and as the boat left the shore, they lifted up their voice, and, with one heart, sang,—

Kia ora e Tama ma
I te aerenga i te moana e!

That is, "Blessing on you, beloved friends; blessing on you in journeying on the deep!" This they repeated at brief intervals, till the little bark was removed beyond the reach of the sound. What a scene among a people so lately buried in the lowest depths of barbarism! It affected Mr. Williams and his friends to tears.* Nothing in the naval history of England, from the days of Anson to Duncan, of Hood to Codrington, can, in point of moral beauty, be compared to it. What a contrast to the drunken rejoicings and tumultuous huzzas of the populace of Chatham and of Portsmouth, on the embarkation of England's murderous armaments in the sad days of her anti-Christian as well as suicidal glory!

The Martyr of Erromanga records a fact which speaks volumes on the subject of moral sensibility. While smarting under a domestic trial, he wrote to Makea, apprising him of the circumstance; and the chief, collecting all the people of his settlement, accompanied them to Nagatangiia, to condole with the Missionary under his affliction. "No individual," says Mr. Williams, "came empty-handed; some brought mats, others pieces of cloth, and others articles of food, which they presented as an expression of their sympathy. A few of the principal women went in to see Mrs. Williams, laid their little presents at her feet, and wept over her, according to their custom. The affection of this kind people remains unabated. In a

* Williams, p. 44.

recent visit paid to Rarotonga by my esteemed colleague, Mr. Barff, he perceived that the congregation of three thousand people to whom he preached were all habited in black clothing. Upon inquiring the reason of this unusual and dismal attire, he was informed by Mr. Buzacott that, on the recent death of his little girl, the king and chiefs requested that they and their people might be permitted to wear mourning, as they did not wish to appear in their ordinary gay habiliments while the family of their Missionary was in affliction. Such an instance of delicate respect could scarcely have been expected from a people, who, twelve years before, were cannibals and addicted to every vice." *

Who, Sir, can desire a better comment on the glorious, because pacific, visions of Isaiah? Behold, in Rarotonga, the wolf dwelling with the lamb, the leopard lying down with the kid, the calf and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child leading them! Behold the sucking child playing on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child putting his hand on the cockatrice' den! Whence arises this surprising transformation? The island is full of the knowledge of the Lord. This is the sole and sufficient cause. Who, Sir, will blush to avow himself the advocate of a cause so fraught with peace on earth and good-will among men? Compared with the enterprize which is attended with such results, surely the pursuits of literature, science, commerce, and every thing of a merely sublunary character, are but low, earthly, and vulgar. To the enlightened and candid mind this is clear and incontrovertible. Were it not for the *piety* that blends with the enterprise, it would be the object of boundless and universal admiration. But for the Gospel—the "rod" with which John Williams wrought all his wonders—he would

* Williams, p. 104.

be all but deified! Our philosophers, philanthropists, and men of sentiment would sound his fame to the farthest shores of the civilized world! Howard, as compared with Williams, would be deemed—and justly deemed—only a taper before the blazing sun. Poets, orators, painters, and sculptors would, each in his own way, all labour to diffuse his renown, and consign it to immortality! Long ere this St. Paul's and Westminster would have had committed to their awful custody tablets and statues to the honour of the illustrious philanthropist! Public halls would have boasted his bust; and monumental pillars, erected to his glory in our parks and promenades, had been pointing to the skies! But the Cross, the offensive Cross, has marred all! By this the world is as much crucified to him as he was to the world. Neither saw aught to admire in the other; and the deeds which it cannot deny, it endeavours to overlook. Till that world shall have discovered beauty in the Messiah, it will see none in the Missionary.

On these grounds it is, that so much importance attaches to the labours of literary laymen, especially men of rank and property, in behalf of missions. Whatever may be achieved by a clerical hand to convince and abash the adversary, there is still the disadvantage to be encountered —*the performance is professional.* This is enough! But when men like yourself, Isaac Taylor, and other master spirits, step forth as the advocates of evangelical operations, the question assumes a new shape, and it must be dealt with in another manner. Do allow me, therefore, with all the respect which I feel for your character, gifts, and acquirements, to urge this consideration. Your volumes on the "Truths," on the "Errors," and on "Mental Philosophy," are good and useful; but a *chapter* of your "Advancement," or *ten pages* of your "Hints," are of a hundred-fold more real value than they all to the mighty work of the world's salvation! Do, Sir, do continue to wield your

transcendent power, and to use the influence arising from your social position, to advance this most glorious of all objects! The subject is not exhausted; it is only begun. In your hands it may be made to assume a shape, and present a beauty which will command the attention and captivate the imagination both of the literary and the aristocratic circles. Had I the power to impel performance, you should assuredly have no rest until you had published and addressed to those circles a series of letters on Christian Missions!

———"Acceptissima semper
Munera sunt auctor quæ pretiosa facit."

LETTER VII.

TO THOMAS WILSON, ESQ., TREASURER OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

ON THE RESULTS OF MISSIONARY LABOUR IN RELATION TO THE INSTITUTION OF MARRIAGE, ARTS, COMMERCE, AND CIVILIZATION.

My dear Sir,—You are, beyond most men, an individual whose habits, character, and understanding, are all thoroughly practical. You have neither time nor taste for theoretic trifling upon any subject, whether of politics or of religion. Your eye is ever directed to results; and by these you have always tested both systems and men. In consecrating your time, talents, influence, and fortune to the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, both at home and abroad, you have always felt and maintained that you were adopting the most, and, indeed, the only successful method of at once promoting the interests of the purest patriotism and the most exalted philanthropy. You have long rejoiced in the benign spirit and the beneficent operation of Christianity, and laboured much to promote its spread both for the glory of God and the good of man. On these and other grounds I now address to you the following letter on the glorious effects of the gospel upon the earthly welfare of the once barbarous inhabitants of Polynesia.

Christianity deals first with the individual character, next with the domestic constitution, and lastly with civil society; the first is the basis of the second, and the second of the third. When the individual man is brought to *know the Lord*, and is disposed to select for himself a companion in life, he is left to cherish his preference towards the sex with only two limitations; first, that all his affections shall centre in one object; and that she, like himself, shall belong to the family of God. The happiness equally of male and female requires the rigorous, uniform, and universal observance of the divine appointment concerning marriage. Polygamy is as injurious to the peace and comfort of the one sex as of the other. It is a violation of the order of nature and the command of God: he, therefore, who contributes to promote the observance of marriage is a great benefactor to his species. Now, polygamy is always, more or less, the attendant of idolatry; and hence when the missionary assails the latter, he undermines the former. Hence, too, it results that the missionary has done more to destroy polygamy than all other classes of men united. Of this species of benevolence, as of most others, he has a monopoly. How full of interest is the Martyr's account of the abolition of polygamy in Rarotonga! How affecting and laudable was the king's conduct! Of three wives —one of them his own sister—he parted from two, and, in the presence of his people, was married to one; and the people, as a matter of course, followed the impressive example of their sovereign. Who can estimate the extent of the good resulting to Polynesia from the abolition of this great and prevalent evil? Who but the missionaries could have succeeded in effecting so serious a reformation?

The literature of missions demonstrates that Christianity is the grand civilizer of man. Enlightened statesmen, knowing little of Christianity beyond its effects, have yet

perceived enough of its power to confess the truth of our allegation. Edmund Burke, in his Letter to Dundas on the civilization of Negroes in both Hemispheres, utters the following remarkable words:—"I confess I trust more, according to the sound principles of those who have at any time ameliorated the state of mankind, to the effect and influence of religion, than to all the rest of the regulations put together."* This witness is true. The conductors of all Missionary Societies, and a still more competent class of witnesses, the missionaries themselves, all unite in testifying that civilization is the certain, invariable, and speedy result of Christianization. I remember no person who has been more successful in the illustration of this point in a few words than Kahkewaquonaby, the Chippewa Indian chief, who visited England some years ago, and was known as Peter Jones. This interesting man, an excellent preacher of righteousness in the Wesleyan body, records the experiment among his countrymen in the following words:—"The improvements which the Christian Indians have made have been the astonishment of all who knew them in their pagan state. The change for the better has not only extended to their hearts and feelings, but also to their personal appearance, and their domestic and social condition. About ten years ago this people had no houses, no fields, no horses, no cattle. Each person could carry upon his back all that he possessed, without being much burdened. They are now occupying about forty comfortable houses, most of which are built of hewn logs, and a few of frame, and are generally one and a half story high, and about twenty-four feet long, and eighteen feet wide, with stone or brick chimneys; two or three rooms in each house. Their furniture consists of tables, chairs, bedsteads, straw mattresses, a few feather-beds, window-curtains, boxes

* Works, vol. ix. p. 287.

and trunks for their wearing apparel, small shelves fastened against the wall for their books, closets for their cooking utensils, cupboards for their plates, knives and forks : some have clocks and watches. They have no carpets, but a few have mats laid on their floors. This tribe owns a saw-mill, a workshop, a blacksmith's shop, and a warehouse, the property of the whole community. They have about 200 acres of land under cultivation, on which they grow wheat, Indian corn, potatoes, &c. In their gardens they raise vegetables of various kinds; and a few have planted fruit-trees. They have a number of oxen, cows, horses, and pigs ; a few barns and stables; a few wagons and sleighs; and all sorts of farming implements. The men now make the houses, plant the fields, provide the fuel and provisions for the house ; the business of the women is to manage the household affairs. The females eat with the men at the same table. I have often heard them expressing their thanks to the Great Spirit for sending them missionaries to tell them the words of eternal life, which have been the means of delivering them from a state of misery and degradation." What a picture! The Government had tried, by munificent offers, to tame this tribe, to fix them down to a settled state; but nothing could induce them to renounce their roving habits, till the gospel entered among them, when the result was such as we have now seen.

The Martyr's " Narrative" abounds with illustrations to the same effect, but far more varied and striking.* He sets forth the following table of arts, vegetable productions, and animals.

* Williams, pp. 11, 12, 13, 16, 20, 21, 29, 44, 45, 58, 63, 86, 106, 112, 121, 151, 152.

USEFUL ARTS.	VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS.	ANIMALS.
Smith's work.	A variety of valuable esculents.	Goats.
House building.	Pumpkins, melons, sweet potatoes, &c. &c.	Sheep.
Ship building.	Oranges, lemons, limes.	Horses.
Lime burning.	Pine apples.	Asses.
Pruning.	Custard apples.	Cattle and pigs into several islands.
Sofa, chair, and bedstead making.	Coffee.	Turkeys, geese, ducks, and fowls.
Growth and manufacture of tobacco.	Cotton.	
Sugar boiling.	Indigo.	
Tinting.		

The country which can boast these arts and animals has already the means of comfort, and the elements of greatness. The possession of these involves every necessary and fundamental avocation, and will inevitably lay the basis of such as are more a matter of taste and of ornament. Let us hear the missionary's own comment upon the matter:—"In communicating to the people the useful arts specified above, I have spent many hundreds of hours, not merely in explaining and superintending the different processes, but in actual labour. For this, however, I have been amply repaid by the great progress which the natives have made in many of these departments of useful knowledge, but especially in building small vessels of from twenty to fifty tons. More than twenty of these were sailing from island to island when I left, two of which belonged to the queen, and were employed in fetching cargoes of pearl, and pearl shells, from a group of islands to the eastward of Tahiti. These were exchanged with the English and American vessels for clothing and other articles.

"From these facts it will be apparent, that, while our best energies have been devoted to the instruction of the

people in the truths of the Christian religion, and our chief solicitude has been to make them wise unto salvation, we have, at the same time, been anxious to impart a knowledge of all that was calculated to increase their comforts and elevate their character. And I am convinced that the first step towards the promotion of a nation's temporal and social elevation, is to plant amongst them the tree of life, when civilization and commerce will entwine their tendrils around its trunk, and derive support from its strength. Until the people are brought under the influence of religion, they have no desire for the arts and usages of civilized life; but that invariably creates it. The missionaries were at Tahiti many years, during which they built and furnished a house in European style. The natives saw this, but not an individual imitated their example. As soon, however, as they were brought under the influence of Christianity, the chiefs, and even the common people, began to build neat plastered cottages, and to manufacture bedsteads, seats, and other articles of furniture. The females had long observed the dress of the Missionaries' wives, but while heathen they greatly preferred their own, and there was not a single attempt at imitation. No sooner, however, were they brought under the influence of religion, than all of them, even to the lowest, aspired to the possession of a gown, a bonnet, and a shawl, that they might appear like Christian women. I could proceed to enumerate many other changes of the same kind, but these will be sufficient to establish my assertion. While the natives are under the influence of their superstitions, they evince an inanity and torpor, from which no stimulus has proved powerful enough to arouse them but the new ideas and the new principles imparted by Christianity. And if it be not already proved, the experience of a few more years will demonstrate the fact, that the missionary enterprise is incomparably the most

effective machinery that has ever been brought to operate upon the social, the civil, and the commercial, as well as the moral and spiritual interests of mankind."*

Now, my esteemed friend, what shall we say to these things? They are true, or they are false. If true, who shall estimate their value? If false, is not confutation easy? Thanks be to God, they are true, and none can gainsay them! It is now as clear as experiment can ever make it, that the gospel of Christ is the only remedy for the woes of our world. The proofs of this allegation have been accumulating upwards of 1800 years; and surely, it is now time that the speculative should give place to the practical—time that we should cease disputing with the Infidel about the origin and qualities of Christianity, and proceed, in good earnest, to the universal dispensation of its benefits. One principal proof of its divine origin lies in its power to reform, renovate, and bless those who receive it. Eternity apart, it is the grand source of all real happiness in the present life. It is fully adequate to meet, to the largest extent, the wants of man. There is not an evil for which it does not supply a complete and immediate cure. Its universal reception would introduce a better than the golden age. Approaching the temple of truth, let us consult the oracles of history, and inquire of her whether any code of legislation, or any system of morals, or any thing in fact, ever exerted a power, in the slightest measure, analogous in its effects, to the power of the Gospel of Peace? We may inquire, too, whether voyager, traveller, commercial factor, voluntary or compulsory exile, ever effected such changes among any portions of men as those achieved by the martyr of Erromanga? Have any of these, or all of them, through all ages, united, accomplished the millionth part of it? Did they ever

* Williams, p. 152.

thus bless a single family, or a single man? No! to impart good is not their practice; it is not their purpose. If it were their province, without personal piety, it is not in their power.

How long, my friend, is the world to be unjust? When will it awake to the glory of the gospel and the utility of missions? As a man of reading and observation, and great experience, you are but too well informed of the contempt with which multitudes of educated men, among the middle and upper classes, regard the missionary character. I challenge the attention of all such to the facts of this chapter. If the man who achieved works so various, so wondrous, so beneficent—works embracing so many people, and in their effects extending through all coming time—be contemptible, I ask them, who is illustrious? If John Williams be little, let them tell us who is great? Is any man great but as he promotes greatness? Who can do more for the creature than he who restores him to the favour and friendship of his Creator, and at the same time lifts him up to the elevation of civilized man? Who can do more for the isles of Polynesia than he who fits them for the fellowship of Christian nations? Truth answers, He, and only he, who fits them for the fellowship of angels and of God! John Williams has done both! Who, then, I desire to know, can add to the benefactions of the man who has done these things? Let the pretender stand forth, put in his claim, and hasten to make it good. He who can do so, and he alone, is of a rank superior to the missionary—he, and he alone, is a greater man than the martyr of Erromanga!

LETTER VIII.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD BROUGHAM.

ON THE RESULTS OF MISSIONS IN REGARD TO SLAVERY AND EDUCATION.

It is impossible, my Lord, to write on the subjects of War and Missions, with their respective attendants, Slavery and Education, without being reminded of your lordship's humane and patriotic exertions. African slavery cannot survive the extinction of War; Education cannot be diffused through all nations apart from Christianity. The question, therefore, of this world's complete civilization, and all that it implies, is chiefly a question of Missions. This is the consideration which I am deeply anxious to press upon the attention of your lordship, because it is one of the very few subjects with which your lordship seems but slightly acquainted. In this assumption I have reason to think I do not wrong you, for I speak after careful inquiry. To me, in common with tens of thousands, your lordship's life and public character supply a subject of extraordinary interest: I have been at pains, accordingly, to investigate the history of your opinions, and to trace your bright career during the last thirty years. I have endeavoured to form a correct estimate of your views respecting all those great questions which have agitated the

minds of men during the eventful period of your public life; and I now proceed to state the result.

The analysis of the intellectual powers with which you are so amply endowed has been frequently attempted: the peculiar style of your eloquence, too, has been a favourite theme of criticism; while men of various judgments have passed sentence on your public character and conduct. Of these lucubrations, some, as far as they have gone, have been just and good; others erroneous and malicious; and all meager and defective. The delineation of a single region, however accurate, is not to be substituted for that of a great continent. The mental, moral, and political portraiture of such men as your lordship is not so easily taken as certain artists appear to imagine. These, moreover, are small matters, my Lord: you have been raised up for a great work among mankind; and justly to estimate the workman and the work, it is necessary to take your whole life, and to examine the lengthened series of great actions by which it has been illustrated. It is further necessary to compare your actions and character with those of your contemporaries and of your predecessors, of all countries and of all times; and, finally, in order to a just judgment, you must be tested by the Word of eternal Truth. To perform this undertaking aright, my Lord, will be the business of Christian and philosophic biography. I can barely hint at these points; and, in so doing, I hope there is little fear that I shall offend your delicacy; for, adopting the language of Elihu, "Let me not, I pray you, accept any man's person,—neither let me give flattering titles unto man; for I know not to give flattering titles; in so doing my Maker would soon take me away." But I cannot discharge my conscience without stating facts and opinions tending to your lordship's credit, because a grateful reference to what you have done is essential as a foundation for the expression of regrets that you have not done more. I shall, however,

have occasion to show that, how exalted soever may be your place among men, a far higher elevation invites you still to ascend.

I hope your lordship will give me your candid attention, for my sole motive in addressing this letter to you is, your own honour and the good of the whole family of man. The period of life, and the stage of experience which you have reached, are favourable. The lengthening shadows proclaim that your lordship's sun is descending. It is now more than three-score years since you entered this mortal sphere: not only, therefore, has the delusive romance of youth passed away, but the bewildering fires of ambition, which burn most fiercely in middle life, have surely subsided. You now understand somewhat correctly the true condition of man. You have drunk to its dregs the cup of earthly greatness, and this world has nothing more to offer you. As a politician and a moralist, as a man of letters and of science, as a lawyer and an orator, you have been acknowledged, by the suffrages of millions, to be the first man of your age. You have sat in each house of legislation, without an equal in either, the chief ornament and attraction of both. Your fame has filled the civilized world. Is this then enough, my Lord? Is the heart at ease and satisfied? I venture to presume it answers,—No! Well, but there is still more in reserve. Your lordship's speeches and writings will go down to the latest ages, and live as long as the language whose rich resources they exemplify and exhaust. History, too, uninfluenced by party and envy, will do your lordship justice. Posterity will, indeed, assign you a far higher place on "Fame's dread mountain," than even that which has been accorded by the bulk of your contemporaries. In speaking thus, I make no reference to your rank, my Lord; no man ever owed less to rank than your lordship; you descended when you entered the Upper House. You elevated the peerage,

not the peerage you. The historian will chiefly delight in the patriotic Commoner. Even now the lord is lost in the man. Your simple name, in after times, will blaze in glory as the sun, while your coronet will be a tiny speck on its disc, scarcely visible. No living statesman has so much to hope, and so little to fear from future generations, as your lordship. The great points of your political creed will assuredly be at length embraced by all nations. The progress of reason, the voice of prophecy, the interests of earth, all unite to support your views of war, peace, slavery, education, and the surpassing glories of moral greatness. Every age will bring the mind of England more and more into unison with yours. Like prophecy, your lordship's character will gain with the advance of time. And when the period arrives at which "the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him;"—when this period arrives, my Lord, the evils which you have denounced and opposed, with so much consistency, energy, and eloquence, will cease to be, and the good which you have so long and so strenuously laboured to promote will be more than realized throughout the whole earth; for, be assured, my Lord, your utmost demands and desires are, according to the volume of Inspiration, a poor instalment of the felicity which awaits our now distracted and afflicted world.

My Lord, it will be allowed, by multitudes of the best and wisest of mankind, that I have not overdrawn the picture of your lordship's prospects of future renown. Personal and political adversaries are incompetent judges of such a matter; and so, indeed, are personal and political friends. But a great reverse awaits your lordship's position. Men who are now all but unknown will, in the better days of our world, be inconceivably more illustrious

than your lordship. You will then be considered as only a humble personage in comparison with such a man as the missionary martyr, Williams. One chapter of the "Missionary Enterprises" will then bear a higher value than all the writings of your lordship, and of all the orators, statesmen, historians, and philosophers in our language. Every thing is permanently great only as it belongs to Christ and his kingdom. Your speeches in behalf of John Smith, will accordingly, possess an interest with the ages to come infinitely greater than any other—the most celebrated not excepted—that you ever uttered. Those speeches are identified with the cause of Christ, and they will partake of its immortality. Next to those will be your speeches and letters on education; then those against slavery; and finally such as were made in defence of civil and religious liberty. All the others, splendid as they are, will be deemed of inferior worth. My Lord, if these things be so, are not the bulk of your great compeers living to little purpose, and in a manner which but ill comports with their high destinies and real interests as immortal beings? If there is truth in the awful disclosures of the sacred Scriptures, how lamentable is the prospect of the vast body of this world's great men!

My Lord, will you allow me to say that, while speculating on the glory which, in coming ages, awaits you, I could not help also anticipating the judgment of posterity in regard to your lordship's religious character. I would allude to this point with profound respect and great tenderness; but I dare not be wholly silent, because I can even now speak with certainty as to the light in which they will view you. Before me are the writings of holy prophets and apostles, with the true sayings of Christ, the rule of judgment. By these records will posterity estimate you. Its conclusion may, therefore, be easily ascertained. Its higher tribunal will affirm the decision which

has been already pronounced by a great majority of educated and liberal Christian men, your contemporaries It will declare your lordship to have been a man of pure morals, of unusual disinterestedness, and of an ambition not greater than your capabilities to serve your country, and benefit mankind—the prince of patriots and philanthropists. But, my Lord, while future generations thus pass sentence upon your personal and public character, they will tremble when they think of the possible condition of that mighty spirit which once informed the frame that bore the name of Brougham! They will be unable to discover any thing in your lordship's past history which bespeaks true sympathy with the religion of the Son of God! They will discover nothing in all that you have written or spoken that indicates a right understanding of the doctrines of the cross, or any anxious concern about the world to come! I have looked for such indications in vain, where, if at all, they might have been expected to be found—in your speeches for the missionary Smith. This is a remarkable and mournful defect in those otherwise admirable orations. On that tragical occasion, an opportunity was furnished such as no senator ever before enjoyed, of doing justice to a class of men "of whom the world is not worthy;" an opportunity, too, of atoning to earth and heaven for the injury done to the cause of humanity, instruction, freedom, and religion among the whole human race, by the impious, calumnious, and atrocious articles on "Methodism and Missions," which had appeared in the great literary organ of the North, with the origin and early conduct of which you are closely identified. But you let the occasion slip. This was the more to be regretted, my Lord, because your case fully admitted—nay, demanded—a defence of the class as well as of the individual. In your exordium, you truly represented those around you as pouring contempt upon your

cause, ridiculing the petitioners, and adding, that "*after all, it is merely about a poor missionary.*" Oh! my Lord, then was the moment to have summoned your boundless resources, and collected your giant strength, that you might exhibit to your ignorant auditory the progress of civilization, with the degree to which it had been the effect of missions, and the impossibility of its extension and completion over our world but by their means—to have set forth the claims of these truly noble persons to the world's gratitude and admiration, to the protection of governments, the patronage of princes, and the smile of kings—to have shown that the home deeds, even of a Howard, and his short continental tours of compassion, were but trifles, cheap and safe amusements, as compared with the suffering and sacrifice, the disheartening toil and the voluntary exile, the frequent perils and the cruel persecutions, the ill-paid and unpraised labours of these apostolic men—and then to have hurled your thunderbolts of burning indignation at all governments, whether home or colonial, and at all functionaries, whether civil or military, subjects or sovereigns, who dared to impede the progress of these best benefactors of the human race! Never, my Lord, never had orator such subject before! Never had statesman such an occasion of promoting the highest enterprise on earth—an enterprise comprehensive of the interests of all classes, of all nations, through all times! Heroes and sages, all who have been deemed first among this world's wise and good, are poor and limited subjects, poor beneath all poverty and limited within all limitation, as compared with the murdered missionary of Demerara!

Since the death of John Smith, the subject of the missionary character has been repeatedly pressed upon your lordship in a manner which strongly claimed your parliamentary attention and defence; and it is gratefully admitted that you have somewhat improved in your

knowledge of its claims, and also made repeated reference to it. In your speech of July 13, 1830, in the House of Commons, you smote, with just severity, the persecutors of Mr. Orton and his brethren, whom you pronounced "blameless and pious men," which, though "faint praise," was still something. In your speech in the House of Lords, February, 20, 1838, you came more fully out and did good service to the Missionary Body in the West Indies. Adverting to the sober and even devout manner in which the negroes passed the festival of their liberties, you found the cause of their laudable conduct in the labours bestowed upon them by the missionaries. "They enjoy," said your lordship, "the advantages of much religious instruction, and partake, in a large measure, of spiritual consolation. These blessings they derive not from the ministrations of the Established Church,—not that the aid of its priests is withheld from them, but the services of others, of zealous missionaries, are found more acceptable and more effectual, because they are more suited to the capacity of the people. The meek and humble pastor, although perhaps more deficient in secular accomplishments, is far more abounding in zeal for the work of the vineyard, and being less raised above his flock, is better fitted to guide them in the path of religious duty. Not made too fine for his work by pride of science, nor kept apart by any peculiar refinement of taste, but inspired with a fervent devotion to the interests of his flock, the missionary pastor lives but for them; their companion on the week-day, as their instructor on the sabbath; their friend and counsellor in temporal matters, as their guide in spiritual concerns. These are the causes of the influence he enjoys,—this the source from whence the good he does them flows. Nor can I pass by this part of the West Indian picture without rendering the tribute of heartfelt admiration which I am proud to pay, when I

contemplate the pious zeal, the indefatigable labours of these holy and disinterested men; and I know full well that if I make my appeal to my noble friend,* he will repeat the testimony he elsewhere bore to the same high merits, when he promulgated his honest opinion, that 'for the origin of all religious feeling among the negroes, it is among the missionaries, and not the clergy, we must look.'"

Accept, my Lord, in the name of my missionary brethren in the West Indies, most sincere thanks for the noble "tribute" which concludes this passage. "Heartfelt admiration" is a thing in which your lordship has dealt but sparingly; seldom have you bestowed it upon unworthy objects, and never in undue proportions. On these grounds this strong expression of your lordship's views is estimated at a very high value. I beg leave, however, to state that your lordship's view of the causes of the missionary's success is wholly unsound, and your idea of their inferiority in any respect, to the clergy, inaccurate. In your analysis of those causes, you have done all that philosophy can effect, which is just—nothing! The wondrous difference between these two classes of spiritual physicians, my Lord, consists not merely, nor even chiefly, in rank, tastes, talents, culture, condescension, and habits—in all of which, however, the superiority for the most part lies on the side of the missionaries—but in the *medicines* which they respectively administer. Their views of human nature, of the character of God, of the essence and object of the "Gospel," are nearly as different as morals and mathematics—and just as different are the effects produced upon their respective auditories. The creed of the missionaries, to a man, is that of your late evangelical friend WILBERFORCE; the creed of that class

* Lord Sligo.

of the clergy, the impotence of whose labours is attested by Lord Sligo, is that of your heathen favourite Cicero. In the dedication of your treatise on Natural Theology to Earl Spencer, speaking of the death of Romilly, you thus set forth the opinions of the Roman orator: "Ever since the time I followed him to the grave, I question if either of us has read, without meditating upon the irreparable loss we and all men then sustained, the words of the ancient philosopher best imbued with religious opinions: —'Proficiscor enim non ad eos solum viros de quibus ante dixi, sed etiam ad Catonem meum, quo nemo vir melior natus est, nemo pietate præstantior,'" &c.—opinions at utter variance with the word of God. Alas! my Lord, the "melior natus est" comprises a doctrine and a principle which have no place in the volume of inspiration. How different is the language of Paul! For the "præstantior pietate" of your Roman worthies, he would substitute, "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds and four-footed beasts, and creeping things, who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever; who, knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them." Cicero's "præstantior pietate" is the exact counterpart of Paul's "wholly given to idolatry." Hundreds and thousands of negro boys and girls, by the Scriptures of truth, have become possessors of a wisdom and a worth infinitely surpassing all that the best men of the best days of Greece and Rome could boast.

My Lord, your error respecting the message has led to a corresponding error with regard to the messengers: and hence arise your utterly defective conceptions, both of the

missionary character and of the missionary enterprise—conceptions so unlike yourself, upon all other subjects, and so unworthy of the mighty theme. The difference between the missionaries and the clergy, of whom Lord Sligo speaks, results from the difference of their religious systems; for, as are their respective systems, so are their own hearts, habits, and characters. This it was which rendered the one the friends and companions of the planter, and the other, of the slave;—which led those to addict themselves to carnal pleasure, and these to preaching and prayer. The power of the missionary arises from the things which he believes respecting the love of God, the death of Christ, and the Eternal Spirit. These, my Lord, are the weapons of his warfare, by which, in a brief space, he breaks down strongholds of darkness and superstition which have stood thousands of years, and on which this world's vain philosophy could have made no impression. Pity it is that such men as your lordship do not condescend to examine the facts of the gospel record, and the facts of the history of its propagation! The latter is the medium through which the missionary character and enterprise ought to be contemplated; for there is no other method by which justice can be done to either the men or their work. The want of a correct apprehension of those facts, accounts for the imperfection and meagerness of your lordship's views; for you always speak of the missionary simply as related to the West India Islands, and appear to think of him merely as a patient, painstaking, and conscientious schoolmaster—as an efficient sabbath and day-school teacher! Nothing seems farther from your lordship's thoughts than the idea that both his mission and his message are of divine origin; that he is really the servant of Christ, and under his immediate protection and patronage; that he is attended by a special

divine power which operates on the minds of those that hear him, quickening their torpor, enlightening their darkness, convincing their understandings, bending their wills, renovating their hearts, and moulding their characters by the knowledge and belief of Scripture truths. These, my Lord, are facts; and, as a disciple of Bacon, you can test them by the Inductive Logic. As causes, do they, or do they not, account for the effects? The book itself which supplies the facts and doctrines, abundantly testifies to the invariable results which the knowledge and belief of them will produce in the hearts of men, whether Scythian or barbarian, bond or free. The missionary, in every part of the world, tests the book by experiment, and the result is uniformly the same—the message is always "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believes."

But, my Lord, let us come at once to the source of all your lordship's misunderstandings relative to the work of missions,—wrong views concerning the Lord Jesus Christ. The facts of his Divinity, Incarnation, Vicarious Sacrifice, Resurrection, Ascension, and Mediatorial Reign, lie at the foundation of the Christian Mission. The enterprise is carried on under the express sanction and authority of the Son of God. Jesus Christ, immediately before his ascension to heaven, thus addressed his assembled disciples:—"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth; go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,—teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you,—and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Having uttered these words, he added, in reference to their qualification, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the

uttermost part of the earth;—and when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight."

Such, my Lord, is the basis of the system in behalf of which I am anxious to enlist your powers and sympathies. There appertain to it a grandeur, a magnificence, a philanthropy, which are calculated to attract and interest a mind like yours. Your literature will enable you to pronounce at once upon the utter insignificance of all projects of human illumination as compared with this of Jesus Christ. His divinity, his atonement, the Divine Personality and agency of the Holy Spirit, the Apostolic miracles, and the doctrine of Regeneration,—these, wholly apart, who can adequately estimate the vastness and glory of the Christian mission, considered simply as a scheme of education? It contemplates nothing short of the complete instruction and subjection to moral rule of the entire human race throughout all the isles and continents of our globe! The Founder of the Christian Mission hath thus commanded:—"Go, and *teach* all nations"—"Go ye into all the world, and *preach the Gospel* to every creature." Oh, my Lord, what benevolence is here! How immense the magnitude of this conception! Who can hear it without feelings of indescribable emotion? I will not degrade the stupendous theme by attempts at comparing it with aught that patriotism, philosophy, or philanthropy has ever dreamed of, for the good of mankind. No, my Lord, the universe of God supplies no materials for adequate comparison! The mighty scheme, as a mere system of intellectual and moral culture and social government, stands forth in immeasurable and incomparable greatness, and in peerless glory. It will one day be the wonder of earth, as it is now of heaven. If this scheme, my Lord, is not sublime, where is sublimity to be found? And its sublimity is equalled only by its benevolence. Though I

decline, yet your lordship may compare Jesus Christ, in the character of a teacher and the founder of an *order* of teachers, with all whom history has transmitted to us. The exercise will be salutary. The honest inquirer will rise from it, filled with shame and astonishment at the world's injustice and infatuation! How comes it, my Lord, that the most gifted spirits of our race are so apathetic on this transcendent subject? How is it that they can see so much to admire in Socrates groping in thick darkness amid the scarcely visible light of the glow-worm, while they can discover nothing to attract in Jesus Christ clothed in the cloudless splendours of the noon-day sun? How is it that poets and orators kindle into rapture at small exhibitions of benevolence, connected with the physical welfare of our species, while they are unmoved, or only moved with sentiments of scorn, at the wonderful provision of the gospel for the moral and intellectual necessities of all mankind, and for their happiness in the life that now is, and in that which is to come? How glowing is Burke's picture of Howard! The orator describes the philanthropist as visiting "all Europe to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It is a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity; and already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country."

My Lord, this eulogium is merited; and although the rhetorician has made the most of his subject, I would not detract from the fame of Howard. Compared with the herd of common philanthropists, he was great, superla-

tively great; but there the "collation" must stop. He may not for a moment be placed in the scales with the Christian missionary, and still less with the apostles of Christ. What were his performances as compared with those of Paul? Nothing and vanity—objects utterly beneath mention. Whether we consider the nature, number, variety, extent or perpetuity of the benefits conferred by the labours of Paul on Asia, Europe, and the universe, they are all equally, and all infinitely beyond comparison; and yet we look in vain into the volumes of moralists, philosophers, orators, and legislators for one word in commendation of him! Why is this, my Lord? Viewing Paul simply as a philanthropist, as a teacher, a promoter of popular education of the highest order, because of a moral character, and as having transmitted these blessings through all subsequent generations, is he not, next to his Master, by far the first of human kind? What work so noble as the work of the Christian teacher engaged in purifying and elevating the spirit of man? That work has outlived empires; it is still in all the freshness of opening manhood; it will survive the heavens above and the earth on which we dwell. The terms in which your lordship describes the secular schoolmaster are inadequate to set forth the merits of Christian teachers—of the men who teach for eternity. "Their calling is high and holy; their fame is the property of nations; their renown will fill the earth in after ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times. Each one of these great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace,—performs his appointed course—awaits in patience the fulfilment of the promises—resting from his labours, bequeaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed—and sleeps under the humble, but not inglorious epitaph, commemorating 'one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy!'" Of this passage both the thought

and the phrase are high and noble, but they are utterly inadequate to describe the claims and glory of the missionaries of the Son of God. Such a subject would elevate, while it would overtask, the language of angels!

My Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth has endowed you with an extraordinary perception of the glory of civilization and the blessings of peace. I say *perception;* for in you it seems to be intuitive rather than the result of judgment and inquiry, while by these it has been powerfully fortified and invigorated. From the outset of your mighty career, this formed one of the most distinguishing features of your intellectual character. It is interesting to trace your love of peace and the arts of peace, your detestation of war and the desolations of war, in your "Colonial Policy of the European Powers," the wondrous production of your 24th year, published in 1803; in your speech at Liverpool, in 1812, in which you declared yourself a man who would "give his own age no reason to fear him, or posterity to curse him,—one whose proudest ambition it is to be deemed the friend of liberty and peace;" and in your oration, in the same town, in July, 1835, when, after beholding the stupendous exhibition of mechanic skill which its locomotive works presented, your vast reflections on the scene thus found a correspondent vent:—"When I saw the difficulties of space and time, as it were, overcome—when I beheld a kind of miracle exhibited before my astonished eyes—when I surveyed mosses pierced through on which it was before hardly possible for man or beast to plant the sole of the foot, and now covered with a road and bearing heavy wagons, laden not only with innumerable passengers, but with merchandize of the largest bulk and heaviest weight,—when I saw valleys made practicable by the bridges, of ample height and length, which spanned them,—saw the steam railway traversing the surface of the water at a distance of sixty

or seventy feet in perpendicular height,—saw the rocks excavated, and the gigantic power of man penetrating through miles of the solid mass, and gaining a great, a lasting, an almost perennial conquest over the powers of nature, by his skill and his industry,—when I contemplated all this, was it possible for me to avoid the reflections which crowded into my mind,—not in praise of man's great deeds—not in admiration of the genius and perseverance which he had displayed, or even of the courage which he had shown in setting himself against the obstacles that matter had opposed to his course,—no, but the melancholy reflection, that, whilst all these prodigious efforts of the human race, so fruitful of praise, but so much more fruitful in lasting blessings to mankind, and which never could have forced a tear from any eye, but for that unhappy casualty which deprived me of a friend, and you of a representative,* a cause of mourning which there began and there ended; when I reflected that this peaceful, and guiltless, and useful triumph over the elements and over nature herself, had cost a million only of money, whilst fifteen hundred millions had been squandered on cruelty and crime—in naturalizing barbarism over the world—shrouding the nations in darkness—making bloodshed tinge the earth of every country under the sun—in one horrid and comprehensive word, squandered on WAR,—the greatest curse of the human race, and the greatest crime, because it involves every other crime within its execrable name, and all with the wretched, and, thank God, I may now say, the utterly frustrated—as it always was the utterly vain—attempt to crush the liberties of the people!—(*Here the company rose simultaneously, and greeted this sentiment with deafening cheers.*)—I look backwards with shame—with regret unspeakable—with

* Mr. Huskisson's death in 1830, on the opening of the Railway.

indignation to which I should in vain attempt to give utterance—upon that course of policy which we are now happily too well informed and too well intentioned ever to allow again whilst we live—when I think that if one hundred, and but one hundred, of those fifteen hundred millions, had been employed in promoting the arts of peace, and the progress of civilization, and of wealth, and prosperity amongst us, instead of that other employment which is too hateful to think of, and almost now-a-days too disgusting to speak of—(and I hope to live to see the day when such things will be incredible,—when looking back we shall find it impossible to believe they ever happened) —instead of being burthened with eight hundred millions of debt, borrowed after spending seven hundred millions—borrowed when we had no more to spend,—we should have seen the whole country covered with such works as now unite Manchester and Liverpool, and should have enjoyed peace uninterrupted during the last forty years, with all the blessings which an industrious and virtuous people deserve, and which peace profusely sheds upon their lot."

My Lord, it was worth being born into our world to give conception and utterance to this passage. Had it been the production of a Greek or Roman orator, it would have sufficed, singly and unsupported, to immortalize him. In vain, my Lord, shall we look into the stores of the heathen literature of any age for such a passage. Upon the subjects of which it treats—the greatest of all sublunary themes—it far surpasses any thing transmitted to our times. If your lordship will pause a moment, and cast your thoughts backward over the line of the Greek poets, you will find that with the exception of Hesiod their father, and one or two passages in Homer, there is not in them all a single emphatic condemnation of the principle of war! Turning to the poetry of the Romans, we

discover in the Pollio of Virgil a succession of beautiful lines which imply condemnation, and, among some of the satirists, we meet with occasional expressions of aversion. But the truth is, as your Lordship early remarked in your "Colonial Policy," that the conclusion to which the study of the classics conducts us, is, that the leading feature of ancient policy was the strong and uniform preference of the warlike to the peaceful arts. Cicero, who, in many respects, was to Rome what your Lordship is to England —I ought to say, the world—strongly resembled you in early, and, as I have already said, inborn, intuitive perception of the immeasurable superiority of moral to military glory. He tells us in his OFFICES, that, when a boy, he considered MARCUS SCAURUS, the great social type of his age, by no means inferior to CAIUS MARIUS, the Wellington of his day. The opinion of the child was maintained by the man; for, in after life, he proclaimed to mankind, that war with its arms, must give place to peace with its arts; and that the glory of the conqueror was eclipsed by that of the philanthropic statesman. Cicero received but little support from the literature of his times, which lagged at an immeasurable distance behind him; and it is in vain that the friends of universal peace look to the orators, historians, and moralists of Rome, whether contemporary with Cicero or not, for passages either to illustrate or to adorn their speeches and disquisitions. Your Lordship is as far as your great prototype in advance of the merely philosophic literature of your own day, and as faintly supported by it. The famous verses of Cicero,—

> Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ;
> O fortunatem natam, me consule, Romam!

were as much the subject of raillery and ridicule to the frivolous and ignorant, as your own electric expression—

> "The schoolmaster is abroad."

Now, my Lord, let me call your attention to a remarkable fact. There is a book which existed many, many ages before the birth of Cicero—a book by far the oldest in our world, which is as much in advance of both Cicero and your lordship, as you and he of your respective contemporaries. This is certainly a very extraordinary fact, and one cannot but wonder that it has not attracted your attention. You will scarcely credit the extent to which the subject of war with its curses, and of peace with its blessings, occupied the thoughts of the men who wrote the books which we designate the BIBLE. They express themselves with a copiousness, a force, and a fervour which far exceed your own most splendid passages. The fact that wars prevailed among the Jews, is nothing to the purpose. A peculiarity attended those wars, of which it is not pertinent to my purpose to attempt an explanation. That purpose is to show that war was held in abhorrence by the prophets of God; that they uniformly represent it as a judgment or a crime, and always as a source of calamity; that they foretold its entire cessation; and, as the result, an amount and variety of happiness hitherto unknown in our world. By the Hebrew poet David alone, more is said in express or implied reprobation of war than in all the literature of the heathen world, although he himself, as a sovereign, had been deeply engaged in the wars of the Jews;—wars which, to a considerable extent, were expressly brought upon him in the course of Divine Providence, as a punishment for personal delinquencies.

The views of the Jewish writers respecting peace always centre in a particular person, to whom they all point, and respecting whose character and government they all most harmoniously agree. They represent him as, in every thing, wholly different from all the kings who had appeared in our world, inasmuch as WAR had been the uni-

form type of their times, while that of his would be PEACE. They foretell that his name shall be "THE PRINCE OF PEACE," and that of "the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end:"* that he shall be a man of extraordinary and unparalleled attainments, piety, and humanity: "The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord; and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord: and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears; but with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity, for the meek of the earth: and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked."† Your lordship will not fail to contrast the character here drawn with the exhibitions of the vulgar royalty of the earth. The fact, as it relates to the character of the mass of Rulers, is but too truly set forth in the awful words of the prophet Daniel to the despot of Babylon:—"The Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will, and setteth up over it the basest of men."‡ The Scriptures of the prophets, in reference to the coming King, teem with attestations to his truth, purity, fidelity, justice, benevolence, and compassion.

Let us now inquire into the manner in which, according to the Hebrew authors, this Sovereign was to come to his kingdom. The facts of its anticipated history are set forth with a sublimity of conception, and a splendour of expression, which throw every thing merely human into obscurity. The prophet, adverting to the rising of the Persian, Grecian, and Roman monarchies, and their fall, thus brings forward the subject of the last monarchy, with its

* Isa. ix. 7. † Ib. xi. 2—4. ‡ Dan. iv. 17.

celestial King:—"I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the ANCIENT OF DAYS did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool: his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him: thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened.—I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the SON OF MAN came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the ANCIENT OF DAYS, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, and nations, and languages, should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed."*

How does this passage strike your lordship? To what shall it be likened? What expectations those sentences excite! Was there ever kingdom like this kingdom? How worthy is the Sovereign whose character has just been sketched of such a throne! It is meet that his reign should be at once universal and perpetual. In these two features how unlike it is to every thing of the kind that has existed amongst men!

Let us next consider the international results of the government of this wise, and righteous, and pacific King. In what state does he find the Nations when he ascends the throne? Their study is War! Their chief employment is mutual destruction! What is the first act of the new Sovereign? On this point the prophet is full and explicit:—"He shall judge among the Nations, and shall rebuke many people." Why? for what shall he rebuke them? For their bloodshed! How will the Nations re-

* Dan. vii. 9—14.

ceive his rebuke? "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."* The entire current of the feelings of nations will be at once and for ever reversed. How immense the power which will suffice to work such a revolution! Mankind will reflect with wonder on the change, and will ascribe it to its proper cause;—not to mere secular education;—not to infidel philosophy;—not to wise legislation;—not to any thing but its true source. It will be the theme of intense and delightful discussion to the historians and philosophers of future times. "Come," they will say, "come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire."† In those days there will be wide-spread havoc among the munitions of war. Walls, bulwarks, forts, fleets, all the instruments of defence and murder—all, all will be destroyed!

Let us now, my Lord, look at the social aspect of the Nations under this altered economy. The state of things is portrayed under figures the most beautiful and affecting. "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox; and the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den; they shall no more hurt nor destroy."‡ What a picture of innocence! What emblems of transformation among the most untoward and barbarous characters and classes! From this harmony will result a hap-

* Isa. xi. 4, &c. † Psa. xlvi. 8, 9. ‡ Isa. xi. 6—9.

piness never previously known on earth. The same writers exult in the anticipation of those glorious days of peaceful joy, and thus summon the universe to celebrate the goodness of the heavenly King:—"Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him."* "The meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace."†

What times will those be, my Lord, in which these things shall be brought into actual existence! What a change will come over the legislation of our world, and over the spirit of man! Hitherto, in all lands, through all time, the multitude has always been despised, neglected, oppressed. Government, at once perfectly free and wholly righteous, is a thing unknown in our world. Cruel despots, of all states, small and great, have only thought of themselves; and wherever an aristocracy has sprung up, its main study has been to imitate and combine with the Chief Ruler in despoiling and enthralling the millions! Laws have seldom been framed from any other motive than to promote the supposed benefit of those who made them. And then as to War, it hath always been a double curse—a curse both to the victor and to the vanquished. The eyes of the Jewish writers were open to all the aspects of bondage and of slaughter. In their writings there is an all-pervading spirit of justice, humanity, and compassion, wholly unknown to the literature of Greece and Rome. This is a fact, my Lord, as remarkable as it is

* Psa. lxvii. 3—7. † Psa. lxxxvii. 11.

unaccountable, upon any other principle than that which Christians assign. The bulk, indeed, of those heathen authors who have written of liberty, slavery, and legal wrong, appear always to have written with the dread of the despot's sword and the spear before them. They wrote as they thought—in fetters! The exceptions, such as Tacitus, and one or two more, only confirm the rule: and even where he and others spoke as freemen of freedom, their regards were not directed to the masses of mankind. They had no conception of lifting up the spirits of the prostrate millions by providing them with intellectual and moral culture. They sought nothing, and deemed nothing desirable, beyond immunities and privileges for the wealthier classes of society.

One of the most extraordinary and peculiar features of the new kingdom, according to the Jewish authors, was the intense and undeviating regard to be had for the poor. Indeed, pity for the poor is a distinguishing characteristic of the Jewish writers generally, to an extent infinitely surpassing all others. How emphatic, and bitter, and full of pathos, is their complaint in behalf of the oppressed! Nor was this confined to minds of a plebeian order: the best of the Jewish kings were the friends of the afflicted poor. Take, for example, the following reflection of the Royal philosopher:—"So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter: on the side of their oppressors, there was power: but they had no comforter! Wherefore, I praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive! Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun!"* How touching is the following

* Eccles. iv. 1—3.

delineation of the character of the new King!—"He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment. He shall judge the poor of the people; he shall save the children of the needy; and shall break in pieces the oppressor! He shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper. He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy. He shall redeem their souls from deceit and violence; and precious shall their blood be in his sight."*

How unlike is this predicted course of the new King to every thing that has hitherto been associated with crowns and thrones! The history of the past is before the eye of your lordship, and it will be advantageous to the claims of the Messiah to contrast him with all who have ruled mankind. The compassion which he will cherish for the poor will result from the same rectitude of mind and tenderness of spirit, that will lead him to denounce and abolish war. The Messiah's peaceful reign will be full fraught with blessings to all, but especially to the millions of working people and of the poor. A few of the aristocracy gain fortunes and titles by war; but the poor are invariably losers. How sublime and awful is the language of Isaiah relative to the bloodstained and remorseless tyrant of Babylon!—

"The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet: they break forth into singing. Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us. Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak, and say unto thee, Art thou

* Psa. lxxii. *passim.*

also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners? All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house. But thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit; as a carcase trodden under feet. Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy land, and slain thy people: the seed of evil-doers shall never be renowned. Prepare slaughter for his children for the iniquity of their fathers: that they do not rise, nor possess the land, nor fill the face of the world with cities. For I will rise up against them, saith the Lord of hosts, and cut off from Babylon the name, and remnant, and son, and nephew, saith the Lord. I will also make it a possession for the bittern, and pools of water, and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of hosts."*

Critics talk of invective, my Lord; was there ever in-

* Isa. xiv.

vective like this? Your lordship will not fail to mark the *subjects* of it. This is the circumstance which calls for special notice. The deadly crime of the Imperial Destroyer of mankind was his unparalleled pride and ambition, in which, apart from its Luciferian atrocity, there was something inconceivably grand and awful! The Searcher of hearts exposes the secrets of the tyrant's bosom. No human spirit, probably, ever so fully entered into infernal communion with the prince of the fallen angels. Pride, independence, impatience of divine restraint—these lie at the foundation of his guilty aspiration. His iniquity is fearfully aggravated by his knowledge. He speaks not as an idolater, but as a man who understands, while he hates, the leading truths of religion. Like the devils, he believes there is one God, but it does not appear that, like them, he even trembles! "I will ascend into heaven! I will exalt my throne above the stars of God! I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north! I will ascend above the heights of the clouds! I will be like the Most High!" Could the mightiest and proudest spirit in Pandemonium expand this thought, or elevate this language? Here we have ambition on the most gigantic scale; and the principle is the same, whether it burns in the spirit of a Napoleon or of a Francia. It is charged against the King, that he "weakened the nations"—that he "made the earth to tremble, and shook kingdoms"—that he "made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; and that he opened not the house of his prisoners." These, my Lord, these are the prophet's charges against this prince and prototype of murderers! Does your lordship remember any thing in the entire library of classic learning which, in relation to war, can be compared to this as a charge of guilt, an expression of hatred and abhorrence? This is the crime, but what is the judgment? It is awful, my Lord, inexpressibly

awful—awful beyond precedent or parallel! Vengeance pursues and overtakes the Imperial homicide in both worlds. The whole earth, after a preparatory pause of dread silence, breaks forth, as with the voice of ten thousand thunders, in pealing shouts of tempestuous exultation at the tyrant's fall! The invisible world is moved from centre to circumference. All the myriads of the empire of death are assembled to receive the spirit of the warrior, dyed in the blood of millions! They receive him with a fierce storm of reproachful and scornful interrogation! They with one voice proclaim his crime—predict his doom! The sickened earth, in token of her abhorrence, vomits forth his very carcase as an abominable drug—a mortal poison! The indignant orb which he had covered with death, refuses him a tomb! Let the reason be engraved upon the sceptre of kings, "BECAUSE THOU HAST DESTROYED THY LAND, AND SLAIN THY PEOPLE!" While he had devastated other kingdoms, he had ruined his own. Vengeance, too, was to descend upon his seed, and the abode which his gory steps had polluted was to be rooted up. "The seed of evil-doers shall never be renowned!"

The foregoing, my Lord, is a Hebrew writer's picture of war, a delineation of its guilt, and a prediction of the doom of its great promoter. You will, I doubt not, allow that in strength and severity of reprobation, the most powerful of modern orators are jejune and imbecile, as compared with the prophets of Israel. Let us contrast the Prince of Peace with this military hero. In his reign the very "mountains," like beasts of burden, of strength immeasurable, "shall bring PEACE to the people, and the little hills by righteousness." His government will constitute a fountain of public felicity, a source of universal prosperity. "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth. In his days shall the righteous flourish; and ABUNDANCE OF PEACE so

long as the moon endureth: and he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba; prayer shall also be made for him continually, and daily shall he be praised. His name shall endure for ever; his name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him blessed. And blessed be his glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory! Amen and amen!"*

My Lord, this beautiful passage will find an apt response in your breast. You can see at a glance the matchless, the immortal glory of the character, whose features are here presented. How remarkable is the intimation, that, in his days, "the righteous shall flourish." To all nations once, except the Jews, the "righteous" was a character but little known. Even now, in many lands, such characters are "so few, that a child might write them;"† and, in the most enlightened countries, they constitute only a small minority. But this order of things will not endure for ever. It is most distinctly intimated in the book of God, that "the wickedness of the wicked shall come to an end, but he will establish the just." Passing by the fact, that prayer shall daily be made for him, I beg leave to notice the intimation of the perpetuity of his praise. Praise from the wise and good is dear to the generous bosom, while that of the ignorant and vicious is as offensive as it is worthless. A world teeming with enlightened and happy people, all looking, and looking daily, to one man, and acknowledging that man as the author of their felicity;—this, this is glory! Nothing, my Lord, is so changeful as public opinion; the winds of heaven are its chosen emblem. But why is it changeful? Because it is seldom truthful, and the multitude is never wholly and permanently just. In the days of this great

* Psa. lxxii. † Isa. x. 19.

King, it will be otherwise. Mankind will not then be weakly ruled in classes and parties by individuals not better, but only abler and more cunning, than themselves. The cultivated millions will then think; they will all think, and all think aright, and, therefore, think as one. It will not then be permitted to proud philosophy to designate the largest portion of the human race—of creatures capable of bearing the image of the Most High God—as the "swinish multitude." No, my Lord! There will not then be an ignorant man under the canopy of heaven; and, therefore, neither war nor wickedness. Hear the prophets: "Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times."* "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children. In righteousness shalt thou be established; thou shalt be far from oppression; for thou shalt not fear: and from terror; for it shall not come near thee."† The nations of our world will then be governed by public opinion, and that opinion will be founded in truth, and held by men of truth. Hence the glory of Christ, the King of this new kingdom, will know no abatement. His fame will go on increasing till the end of all things. What force of contrast with all other royalty in these words, "His name shall endure for ever; his name shall be continued as long as the sun!"

My Lord, a good king has never wanted a grateful people, but sceptred goodness has been a rare thing in our world. Of kings and governors, with two or three small exceptions, the best have been bad! Mankind are not naturally unthankful to their rulers; but, on the contrary, they have always betrayed a foolish fondness, and displayed a measure of esteem far exceeding the desert of its objects. The human race have been so unaccustomed

* Isa. xxxiii. 6. † Ibid. liv. 13, 14.

to acts of kindness, of real patriotism and philanthropy, that the slenderest deed of this description has been always received with a fawning, a servile, and a crouching gratitude, equally degrading to its authors and its object. Only let mankind have justice, and even now—ignorant, vicious, and prostrate as they are—they will not be wanting in a proper manifestation of the best feelings; and if you enlighten, purify, and elevate them, their gratitude will rise to the pitch of their obligation. That, in the ages to come, this fact will be most abundantly exemplified, is strikingly set forth in those words already recited: —"MEN SHALL BE BLESSED IN HIM; ALL NATIONS SHALL CALL HIM BLESSED." What a volume of instruction to rulers and to statesmen is comprised in these words! They have hitherto sought glory mainly through mischief, and claimed gratitude for destruction; they have failed; let them reverse their plan! How original, striking, and pertinent to this question, was the remark of Christ, on observing the rising spirit of conquest in his disciples! "There was," says the historian, "a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest: and he said unto them, The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and they that exercise authority upon them are called Benefactors; but ye shall not be so; he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger, and he that is chief as he that doth serve."* Here, my Lord, we have the principle of true greatness; it is shown to consist, not in the cruel exercise of despotic authority, but in laborious, self-denying, and servant-like exertions to promote the good of man. I need not point out to your lordship the beauty of the passage, nor the greatness of the principle involved in it: for in your own speech at the Liverpool election, nearly thirty years ago, you supplied a

* Luke xxii. 24—26.

noble illustration of it, in the following words:—"I stand up in this contest against the friends and followers of Mr. Pitt, or, as they partially designate him, the immortal statesman, now no more. *Immortal* in the miseries of his devoted country! Immortal in the wounds of her bleeding liberties! Immortal in the cruel wars which sprang from his cold miscalculating ambition! Immortal in the intolerable taxes, the countless loads of debt which these wars have flung upon us—which the youngest man amongst us will not live to see the end of! Immortal in the triumphs of our enemies, and the ruin of our allies, the costly purchase of so much blood and treasure! Immortal in the afflictions of England, and the humiliation of her friends, through the whole results of his twenty years' reign, from the first rays of favour with which a delighted Court gilded his early apostasy, to the deadly glare which is at this instant cast upon his name by the burning metropolis of our last ally!* *But may no such immortality ever fall to my lot—let me rather live innocent and inglorious; and when at last I cease to serve you, and to feel for your wrongs, may I have an humble monument in some nameless stone, to tell that beneath it there rests from his labours in your service,* AN ENEMY OF THE IMMORTAL STATESMAN—A FRIEND OF PEACE AND OF THE PEOPLE."

Happy, thrice happy were you, my Lord, in making the glorious discovery that wise, humane, and patriotic service is the price of moral power, the condition of real and lasting greatness. This has been the secret of your great success. There is but one way to the temple of true fame, and, with respect to the general principle, your lordship has found it. Just in proportion as you walk in the footsteps of Christ and his apostles, will you find the path of solid renown.

* Intelligence had that day arrived of the burning of Moscow.

It only now remains, my Lord, to show how this universal, glorious, and happy kingdom is to be established. Its character determines the instrumentality. As it is to be a moral kingdom, it can only be established and upheld by moral means. Physical power, and the force of human legislation, cannot promote it. Nothing can advance it but the illumination of the human mind by knowledge. In this your lordship will frankly concur with me; for you have spoken and written glorious things in support of the abstract proposition. But, my Lord, while we are at one with respect to knowledge, we are much at variance concerning the subject of it. A careful examination of all that you have written on this point, has led me to the most unsatisfactory conclusions. If the Scriptures of truth are the rule of judgment, the doctrines of your lordship do not meet the wants of man. I have taken the utmost pains correctly to ascertain your opinions. I can most truly say, that I have sought with a desire to *find*, in your speeches and writings, sentiments in harmony with the volume of Inspiration; but I am constrained to state—and I do it with deep and poignant regret—that the search has been unsuccessful. In all that you have published, I remember not a sentence which Socrates or Seneca, Epictetus or Plato, might not have written. In much, in very much, of what you have said, Christian scholars, of course, fully concur. They would have the people taught, and taught thoroughly, all that you suggest, and a great deal more; they would rejoice in seeing the bulk of your plans carried out to the utmost extent. With you, they one and all maintain, that "real knowledge never promoted either turbulence or unbelief; but its progress is the forerunner of liberality and enlightened toleration."* With your lordship, they deem it utterly "preposterous to imagine

* Inaugural Discourse.

that the enlargement of our acquaintance with the laws which regulate the universe, can dispose to unbelief;" and with you they conclude, that "a pure and true religion has nothing to fear from the greatest expansion which the understanding can receive by the study either of matter or of mind;" and that "the more widely science is diffused, the better will the Author of all things be known."* In this view, Christian scholars will go all lengths with your lordship; they will traverse the whole field of Creation, in all its immensity, and proceed in search of facts and phenomena to the utmost verge of the universe of God; and when that search is completed, will sit with you, in the temple of science, the livelong day, to investigate both those facts and their phenomena, and will delight in this way to ascend through nature to her Author; all this will they do; but with this they will not, cannot rest satisfied. They respectfully but earnestly ask, that your lordship will, in return, sit down with them to investigate the written Word which illustrates parts of the divine character to which Creation cannot speak. They hold, that from his Works we ascertain his wisdom, power, and, to some extent, his goodness; but that from his Word alone we learn his justice, truth, love, and mercy. We are conducted to God in both cases; and, starting from different points, behold the divine character in different aspects; that view will, upon the whole, be the most perfect, which combines both Nature and Revelation. The two fields are not, however, to be considered as of equal importance. The knowledge of the one is desirable,—that of the other, indispensable. The one is a matter of ornament; the other, of existence.

The Jewish writers uniformly concur in their statements

* Observations upon Education.

respecting the means of establishing and upholding this new kingdom; they declare, with one voice, that it is to be brought about by the spread of knowledge. They are also most explicit as to the subject of this knowledge. They constantly and emphatically attest that God himself, not his works, is its subject. This is a fact, my Lord, of the greatest importance; for in this it is that you and the whole body of mere philosophers are found arrayed against the testimony of the Scriptures; and this lies at the bottom of the contempt which most literary and scientific men feel for Christian missions. Your lordship's philosophy leads you to resolve every thing into habit. The fullest written statement of your views, on this fundamental point, is given in the following words:—"If, at a very early age, a system of instruction is pursued, by which a certain degree of independent feeling is created in the child's mind, while all mutinous and perverse disposition is avoided,—if this system be followed up by a constant instruction in the principles of virtue, and a corresponding advancement in intellectual pursuits,—if, during the most critical years of his life, his understanding and his feelings are accustomed only to sound principles, and pure and innocent impressions,—it will become almost impossible that he should afterwards take to vicious courses, because these will be utterly alien to the whole nature of his being. It will be as difficult for him to become criminal, because as foreign from his confirmed habits, as it would be for one of your lordships to go out and rob on the highway. Thus, to commence the education of youth, at the tender age on which I have laid so much stress, will, I feel confident, be the sure means of guarding society against crimes. *I trust every thing to habit—habit*, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance,—*habit*, which

makes every thing easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from the wonted course."*

Such, my Lord, was the exposition for which, I well remember, mitred men gave you thanks. None of the Right Reverend Prelates uttered a breath of protest against the positions of the speech, as set forth in the passage just transcribed. To this passage, therefore, I now beg, with much respect, to call your lordship's attention. These words are infinitely the most momentous that your lips ever uttered, or your pen ever wrote! If in this passage there is a word of truth, the sacred Scriptures, from Genesis to Revelation, are a mass of error! You stand opposed to the whole body of prophets and apostles. Neither Testament contains one word in support of your representations. Your creed has not even the doubtful praise of being mingled with truth. To enumerate its errors were to enumerate its phrases. It is a fearful confirmation of the view which I have already in this letter charged upon your lordship. Your philosophy on this highest of questions has nothing Christian in it. You are at issue with the Bible. You seek to attain the same end, but you rely on means wholly repudiated by the word of God. You stand at the farthest remove from every doctrine peculiar to revelation. Your views on another kindred subject are of an equally exceptionable, unscriptural, and fatal character. In your Inaugural Discourse before the University of Glasgow, you laid down your opinion upon the subject of responsibility, thus:—"The great truth has finally gone forth to all the ends of the earth, THAT MAN SHALL NO MORE RENDER ACCOUNT TO MAN FOR HIS BELIEF, OVER WHICH HE HIMSELF HAS NO CONTROL. Henceforward, nothing shall prevail upon us to

* Speech in the House of Lords, May 23rd, 1835. Speeches, vol. iii. 242.

praise or to blame any one for that which he can no more change than he can the hue of his skin or the height of his stature."

Taking this sentence, my Lord, as a whole, there is in it more sound than sense, more grandeur than truth. With regard to man's non-accountability to man, the only reason for regret is, that your lordship's declaration is contrary to the fact. The ends of the earth are so far from having heard this great truth, that not one nation in Europe has acknowledged it. Without exception, they are all smarting under the rod of spiritual oppression. Freedom of conscience, religious equality, have no recognized existence in any of the monarchical governments of our world. We long and pray for the arrival of the era which your lordship believed to have come, and unite in deprecating and denouncing all persecution of man on the ground of his religious opinions. But the matter to which I particularly refer, is your view of man's belief. That view is at variance equally with the declarations of the Sacred Writings, and with the experience of mankind. No truth is more certain than that the understanding is influenced by the heart. Few men have had ampler opportunities than your lordship, both in private and in courts of law, of also seeing how much men's faith is affected by their interests. Gain is of easy conviction; loss is troubled with more than academic doubts. Again, faith, credence, belief, has always to do with a testimony, and that with evidence. Now, a man's treatment of evidence will mainly depend upon his feelings. Where pelf, passion, pride, or prejudice, is concerned, it will not be difficult to set aside a body of evidence that would suffice to convince a whole world of candid men. The Word of God does not call upon individuals to believe in the absence of evidence. The gospel of mercy is attended by a mass of evidence so varied and abundant, that nothing

short of the enmity of pride and the darkness of pollution can prevent its reception. This subject will come before us again.

My Lord, let us now appeal to the Word of Life with respect to the means of the world's regeneration, and we shall see how different it is from your lordship's philosophy. The knowledge of God is uniformly represented as the grand and the only instrument of the world's renovation. Examples to this effect abound in both the Old and New Testaments. In the case of the marvellous moral renovation, already referred to in the present letter, the reason is, that "THE EARTH SHALL BE FULL OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE LORD AS THE WATERS COVER THE SEA."*

My Lord, this is the uniform statement of all the Hebrew writers. They set light by all knowledge which has not God for its subject. In illustration, let me compare your lordship's speeches and writings with the Scriptures of the prophets and apostles. In the former I find no account made of the Divine character as the object of knowledge; in the latter, I find no mention of aught besides; with the one it is nothing; with the other, every thing. In your lordship's scheme of education, it appears that "God is not in all your thoughts." It is confessedly no part of your system to cultivate the spirit, or to establish the habit, of devotion. Neither the fear nor the love of God has any place in your plans of tuition. Your views of human nature are such as lead you to repudiate the moral means which the Scriptures supply. The Scriptures assume—indeed they frequently state—that ignorance of God, and enmity towards him, form the sole source of human woe. This is, with Christians, a first principle. Hence, one great object of the gospel is to

* Isaiah xi. 9.

revive the knowledge of the true God. Your lordship, by patient and careful inquiry, will see the necessity of this provision. Real philosophy, indeed, will conduct you to that conviction. You will not despise the immortal Pascal, "that prodigy of parts," as Locke calls him. This first of Continental philosophers, and greatest of men, thus speaks of the true religion:—"In order to render man happy, it ought to convince us that there is a God; that we are under an obligation to love him; that our true felicity consists in our dependence on him, and our only evil in separation from him. It ought to inform us, that we are full of darkness, which hinders our knowing and loving him; and that, our duty thus obliging us to love God, and our concupiscence turning our whole affection upon ourselves, we are full of unrighteousness. It ought to discover to us the cause of our enmity to God, and to our happiness. It ought to teach us the remedies, and the means of obtaining them. Let men compare all the religions of the world, in these respects, and let them see whether any one but the Christian answers all these purposes."*

This view of human nature is appropriately followed up in another part of Pascal's "Thoughts," by an argument showing "that there can be no saving knowledge of God, except through Jesus Christ." This is the chief medium of the knowledge of God; but your lordship's system wholly excludes Jesus Christ. Let me, therefore, lay before you the substance of Pascal's argument.

"The God of Christians is not barely the Author of geometrical truths, or of the order of the elements; this is the divinity of the heathen: nor barely the Providential Disposer of the lives and fortunes of men, so as to crown his worshippers with a happy series of years;—this is the Portion of the Jews. But the God of Abraham and of

* Thoughts, No. III.

Jacob, the God of Christians, is a God of love and of consolation;—a God who fills the heart and the soul where he resides—a God who gives them a deep and inward feeling of their own misery, and of his infinite mercy,—unites himself to their spirit, replenishing it with humility and joy, with affiance and love,—and renders them incapable of any end but himself. The God of Christians is a God who makes the soul perceive and know that he is her only good, and that she can find no peace but in him alone, no delight but in his love; and who, at the same time, inspires her with an abhorrence of those impediments which withheld her from loving him with all her might. The self-love and concupiscence which prevent this, are insupportable to her. This gracious God makes her know and feel that this self-love is part of her nature, and that he alone can expel it. This is to know God as a Christian. But to know him after this manner, we must, at the same time, know our own misery and unworthiness, together with the need we have of a mediator, in order to draw nigh to God, and unite ourselves with him. We ought by no means to separate the knowledge of these two things; because each alone is not only unprofitable, but dangerous. The knowledge of God, without the knowledge of our own misery, engenders pride; the knowledge of our own misery, without the knowledge of Jesus Christ, despair. But the knowledge of Jesus Christ exempts us alike from pride and from despair, by giving us, at once, a knowledge of God, and of our misery, and the only remedy provided for it.

"Thus all they who seek God without Jesus Christ can never meet with such light as may afford them true satisfaction, or solid use; for either they advance not so far as to know that there is a God; or, if they do, it avails them nothing, because they frame to themselves a method of communicating with God without a Mediator, as without a Mediator they have known him. Thus they

unavoidably fall either into atheism or deism—two things which the Christian religion almost equally abhors. We ought, therefore, wholly to direct our inquiries to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, because it is by him alone that we can pretend to know God, in a manner advantageous to ourselves. He alone is the true God to us men, that is, to miserable and sinful creatures. He is the centre of all, and the object of all; and whoever knows not him, knows nothing either in nature or in himself. For as we know God only by Jesus Christ, so it is by him alone that we know ourselves. Without Jesus Christ, man is, of necessity, in vice and misery: with Jesus Christ, man is released from vice and misery. In him is all our happiness, our virtue, our life, our light, our hope: out of him there is nought but vice, misery, darkness, and despair, and we can discover nought but obscurity and confusion, whether in the Divine nature, or in our own!"*

Such, my Lord, are the views of Pascal: it is easy to show that they are also the views of the prophets and apostles of God; and that they lie at the foundation of all efficient schemes of human improvement. That method is little worth, and it will only prove a delusion, which promises to raise and renovate the human race, while it shuts out God and his justice, Christ and his sacrifice. Religion is the only true philosophy. The oldest of all literature is that of the Jews; it is the storehouse of all right principles in politics as well as in morals; all systems of ethics and of legislation have owed to it whatever was best or even good in them; and every step of improvement, every advance towards perfection, is invariably found to be a nearer approximation to the principles of the Bible. The intellectual and moral state of individuals and of nations may be always accurately ascertained by an

* Thoughts, No. XX.

inquiry into the degree in which the knowledge of God prevails among them. This will prove an infallible criterion of a people's condition. The Scriptures both of the Old and of the New Testament uniformly speak the same language in relation to the knowledge of God, as the grand element in forming the character of man. Prophets and apostles knew no other means of purifying his heart, reforming his habits, and promoting his happiness. The first lesson of those best of teachers, was, that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge;"* and that "the fear of the Lord is to hate evil." The Jewish teachers always began with this principle, and considered nothing accomplished till "the fear of the Lord" began to manifest itself in a prompt departure from all evil. The royal Psalmist thus addresses the youth of his kingdom, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will *teach you the fear of the Lord.*"† This was the only thing he condescended to teach, and it was a lesson worthy of a king. It was the prime philosophy, the highest knowledge that creature could communicate to creature. The most exalted angel that "adores and burns" before the throne of God, is not superior to such a task. In death, as in life, King David viewed this as the only thing deserving inculcation. Before "going the way of all the earth," he assembled the princes of Israel, the chief fathers, and captains of thousands and hundreds, with the officers and with the mighty men; and, after he had spoken to the congregation, he thus addressed his successor:—"And thou, Solomon my son, *know thou the God of thy father*, and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind; for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will

* Prov. i. 7. † Psa. xxxiv. 2.

cast thee off for ever."* To know God, in the Scripture sense, is to love and serve him.

Solomon walked in his father's footsteps. While he made the knowledge of the moral character of God his chief study, it was also the chosen theme of his instructions to his own descendants and to mankind. This unrivalled monarch was, in relation to science and literature, a man very much to your lordship's liking. His biographer thus delineates his character:—"And God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the sea-shore. And Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country, and all the wisdom of Egypt. For he was wiser than all men, than Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman, and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol: and his fame was in all nations round about. And he spake three thousand proverbs; and his songs were a thousand and five. And he spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes. And there came of all people to hear the wisdom of Solomon, from all kings of the earth, which had heard of his wisdom."†

What are all the sages of heathen antiquity, my Lord, when compared with Solomon? To say that he stands at the head of the whole host of moral and natural philosophers, and literary men, is a very inadequate tribute to his merits. The distance between him and them is immeasurable. His mighty mind delighted to expatiate among the works of God. Nothing that came from the Creator's hand was beneath his notice. Never were the manifold and multiform subjects of human knowledge so

* 1 Chron. xxviii. 9. † 1 Kings iv. 29.

thoroughly blended and harmonized in a human understanding. He was attentive equally to all the aspects in which the Creator has presented himself to the creature. His religion was one which comprised whatever could then be known of God, whether from nature, or from revelation. He was far from satisfied with the knowledge of God to be obtained from his works. This he viewed as secondary, and therefore unsatisfactory. He felt and taught that the soul required a knowledge of God which nature cannot communicate.

My Lord, on this point, I beg your attention to Pascal's touching delineation of a man who has wearied himself in searching after God with the aid of the dim lights of mere natural science: — "When I consider," says he, "the blindness and misery of man, and those amazing contrarieties which discover themselves in his nature; when I observe the whole creation *silent*, and man without light, abandoned to himself, and, as it were, strayed into this corner of the universe, neither knowing who placed him here, nor what is the end of his coming, nor what will befall him at his departure, I feel the same horror as a person who has been carried in his sleep into a desolate and savage island, and who awakes without knowing where he is, or by what way he may escape. I behold other persons near me, of a nature like my own; I ask if they are any better informed than myself, and they tell me they are not; and, what is more, these wretched wanderers, having looked about them, and espied certain pleasurable objects, are become attached and devoted to them. For my own part, I cannot rest here; I cannot repose in the society of these persons, whose condition is no better than my own, being equally wretched, equally helpless. I find they will be able to give me no assistance at my death; I shall die alone; and, therefore, I must proceed as if I lived alone. Now, were I really alone, I should build no

houses; I should perplex myself with no tumultuary pursuits; I should court no man's esteem; but should devote myself solely to the discovery of truth. Hence, reflecting how probable it seems, that there may be something besides what I see, I begin to examine whether that God, who is talked of by all the world, has not left some intimation of himself. I look around, and discover only general darkness. Nature offers no consideration but what occasions doubt and disquiet. Could I nowhere discern the least token of a God, I would resolve not to believe in any. Could I trace a Creator on all sides, I would rest satisfied in this belief. But while I see too much for denial, and too little for conviction, I am an object of pity; and I have a thousand times wished, that if Nature have, indeed, a God, she would distinctly manifest him; or, if the tokens which she offers are fallacious, she would entirely conceal them,—that she would either say all or say nothing, so as to determine which course to adopt. Whereas, in my present situation, being ignorant of what I am, and of what is expected from me, I know neither my condition, nor my duty. My heart is intent on the search of real good, that I may follow and secure it. I should think no price too dear for this acquisition."*

My Lord, this is an unexaggerated picture of the condition in which your lordship's system leaves your pupil. That in which he is unutterably interested, you have not told him. There is much within him, in his own moral character, to awaken the most solemn inquiry respecting the moral character of God. As is his nature so is his conduct; he knows that he has but seldom obeyed the voice within him; but of this transgression he knows not the consequence. Both the law and its penalties—if law and penalties there really be—are shrouded in deep ob-

* Thoughts, No. VIII.

scurity. Your lordship's system has no answer to the following question, which is one of infinite moment, and common to all mankind:—"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with burnt-offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?"*

The answer to this question involves an exposition of principles, and an illustration of Divine attributes, of which your lordship's philosophy knows nothing. This question is most abundantly answered in the sacred Scriptures. The answer to it is what the Scriptures emphatically designate "the knowledge of God." Of this transcendental knowledge Solomon thus speaks:—"My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee; so that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding; yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find *the knowledge of God.* For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous: he is a buckler to them that walk uprightly. He keepeth the paths of judgment, and preserveth the way of his saints. Then shalt thou understand righteousness, and judgment, and equity; yea, every good path."† This, my Lord, is the method of study which must be adopted, in order to the acquisition of this higher philosophy. The last lesson, in this spiritual course, is imparted by God himself.

* Micah vi. 6. † Prov. ii. 1—9.

I cannot leave the subject of Solomon and his wisdom, which consisted in the knowledge of the justice, truth, love, and mercy of God, without just glancing at the results of the reign of this most enlightened ruler. One of the first results which flowed from his wisdom and rectitude, was the love of Peace, and the pursuit of it. The greatness which he sought was not military, but moral. Desirous of Peace himself, he had no difficulty in establishing and perpetuating the relations of Peace with all other countries. His empire was one of vast dimensions, and yet "he had Peace on all sides round about him."* It is important to inquire into the effect of Peace on population and prosperity. The answer is full of instruction and rebuke to warlike princes. Hear it, my Lord: —"Judah and Israel were many, as the sand which is by the sea in multitudes, eating, and drinking, and making merry! And Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, from Dan even to Beersheba, all the days of Solomon."† Behold the effects of peace and equity! How beautiful the picture! See a nation numerous as the sand, and happy as children making holiday! No complaints of excessive population; none, of the want of bread! Peace poured out the horn of plenty; poverty and want were banished from the borders of this happy land! "King Solomon passed all the kings of the earth in riches and wisdom; and all the kings of the earth sought the presence of Solomon, to hear his wisdom.—And all the drinking vessels of king Solomon were of gold; and all the vessels of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold; none were of silver; it was not any thing accounted of in the days of Solomon.—The king made silver in Jerusalem as stones, and cedar trees made he as the sycamore trees that are in the low plains,

* 1 Kings iv. 24. † Ibid. iv. 20—25.

in abundance."* Such, my Lord, was the first kingdom in our world founded in truth and justice. The reign of Solomon lasted forty years—a space which, although brief, sufficed to raise the kingdom of Judah and Israel to a pitch of true greatness, and to diffuse among its people a felicity without parallel on our earth. The sight of such a fact suffices to fire the breasts of benevolent and patriotic men with the most intense indignation! Had the kings of Europe, for the last five hundred years, been wise and good, and their governments been pacific and just, what, by this time, might have been the state of its nations?

It will probably occur to your lordship, that what Solomon was among the Jewish, that Numa was among the Roman kings. The analogies are very remarkable; while the success of Numa demonstrates that, for purposes of human improvement, even defective and erroneous institutions of religion, administered by virtuous men, possess a power infinitely greater than all the infidel and atheistical philosophy of Europe. Numa was undoubtedly the Solomon of the Romans. In his early youth he spent not his days in the pursuit of pleasure, nor in schemes of ambition, but in the worship of the gods, and in anxious inquiries into their nature and their power. When the Romans pressed him to accept the crown, his answer bespoke his worth and wisdom. "My genius," said he, "is inclined to peace; my love has long been fixed upon it, and I have studiously avoided the confusion of war. I have also drawn others, as far as my influence extended, to the worship of the gods, to mutual offices of friendship, and to spend the rest of their time in tilling the ground and feeding cattle. The Romans may have unavoidable wars left upon their hands by their late king,

* 2 Chron. ix. 20, 22, 23, 27.

for the maintaining of which you have need of another, more active and more enterprising. Besides, the people are of a warlike disposition, spirited with success, and plainly enough discover their inclination to extend their conquests. Of course, therefore, a person who has set his heart upon the promoting of religion and justice, and drawing men off from the love of violence and war, would soon become ridiculous and contemptible to a city that has more occasion for a general than a king."*

This is, to say the least, strange language from such a man as Numa; and not less strange was the reception given by the Romans to these enlightened sentiments. They increased, rather than diminished, the popular desire. As Numa drew nigh to Rome, the senate and people, struck with love and admiration of the man, met him on his way; the women—always the chief sufferers from war—welcomed him with blessings and shouts of joy; the temples were crowded with sacrifices; and, according to Plutarch, "so universal was the satisfaction, that the city might seem to have received a kingdom, instead of a king." During the lengthened reign of this extraordinary monarch,—a period of forty-three years,—peace was never once disturbed. The effect of his wise and righteous government is thus described:—"Not only the people of Rome were softened and humanized by the justice and mildness of the king; but even the circumjacent cities, breathing, as it were, the same salutary and delightful air, began to change their behaviour. Like the Romans, they became desirous of peace and good laws, of cultivating the ground, educating their children in tranquillity, and paying their homage to the gods. Italy then was taken up with festivals and sacrifices, games and entertainments; the people, without any apprehension of danger, mixed in

* Plutarch's Numa.

a friendly manner, and treated each other with mutual hospitality; the love of virtue and justice, as from the source of Numa's wisdom, gently flowing upon all, and moving with the composure of his heart. Even the hyperbolical expressions of the poets fall short of describing the happiness of those days.

> 'Secure ARACHNE spread her slender toils
> O'er the broad buckler; eating rust consumed
> The vengeful swords and once far-gleaming spears;
> No more the trump of war swells its hoarse throat,
> Nor robs the eyelids of their genial slumber.'

We have no account of either war or insurrection in the state during Numa's reign: nay, he experienced neither enmity nor envy; nor did ambition dictate either open or private attempts against his crown."*

The reign of Numa extended three years beyond that of Solomon; and his death, which occurred when he was between eighty and ninety years of age, overwhelmed his subjects in unexampled sorrow. "The senators carried the bier, and the ministers of the gods walked in procession; the rest of the people, with the women and children, crowded to the funeral, not as if they had been attending the interment of an aged king, but as if they had lost one of their beloved relations in the bloom of life; for they followed him with tears and loud lamentations."† These intense regards were not confined to his own people; surrounding nations "strove to make the honours of his burial equal to the happiness of his life, attending with crowns and other public offerings."‡ In all this, my Lord, we have a further illustration of the surpassing worth of moral greatness. Mankind, with all their errors, are never slow to appreciate it. Rome and her allies might well mourn the decease of this pacific king, for it

* Plutarch's Numa. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.

was the speedy prelude to war and all its horrors. The misfortunes of his successors added fresh lustre to his character. Of the five who followed, three were traitorously slain, a fourth came to an untimely end; the fifth was driven from his throne, and lived long in contempt and exile. Tullus Hostilius, who immediately succeeded Numa, opened wide the fountain of evil which had been shut for nearly half a century. He ridiculed and despised many of the best institutions of Numa, especially those of a religious character, as tending to render the people soft and effeminate, and to indispose them for war—the chief source, as he thought, of human glory.

The experiment of Numa was one of extreme importance both to the moral philosopher and the divine. It was made upon a mass of the most impracticable materials that were ever assembled under the form of society. We have only to think of banditti, buccaneers, pirates, and marauders,—of men of lost characters, of desperate fortunes, of abandoned habits, of great boldness and personal bravery,—of men inured to conflict, blood, and slaughter, in order to form an accurate conception of the character of his subjects, on his accepting the crown. His biographer thus explains the process of their civilization:—"Persuaded that no ordinary means were sufficient to form and reduce so high-spirited and intractable a people to mildness and peace, he called in the assistance of religion. By sacrifices, religious dances, and processions, which he appointed, and wherein himself officiated, he contrived to mix the charms of festivity and social pleasure with the solemnity of the ceremonies. Thus he soothed their minds, and calmed their fierceness and martial fire. Sometimes, also, by acquainting them with prodigies from heaven, by reports of dreadful apparitions and menacing voices, he inspired them with terror, and humbled them with superstition."

The following statement by the biographer presents a fact of great moment in the history of idolatry. " His regulations concerning images seem to have some relation to the doctrine of Pythagoras, who was of opinion that the First Cause was not an object of sense, nor liable to passion, but invisible, incorruptible, and discernible only by the mind. Thus Numa forbad the Romans to represent the Deity in the form either of man or beast. Nor was there among them formerly any image or statue of the Divine Being. During the first hundred and seventy years they built temples, indeed, and other sacred domes, but placed in them no figure of any kind,—persuaded that it is impious to represent things divine by what is perishable, and that we can have no conception of God but by the understanding."

This great experiment is fraught with much instruction. It shows us religion in its middle state, its state of transition from the pure worship of the patriarchs to the gross idolatry of after ages. How superior were the views of the Romans, in the days of Numa, to those which afterwards prevailed among them, according to Paul's Epistle, of after ages, to that people! He declares that " when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things." Notwithstanding the ignorance of God which prevailed in the mind of Numa, he had a glimpse of the truth; and his case exemplifies the moral influence of the knowledge of even the smallest portion of that truth. In Numa's experiment the truth he knew was illustrated and supported by the force of his own example, combined with supreme authority. The instances of Solomon and Numa

demonstrate the importance which attaches to the character of kings. The destinies of our world, with all its millions, are in no small measure dependent on some score of individuals. Were its thrones filled with wise and righteous rulers, ten years might do much towards covering it with the fruits of civilization. According to David, as are sovereigns so will be their servants. "The wicked walk on every side when the vilest men are exalted."* His wiser son repeats, in effect, the same doctrine: "Take away the wicked from before the king, and his throne shall be established in righteousness."† Again, my Lord, hear the testimony of Solomon to the bearing of the regal character on popular feelings:—"When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn."‡ The unspeakable importance of the character of the chief magistrate to the public good has, in all ages, attracted the notice of wise men. According to Plato, "the only sure prospect of deliverance from the evils of life will be, when the Divine Providence shall so order it that the regal power, invested in a prince who has the sentiments of a philosopher, shall render virtue triumphant over vice." Plutarch, in reference to this sentence, profoundly observes, that "there is, in truth, no need either of force or menaces, to direct the multitude; for, when they see virtue exemplified in so glorious a pattern as the life of their prince, they become wise of themselves, and endeavour, by friendship and magnanimity, by a strict regard to justice and temperance, to form themselves to a happy life. This is the noblest end of government; and he is most worthy of the royal seat, who can regulate the lives and dispositions of his subjects in such a manner. No one was more sensible of this than Numa." My Lord, what shall be said of such sentiments? Plu-

* Psa. xii. 8. † Prov. xxv. 5. ‡ Ibid. xxix. 2.

tarch, the biographer of Numa, was a heathen, unenlightened by the rays of Christian truth, and yet such are his views of the proper end of human life and of political government! Is not this heathen philosopher at once an example and a reproach to multitudes of men whose brows have been surmounted by a mitre?

Thus much for illustration; I now return to principles. I have laid it down that modern science, in all its departments, is but slightly subservient to moral purposes; that the mind may be expanded and invigorated without at all purifying the affections; that the taste may be improved while the heart remains a sink of iniquity; and that *nothing can transform the moral character of man but the knowledge of the moral character of God.* The loss of this knowledge has been the fountain of all our woe. It was once the common property of mankind; but, as the seeds of corruption began to take root, "they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord; they would none of his counsel; they despised all his reproofs; therefore he gave them to eat of their own way, and he filled them with their own devices."* This is Solomon's account of the matter; let us hear Paul's:—"And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient: being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness: full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful: who, knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them."

This, my Lord, according to the Scriptures of truth, is

* Prov. i. 29—31.

the sole cause of the crime and misery of mankind; and the cure is set forth as clearly as the complaint. The uniform declaration of the Old Testament is, that the mighty moral revolution which awaits our world, is to be effected entirely by "the knowledge of God." The Jewish writers unitedly testify that "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."* One of the greatest prophets, predicting the rise of the kingdom of Christ, thus foretells the spread of this knowledge:—"After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, KNOW THE LORD: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more."†

I consider, my Lord, that I have sufficiently established the proposition that, according to the Jewish writers, the great instrument of the world's renovation is "the knowledge of God," as he is revealed in their Scriptures,—the knowledge, *not of his works, but of Himself.* The inferences from this doctrine are as obvious as they are important. If this be according to truth, the views of your lordship require correction. They are such as leave man ignorant of that which it most concerns him to know.

Let us next inquire by what means this knowledge is to be diffused; and here the question is not, how it might be done, but, What is the prophetic representation? The business of diffusion was not to commence till after the age of the prophets, so that, for personal purposes, they required neither instruction nor direction; yet they have

* Habak. ii. 14. † Jer. xxxi. 33, 34.

left a most explicit testimony to the work of Missions. Hear Daniel:—"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever. But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end; *many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.*"*

The principle of Missions is clearly stated in these words. The eternal well-being of all nations will depend upon that knowledge; and its principles will be spread to the ends of the earth wholly through the instrumentality of man. While, therefore, the ignorant sneer at the Missionary, and deem "his way madness, and his end without honour," persons of sense and of piety will consider him the most deserving of mankind.

Let us now, my Lord, search the New Testament, that we may see in what light it represents "the knowledge of God" and the Missionary character. It will be material to inquire whether the apostolic writers concur with the prophets. Now, investigation will show, that, between these two classes of sacred authors, there is the most perfect harmony. With the Apostles "the knowledge of God" is every thing; they exhibit it to the reader's mind in all possible lights. Christ himself laid down the doctrine in these words—"This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."† This simple expression discloses the grand secret. In these words it is clearly set forth that "eternal life," whatever it may be, consists in the knowledge of God and of Jesus Christ; and hence, whosoever has the knowledge has also the life. An attempt somewhat to open up this point, will be met by the mere philosopher with derision; he will charge with mysticism

* Dan. xii. 3, 4.

† John xvii. 3.

statements in support of which unimpeachable witnesses can be produced by the million; but this shall neither prevent nor in the least disconcert me. The Scriptures themselves prepare the Christian to look for such things; they assert that "the preaching of the Cross is to them that perish foolishness;"* that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."†

The knowledge in question differs much from that of the mere philosopher. It is connected both with a pain and with a pleasure which philosophy can never produce. In your lordship's system, God is presented to us simply as the "Great Architect of Nature," and hence your views have nothing *moral* in them; they excite surprise and gratify curiosity without in the least offending pride or alarming conscience; and hence the delight which they administer even to ungodly men. It is much otherwise with the knowledge of which I speak; for it comprises the whole character of God, with especial relation to his justice and holiness. Discoveries respecting these attributes are far from pleasing to man; they have often made the stoutest heart to tremble! The light by which man discovers the character of God is always reflected upon himself, and thus it leads him to the discovery of his own. The holiness of the Divine character, when first clearly perceived, is a source only of terror to a mind conscious of guilt. He sees nothing in God that resembles himself, nothing in God's law that approves his character. He realizes the depth of his depravity, the extent and aggravation of his guilt. On reading the words, "The soul that sins shall die," his heart sinks within him. He feels that he is a dead man! He distinctly perceives the

* 1 Cor. i. 18. † 1 Cor. ii. 14.

awful condition of the world. With regard to the whole human race, he is fully convinced "that they are all under sin; as it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one; there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips; whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: their feet are swift to shed blood: destruction and misery are in their ways; and the way of peace they have not known: there is no fear of God before their eyes."*

"The knowledge of the Lord" thus far, is a thing which deeply disquiets the soul of man; but, happily, this is only one portion of the discoveries which the Scriptures make concerning the most High God. While he is holy and just, he is also full of mercy! The consideration of this glorious attribute leads us at once to the Saviour, who thus himself illumines the subject:—"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved."† This exhibits the Divine character in a light altogether new. To him whose soul is enlightened by the Spirit of God, there is an unutterable power in these words, which relieves despair, soothes distress, inspires hope, slays enmity, and begets love. He now discovers the necessity of the atonement; he sees Jesus dying "the just for the unjust, that he may bring men to God;" he beholds him suffering on the Cross, thereby "magnifying the law and making it honourable," in order "that God

* Rom. iii. 9—18. † John iii. 16, 17.

might be just and yet the justifier of the ungodly."* He sees in the atonement made by the death of Messiah, not the condition, not the price of the Divine love, but the fruit, the effect, the expression of it. The love preceded the death, did not follow it as a purchased blessing. "God so loved the world, that he gave his Son." He gave his Son because he loved the world. The entire scheme of mercy, with all its provisions, flows from the Divine compassion. Mercy is an element of the Divine nature, but so also is justice; and mercy cannot be exercised at the expense of justice. Jesus died that he might remove the obstructions arising from justice to the exercise of mercy. Pardon is bestowed in the manner best suited to melt the hardness, to conciliate the enmity, to excite the love, and to win the confidence of man.

My Lord, the death of Christ is a mysterious and awful theme! It equally illustrates the compassion of God towards his sinning creatures and his displeasure at sin. The death of Christ is to be viewed in connexion with his person. The value of his death, as an atonement, is dependent on the quality of his person and the dignity of his character. Now, the question of his person is purely one of Revelation. Since the Bible is the book of God's mind, and comprises all his discoveries concerning the person and mission of Christ, our business is strictly limited to its interpretation. Philosophy must give place to philology. What say the Scriptures? They declare as explicitly as language can affirm it, that Jesus Christ is a Divine Person. In the Old Testament, he is designated the Mighty God—the Just God—the King—the Lord of Hosts.† The New Testament repeats the doctrine: it describes him as God—God over all—the true God—God

* Rom. iii. 26.

† Isa. ix. 6; vi. 5; xlv. 21, 22; xii. 2; liv. 5; Zech. ix. 9.

manifest in the flesh.* As far as language can affirm any thing, these Scriptures declare the Godhead of Christ. His humanity is declared with equal certainty. It is affirmed without a figure, that the "Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." He is designated Emanuel, "God with us."† The doctrine of his compound nature, partly human and partly divine, is laid down absolutely in these passages; but the reason of the doctrine, the necessity of the fact alleged, is also most distinctly set forth. The Scriptures represent that the incarnation of the Godhead was indispensable to his mission, that the Divine character might be fully unfolded, and his sacrifice be of sufficient value to expiate sin.‡ It is further intimated as a reason for this announcement, that Jesus could not otherwise have been qualified for the work of mediation, and the exercise of the government assigned him in the heavenly world.§ His participation of *our* nature was also necessary for the following reasons: That he might stand in the relation of a brother to the human race; that he might undertake our cause as a Kinsman-Redeemer; that the law might be magnified and sin expiated in the same nature that sinned; and that he might be enabled, from the experience of human infirmity, to succour them that are tried.||

Did this person, the man Christ Jesus, die for man? Yes, he died! This, my Lord, this is the "Great Truth," which is going forth to all the ends of the earth:—"To

* John i. 1—3; Rom. ix. 5; 1 John v. 20; 1 Tim. iii. 16; John xii. 41; Rom. xiv. 10, 11.

† John i. 14; 1 Tim. ii. 5; Isa. vii. 14; Matt. i. 23; Rom. ix. 5.

‡ Heb. i. 3; 1 John i. 7.

§ Zech. vi. 13; Heb. viii. 1; Eph. i. 20—23; Phil. ii. 9—11; Rev. v. 1—7.

|| Heb. ii. 14—18; Lev. xxv. 25, 47—49; Rom. viii. 3; Gal. iv. 4, 5; Heb. iv. 15; v. 1, 2.

wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."* This is the language of the leader of the first band of Christian Missionaries,—language which has been held by that honoured body of men from the days of Christ himself until now. The apostles went forth testifying repentance towards God, and faith in Jesus Christ. To the Jews they said, "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses. Beware, therefore, lest that come upon you which is spoken of in the prophets: Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you."† "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."‡

My Lord, this is the "Great Truth" of the Christian mission. This truth, with its related truths, constitutes that which is designated the "Knowledge of God." This is what is termed the Gospel, the Gospel which Christ commanded his servants to "go into all the world and to preach to every creature." The belief of these truths is, the belief of the Gospel—a subject with which lettered Infidelity has often made itself merry. It had often been prudent, however, to let reason at least precede ridicule.

* 2 Cor. v. 19. † Acts xiii. 38—41. ‡ John iii. 36.

The banter of ignorance is but a pointless dart! Is there any thing ridiculous in repentance? What is it, my Lord? It consists in sincere, heartfelt sorrow for sin as committed against the God of love, truth, and holiness. Is it unmanly for a creature thus to humble himself before the Lord God Omnipotent? The true penitent, to the extent of his means, undoes whatever he hath sinfully done,—to God and man he makes all the reparation in his power. Is this dastardly or inconsistent with self-respect? Repentance then may perhaps be allowed to pass; shallow Infidelity chiefly delights to sport itself with faith—the never-failing subject of its poor contempt.

What is faith, my Lord? You know many who represent it as a weak, a foolish, a blind persuasion! It is not denied that many professed Christians have both by word and writing given too much ground for such representation —a fact, however, but little known to Infidelity, whose charge is mainly founded in presumption. But let us come to the word of God, and inquire into the Apostles' view of Faith. This is a point on which your lordship is highly capable of doing justice to them. What then is their view of it? They represent it, strictly considered, as "the belief of the truth" which God has revealed in the Scriptures concerning Jesus Christ.* They never speak of Faith but in connexion with a testimony, a fact, something as its object. It is not a feeling, a fancy, an assumption, a persuasion;—it is the belief of that which is equally true whether believed or not. That which is designated the "Knowledge of God," the "Gospel of Christ," is a series of *facts* exhibiting the character of God in relation to man,† while there is ONE fact in which all the other facts meet as their centre, viz. the death of Christ, as an atonement for the sins of men, required by

* 2 Thess. ii. 13. † Acts ii. 22, 24, 32—36.

infinite holiness, and provided by infinite love.* The belief of these facts is the belief of the Gospel, the belief, faith, or credit which justifies the sinner's person, and sanctifies the sinner's heart. According to the Scriptures, "the belief of the truth," and that alone, is the Christian faith. The simplicity of the Gospel as set forth in the Scriptures—let the metaphysical divines go—is its beauty and its glory. The essential truths of the Gospel are few, and often comprised in a single passage,† which shows man's guilty and perishing condition—which exhibits the mercy of God in Christ—which unfolds the mediatorial character and work of the Saviour—and which sets forth eternal life as the gift of God through him.

My Lord, the Gospel consists of facts, not *reasonings;* and hence, in regard to its belief, intellects of every order are much upon a level—their reasons, their relations, their results, are another matter. There are not two kinds of instruction in the Bible; the facts are the same, whether embraced by your lordship, or by a schoolboy lisping his first lesson.‡ Divines have discoursed of faith as divisible into several kinds—historical faith, the faith of miracles, temporary faith, and saving faith. This is not merely useless precision; it is mischievous, from its tendency to draw off the mind from the object, the *thing to be believed;* and to engage it in a fruitless examination of the *mental operation of believing.* The apostles made no such distinctions. Their sole concern was to state the truth and its evidence; it does not appear that any one ever inquired of them what they meant by "faith:" every body knew their meaning, for they used it in the simplest sense, the sense in which it was used in common life. But is there

* 1 Pet. i. 11. † John iii. 16; Acts x. 43.

‡ 2 Tim. i. 5; iii. 15; 1 Sam. ii. 26; xvi. 7, 12; 2 Chron. xxxiv. 1—3; 1 Kings xiv. 13.

not an essential difference between saving faith and other kinds of faith; or between the belief of Gospel facts and other facts? Yes; but the difference relates to the things believed, rather than to the mode of believing them, and to the different degrees in which they affect our eternal interests.* Such, my Lord, is the Scripture view of the Christian faith. What think you of it? Do you see any thing absurd, preposterous in it? I am not unacquainted with your lordship's judgments in Chancery which I have often read with unmixed satisfaction; and I shall cheerfully leave the point to your lordship's decision.

The next subject on which I beg leave to speak, is the Duty of believing the Gospel; and here again I shall appeal to the Scriptures. From them it is clear as words can make it, that *belief is the duty of all to whom the truth is addressed; every soul who hears it is invited, exhorted, commanded to believe it!*† The Gospel comes invested with all the authority of a law, demanding the obedience of faith from all who hear it.‡ Here it is that your lordship is fearfully at issue with the Apostles! They represent unbelief as a heinous offence against God, ascribing it to the depravity of the human heart, to culpable ignorance, to pride, and to aversion from God!§ Nor is this all: God has threatened the infliction of the most awful judgments on those who believe not in the Lord Jesus Christ!|| These are the true sayings of God, and it behoves both small and great to take heed how they permit

* James ii. 19; Luke xxiv. 41.

† Acts xvi. 31; 1 John iii. 33; Mark i. 15; v. 36; Luke viii. 50; John vi. 29; xii. 36.

‡ 2 Cor. v. 20; Rom. i. 5; vi. 17; x. 16.

§ Rom. x. 3; 2 Cor. iv. 3, 4; Matt. xiii. 19; Luke viii. 12; Ps. x. 4; John v. 44; xii. 43; v. 40.

|| Mark xvi. 15, 16; John iii. 18; Luke xix. 27; 2 Thess. ii. 10—12.

the voice of a vain philosophy to seduce them from the path marked out by the apostles. Observe, my Lord, the consequences which flow from the doctrines laid down in these Scriptures. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Now, these passages declare that the sin of unbelief will be visited with eternal perdition! But, if unbelief be thus punishable, must it not be culpable? If culpable, must it not be voluntary? Therefore, let the "Great Truth" go forth, and sound through all the halls of learning, all the seats of science, all the academic bowers of our land, that MAN SHALL HENCEFORTH REMEMBER THAT HE MUST RENDER AN ACCOUNT TO GOD FOR HIS BELIEF, OVER WHICH HE HAS ALL NEEDFUL CONTROL. Henceforward nothing shall prevail upon us to excuse or to pity that which he may as promptly change as his position or his garment. There are professed adherents of the Christian faith who take your lordship's view of man's moral impotence; but with them I have no sympathy. I appeal to the Apostles! Man's inability, according to them, is his crime, not his misfortune. He cannot, because he will not!

The source of unbelief is man's natural aversion to God,* which alone renders Divine influence necessary in order to faith. Such influence, however, is necessary in order to faith only as it is necessary in order to *evidence*. Man believes the Gospel upon *evidence*, not from a Divine, irresistible impulse. The Divine influence which the Scriptures represent as exerted upon him, mainly consists in removing aversion of heart, the source of ignorance, the source of infidelity. This aversion the Spirit of God removes, by quickening and illumining the soul, and imparting a spiritual taste, by which the truth of the Gospel is discerned, and relished, and believed on *evidence*. But let it be distinctly understood,

* Rom. viii. 7.

that the gift or influence of the Spirit of God is not the *ground* or *condition* of men's obligation to believe the Gospel. It is nothing more than the exciting cause of compliance with a *previous* obligation. The influences, therefore, of the Holy Spirit are to be viewed, not as matter of debt due to sinful man, but simply of pure mercy and favour—the gift of God's mercy through the work and mediation of Christ. The change or thing, called conversion, therefore, is entirely and exclusively the work of the Holy Spirit, in the fullest sense, without any reserve, exception, or qualification whatever, since "no man can call Jesus Lord but by the Spirit."

It has been long the practice of mere literary men to represent faith as a thing which had nothing practical about it—nothing affecting the heart or life. On no point have their folly and ignorance been more lamentably exemplified. But let such men know, that, in addition to its effects on the heart and the life, the belief of the Gospel serves an all-important purpose in respect to the justification of the sinner before God. The term Justification, in connexion with the Gospel of Christ, refers to courts of justice, and stands opposed to condemnation. Justification, however, in the Gospel sense, consists not in acquittal, but of pardon, and of righteousness. Pardon removes the curse due to sin; but righteousness is connected with the blessing of eternal life: the first is the remission of sin; the second, the imputation of righteousness.† But when does justification take place? When the sinner believes the Divine testimony. He remains under condemnation, from which nothing can deliver him, till he repent and believe; and from that moment he is justified. This great blessing is obtained solely through believing the Gospel. He who believes in Christ is said to be united to

* Rom. v. 16. † Rom. vi. 23; John iii. 15, 36; vi. 54.

him; and thus united, he is treated by God as one with him: Christ's obedience unto death is imputed to the believer, or reckoned as his; and he, for Christ's sake, is delivered from condemnation. The believer is considered and treated as innocent, and entitled to eternal life, as much as if, from first to last, he had been perfectly obedient to the law of God, in thought, word, and deed.* This is one of the important ends served by faith: but it is only one. Faith exerts an all-powerful influence on the heart in sanctification. Justification is a change *concerning* a sinner; sanctification is a change *within* him: in justification, he obtains pardon of sin, and a title to heaven; in sanctification, purification from the pollution of sin, and a meetness for heaven.

If philosophers would read the Scriptures, my Lord, they would find, that so far from faith exerting no influence on the heart, its exertion of such influence is the principal proof of its existence. Sanctification always follows justification. The same faith which removes guilt, cleanses from pollution. The larger the measure of sanctification, the greater is the proof of justification.† In strict speech, it is not mere belief that sanctifies, but the TRUTH which is believed. How, then, is faith necessary? Because truth—and error also—can operate upon the soul only through belief.‡ The prayer of Christ demonstrates that Gospel Truth is the grand element of sanctification; that prayer runs thus:—"Sanctify them through thy *truth:* thy Word is truth." That truth is applied to the soul through faith; hence the declaration of the apostle, concerning the first family of Gentile converts; "God, which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them

* Gal. iii. 28; John xvii. 21, 23; Isa. liii. 5. 6.

† Isa. lxii. 12; 1 Pet. i. 2.

‡ 2 Thess. ii. 13; Heb. xi. 7, 17. 23—29, 33—38.

the Holy Ghost, even as he did unto us; and put no difference between us and them, *purifying their hearts by faith*."* Thus, while, in the work of renovation, the Spirit of God is the proper agent, the Word of God is the proper means. The man in whom this work is fairly begun, is, in Scripture, said to be "a new creature,—old things are passed away, and all things are become new." This renovation consists, not in superadding to his soul new powers or faculties, but in his deliverance from ignorance, unrighteousness, and depravity; and in his restoration to the image of God "in knowledge, righteousness, and holiness."† By this entire change of the soul, the whole man is turned from the love and practice of sin to the love and service of God and of Christ.

But what of Christian morality? Why, my Lord, the change of which I have just been speaking, is the source, the *only* source of it. The guilt of multitudes, when discoursing in relation to this subject, has been equalled only by their ignorance. How loud and bitter has been the invective of many a dignitary and Doctor in Divinity against the doctrine of justification by faith! The pen of untaught Infidelity, too, has done its part, in helping on the misrepresentation. If such men be reckless of truth, let them at least have some regard to decency! The Gospel, as I have just been setting it forth, is no new thing in the earth; it is of some antiquity even in England. I appeal to the lives of its preachers, and of those who have received it. Let this be the test of the doctrine! Evangelical doctrine adverse to morality! What would philosophic men think of religious men rising up and telling the public that the cause was adverse to the effect? What would the agriculturists of England say, were the artizans of London to broach and blaze abroad

* Acts xv. 8, 9. † Col. iii. 9, 10; Eph. iv. 23, 24.

the doctrine, that ploughing and trenching, drainage and manure, were destructive of fertility? Surely the answer in both cases, were the objectors sane and serious, would be a smile of contempt or of pity! Morality, my Lord, is the fruit, the crop of the Christian husbandman. Doctrine, discipline, ordinances, every thing connected with the Christian economy, is considered as only a means to an end, and that end morality! All other morality, as compared with that of the gospel, is but as the foulest chaff to the finest wheat! It extends to thoughts, words, and deeds, to all the duties which we owe to God, to our neighbours, and ourselves; and it therefore includes every virtue of life and godliness. It requires that the Christian character shall be one of universal rectitude, without reserve of one sin or exception of one branch of righteousness.* Philosophy! What is philosophy as compared with Revelation? It is as guessing to certainty—as an artificial light to the sun! Whether I look at the motives, the rules, or the sanctions of Christianity, I find them altogether *sui generis*—it is trifling, it is a mockery to attempt to seek for any thing in systems strictly human to compare with it! What, my Lord, what is the one great principle of Christian morality? It is love—supreme love to God, sincere love to our neighbour, and rational love to ourselves—which converts social and personal, as well as sacred duties, into acts of religion. In this lie the beauty and perfection of Christian morality, which takes cognizance of every thought, and word, and deed, and brings the whole man, body, soul, and spirit, under the obedience of Christ.

Now, my Lord, I have endeavoured to set before you the origin, character, and object of the Christian mission —to delineate the system of truth which the Missionary

* Eph. v. 9.

propounds, and the character which, by means of that truth, he labours to form among mankind. I now appeal to your lordship's judgment to decide the merits of the Missionary Enterprise. Who can describe its excellency, its dignity? Are not all pursuits mean and contemptible compared with that of spreading "the knowledge of God?" Was it not meet that the angels should announce the birth of Christ with songs of "Peace on earth, and good will to men?" What is wanting but the universal diffusion of this gospel, and its reception into all hearts, to quell every strife, to banish every evil, and to fill the world with one family of peace? Are not Christian missions, then, entitled to the most zealous and munificent support of the wise and good of every rank and class amongst us? Ought not every friend of civilization, of commerce, of liberty, of peace, of literature, of science, and of humanity, to hasten to swell the ranks of the friends of missions? If I might hope that your lordship had read the "Missionary Enterprises" of the late Rev. John Williams, I should address you with still greater confidence. I know you received a copy of the work, and politely acknowledged it; for your letter was proudly shown me by my friend, who was fain to believe it might be the means of introducing the subject of Missions to your lordship's notice, and enlisting your powers and influence in its behalf. If you have been able to command leisure sufficient for its perusal, it is needless for me to utter a syllable in its recommendation. If you have not, I would most earnestly press it upon your attention. It is strange, my Lord, that the *Northern Review* has not yet in earnest taken up the subject! A number of works of the highest importance have already issued from the pens of the London Missionary Society's agents —a number greater, indeed, by far than those of all other missionary societies united—relative to Polynesia, Africa,

Madagascar, Greece, India, and China, which, alone, suffice to rebuke and abash the opposers and despisers of Missions, and to propitiate the whole world of literature and science. The missionaries of that society have done much to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge, and to increase our acquaintance with the most important sections of the human race. To many tribes, of divers tongues and climes, they have given the first knowledge of letters; they have reduced their languages to grammar, and translated into them the oracles of God. Your Royal Society, your Royal Geographical Society, your Useful Knowledge Society, and all societies of a kindred character, are but bodies of polished, petty triflers, in comparison with our Missionary Societies. Their extinction—although a loss—would not be a very great calamity to the world, and that loss might in various ways be soon repaired; but the destruction of our Missionary Societies would be a crushing of the rising hopes of all nations!

There are two special grounds, my Lord, on which the friends of missions may claim the support of your lordship. From your earliest years, you have been the implacable adversary of Slavery, and the devoted friend of Education. Now, the bearings of the Missionary Enterprise upon both these objects are incalculable. It is to be remembered, my Lord, that Europe itself was once the theatre of missions, for all ecclesiastical establishments are only the legalized consolidation of the triumphs of missions. Was not Christianity the power which assailed and overthrew the slavery of Europe? Your enlightened and philosophic friend, Guizot, in his sixth lecture on civilization, is compelled to confess this fact. In reference to the doctrine of the Christian mission, he says, "It had a greater influence, and acted in a more efficacious manner, towards the amelioration of the social state. It resolutely struggled against the great vices of the social state, for

example, against slavery. It has often been asserted that the abolition of slavery, in modern Europe, was exclusively owing to Christianity. I think that is saying too much. Slavery long existed in the heart of the Christian society, without greatly exciting its astonishment, or drawing down its anathema. A multitude of causes, and a great development in other ideas of civilization, were required to eradicate this evil of evils, this iniquity of iniquities. Yet it is indubitable that the church employed its influence in restraining it. There exists an unquestionable proof of this fact. The greater part of the formulas of enfranchisement, made out at different eras, are founded upon a religious motive; it is upon the invocation of religious ideas, of hopes of eternal bliss, and of the equality of man, in the eyes of Heaven, that the enfranchisement is almost invariably pronounced."

The Minister of Public Instruction is obviously disposed, if possible, to question the claim of Christianity to the undivided honours of this most splendid triumph. "Slavery long existed in the heart of the Christian society." Granted; the spirit of old Despotism was stronger than the spirit of young Christianity; but, when the latter reached the vigour of manhood, the former was worsted, and fell to rise no more. "A multitude of causes" is a very indefinite expression, and is, besides, very inaccurate. Causes, like the friends, of humanity, were not in those days "a multitude." If "a great development in other ideas of civilization" was required, how were those "other ideas" produced? History replies, —By Christianity, and by Christianity *alone*. The Minister of Public Instruction, in the latter part of this passage, confounds restraint with extinction; for he himself shows that "the greater part of the formulas made out at different eras, are founded upon a religious motive." My Lord, M. Guizot had risen nearer to the truth of history, had

his declaration been absolute. No point is more satisfactorily attested than that the abolition of slavery in Europe was effected solely by the influence of Christianity, and that the first Christian Missionaries began what the abolitionists, so called, completed. The former laboured, and the latter entered into their labours. Let the Missionary be despatched to every land where slavery exists, and his arrival on its shores will be the first step of a process which will infallibly issue in its utter extinction. The period may be remote, but the result is sure. From the hour when the Missionaries of Gregory set foot in England, commenced that anti-slavery war in whose later triumphs your lordship has so largely and so generously shared.

Let us glance at the subject in recent times, when the conflicts of Christianity and Slavery have been more distinctly noted, and we shall have additional proof of its liberal tendencies. The facts that certain Missionaries have been doubtful enemies, and others even promoters of slavery, do not militate against me; they are the exception, not the rule, and are to be ascribed to the absence of Christian principle. Such men did not exemplify but belie Christianity! The names of Cardinal Ximenes and Pope Leo X. will be lasting as letters; and the fact that they were the foes of slavery, will be remembered and redound to their glory when all their other deeds shall have been forgotten. As a Christian, I survey with intense satisfaction the history, and minute down the names, of Morgan, Godwyn, Richard Baxter, Thomas Tyron, George Fox, William Edmundson, Primut, Hutcheson, Foster, Mifflin, Burling, Sandiford, Lay, Woolman, Benezet, Sewel, Rush, Winchester, Dillwyn, Sharp, Hughes, Hayter, Philmore, Warburton, Day, Beatie, Millar, Raynal, Paley, Porteus, Gregory, Wakefield, Ramsay, Smith, and Robertson the historian, your illus-

trious ancestor, who, in his immortal works, rendered signal service to the great cause of abolition.* These are the names of men of divers ages, countries, professions, and religious connexions, but all were animated by Christian humanity, and each, in his own way, bore emphatic testimony against the abominable traffic in the bodies and souls of men! The same principles, in a happy hour, led to the formation of the first Anti-slavery Society; and while some of the leaders have been mere philanthropists who had but little sympathy with evangelical religion, the masses, the men who did the work, who encountered the difficulty, and made the needful sacrifice, were men imbued with religious principle. Without undervaluing the influence and eloquence of English statesmen, I affirm unhesitatingly, that it was Christianity that abolished negro slavery. The Christianity of England did much, but the Christianity of the West Indies did still more. Knibb, Burchell, and their brethren, the Baptist and Wesleyan Missionaries,—these, my Lord, these were the chief instruments in effecting emancipation! It was the missionaries that kindled the spirit of the British churches, —the British churches impelled the senate,—and the senate the government. Had not Christian Missionaries proceeded to the islands of the west, their groves had been still vocal with the groans of the slave! Whips and chains, tears and blood, had still proclaimed the reign of horror and cruelty!

My Lord, the planters and their hireling scribes well understood this subject. They could have bid defiance to philanthropic oratory for ages to come! They had little to fear from distant rhetorical hostility. To conquer

* I beg to recommend to my readers the "History of Slavery, and its Abolition;" an accurate and invaluable record of a mighty enterprise, by the useful pen of Esther Copley.

them required more than speeches in St. Stephen's; it was necessary to assail the bloodstained dragon in his den! Who had the humanity and the hardihood for this hazardous enterprise? The orator, the sentimental philanthropist? No;—the Missionary! The Planters, when too late, made the fearful discovery, that the Missionary was more than a match for them. The following passages, quoted in your lordship's first speech for the Missionary Smith, are invaluable. The Government Paper of the day, the great organ and advocate of the slaveholders, thus correctly states the case:—"It is most unfortunate for the cause of the planters, that they did not speak out in time. They did not say, as they *ought* to have said, to the first advocates of *Missions* and *Education,* We shall not tolerate your plans till you prove to us that they are safe and necessary; we shall not suffer you to enlighten our slaves, who are by law our property, till you can demonstrate that, when they are made religious and knowing, they will still continue to be our slaves."—"In what a perplexing predicament do the colonial proprietors now stand! Can the march of events be possibly arrested! Shall they be allowed to shut up the chapels, and *banish the preachers and schoolmasters,* and keep the slaves in ignorance? This would, indeed, be an effectual remedy; *but there is no hope of its being applied.*" "The obvious conclusion is this,—*Slavery must exist as it now is, or it will not exist at all.*"—"If we expect to create a community of *reading, moral, church-going* slaves, we are wofully mistaken!"—My Lord, what a testimony! Be it remembered that this is not the language of airy speculation, but the reluctant confession of deep experience! No higher tribute was ever paid to the power of religious truth, and the worth of the Christian Missionary! Slavery is the same all over the world; and the word of God is unchangeable in its character and properties;—only let

these antagonist forces then be brought into contact, and Christians have no cause for anxiety about the result. Come then, my Lord, come, and espouse the cause of Missions as the most efficient method of opposing and uprooting slavery!

My Lord, you are the great senatorial promoter of Education; and on this ground, too, Christian missions merit your most zealous support. In all parts of the world, you will find schools an integral portion of every Missionary establishment. You will find in heathen lands no Missions without schools, and no schools apart from Missions. The perusal of the reports of the various Missionary Societies will supply to your lordship's mind a rich repast of educational intelligence. In fact, they are just so many Educational Societies, founded on the best principles. The directors and the agents of such societies are all intent, to the utmost of their power, on the promotion of Education. Oh! how it would gladden your lordship's spirit to witness the schools in Africa and Polynesia, where you might behold the little natives, in thousands upon thousands, drinking at the stream of knowledge! On this ground alone, it is not easy to see how such men as your lordship can stand back from the work of Missions. Your philanthropy, in connexion with Education, cannot surely limit itself to England and her colonies. You must desire to see the intellectual and moral emancipation of all lands,—that is, to see the universal prevalence of sound Education to the ends of the earth. But how is this to be effected? Taking Education in your merely secular view of it, how is it to be spread over all nations? Is there any prospect of great philosophical confederacies being formed for the Education of all mankind? How are the youthful millions of Africa, Asia, and Polynesia, to be educated independently of Christian people and Christian missions? How long shall they wait till the philosophers

of Europe arise and begird themselves for the enterprise? Ah! my Lord, till thousands more years shall have passed away! If the work be ever done, it will be by Christian missions. Missions and schools are in fact synonymous terms; they are identical. In many parts of the world, indeed, Education is the chief feature of the mission; for while there is often great difficulty in getting the adult population to hear the missionaries, it is every where found practicable to collect the children into schools, and, of course, where the parents are docile, the success is still greater. The late Mr. Williams has thus stated the condition of the schools at Rarotonga:—

"The schools were, at this time, in a pleasing state of prosperity. In that of Papehia, there were about *five* hundred children, in Mr. Buzacott's *seven* hundred, and in Mr. Pitman's upwards of *nine* hundred; and on the morning of our departure, they wrote to me on their slates several hundreds of letters, expressive of their regret at my leaving them. One of these, written by a little boy about nine years of age, I desired him to copy upon paper. The following is a translation:—

'Servant of God, we are grieving very much for you; our hearts are sore with grieving, because you are going to that far distant country of yours, and we fear that we shall not see your face again. Leave us John to teach us while you go, then we may expect to see you again; but if you take John too, we shall give up all hope. But why do you go? You are not an old man and worn out. Stay till you cannot work any longer for God, and then go home.'

"The progress which these children had made in writing was not more gratifying than the ingenuity which they had displayed in providing themselves with a substitute for slates and pencils. We taught them to write at first by means of sand-boards, but, of course, they could not

by this mode acquire any great facility in the art. They frequently expressed their regret at this, and as our supply of slates was very small, they determined, if possible, to find a substitute. Having formed the resolution, they were observed one morning, on leaving the school, running in groups up the mountains, and shortly after returning with flakes of stones, which they had broken off from the rocks. These they carried to the sea-beach and rubbed with sand and coral until they had produced a smooth surface. Thus far successful, they coloured the stones with the purple juice of the mountain plantain, to give them the appearance of English slates. Some of the boys completed the resemblance by cutting them square and framing them, so that, without close examination, you could scarcely detect the difference. The next desideratum was a pencil, and for this they went into the sea, and procured a number of the echinus, or sea-egg, which is armed with twenty or thirty spines.

"These they burnt slightly to render them soft, that they might not scratch; and with these flakes of stone for a slate, and the spine of the sea-egg for a pencil, they wrote exceedingly well: and hundreds of them took down the principal portions of every discourse they heard."*

Who, my Lord, with the heart of a Christian, a philanthropist, a civilized man, can read this narrative without the most intense gratification? Who can refuse to bid God speed to societies which achieve such wonders? Who can withhold from them a helping hand? The nobles and senators of England, with her philosophers, philanthropists, and merchants, ought to appear conspicuously on the roll of benefactors to such societies. Ah! my Lord, how unworthily, how disgracefully, how reprehensibly do many of the "order" to which your lordship

* Williams, p. 124.

belongs, spend the ample revenues to which, in the providence of God, they were born! Is it thus that the honours of rank are to be maintained? Is it by the patronage of pugilistic encounters—by upholding horse-racing and bull-baiting—by mimic models of the madness of the Middle Ages, that the intelligent and observant commoners of England are to be inspired with respect for the peers of the realm? Are prodigality and waste proofs of worth and wisdom? The tournament of Eglinton cost a larger sum than has ever yet been voted any one year by Parliament for educating the people of this great empire! At this moment, Missionary Societies, these choicest ornaments of our land, are languishing for lack of means, through the pressure of the times upon the manufacturing districts, which have ever been their main stay and support. How easily might a few of our aristocracy replenish the treasury of each Society! And were they to become regular contributors in proportion to the extent of their substance, the result would be the immediate increase of the Societies' revenues tenfold: and a further consequence would be the augmented good of all nations! Nero fiddled while Rome was in flames! The peers of England are devising new methods of wasteful expenditure, while her millions pine for bread!

My Lord, I must have done. Could I venture to hope that I have said any thing which may serve to fix your gigantic understanding upon this great theme, I should consider it one of the most felicitous occurrences of my lowly life. To see Lord Brougham coming forth to advocate Christian Missions—to hear him in Exeter Hall, pouring forth his massive thoughts upon *this* subject, before thousands of the best, the wisest, and the holiest of England's people,—to discover his powerful pen employed to recommend it in that stupendous organ of opinion which is identified at once with him and with his native city, and

which has already contributed so much to ennoble and refine our literature, and to work out the liberties and the civilization of Europe—the sight of these things, my Lord, would gladden hundreds of thousands whose praise is neither fluctuating nor ephemeral! Nor is this all. It would redound more to your real honour, and to the satisfaction of your own best feelings, than the noblest exploits that you have yet achieved. You will find in such pursuits a solace which earthly science and earthly greatness can never minister. You will discover in them a magnitude, a grandeur, a glory denied to every thing else accessible to man.

Come then, my Lord, and place yourself at the head of the lay champions of Christian missions. In so doing, you will have no cause to blush; those who have been your companions in other pursuits will be your associates in this. You will still be in the society of Locke, of Newton, and of Boyle. For a long period you have occupied a large space in the eye of mankind. With respect to this material world and its affairs, you know nearly all that can be classed under the useful or the pleasing; and with respect to the active duties of public life, you may say with Johnson, "I think I have done my share." You are well entitled to some repose. To a mind stored and disciplined like yours, the duties which devolve upon you as a British peer are not onerous. Their full performance will leave leisure sufficient for fresh studies. Your lordship will act wisely, then, in pursuing the footsteps of those illustrious men who claimed the chief portion of their latter years to "acquaint themselves with God." This is wisdom; the reverse is more than folly; it is crime. You will find every thing in God; and we are all advancing towards a region where God is every thing. That which will be our sole concern on the verge of eternity ought surely to command our special attention now. How infatuated are the

bulk of mankind! Well might Edmund Burke exclaim, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" Yet shadows we remain, and shadows we continue to pursue. All see the folly of their friends, but few their own. The death-bed of most great characters is a melancholy yet instructive spectacle. Their end is, however, but such as might be expected from their way. In the days of their deceitful glory and guilty ambition, they despise and forget God; and in the dreary night which cometh after, and concludes the scene, they fearfully exemplify the words of Scripture:—"Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh. When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish come upon you; then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me: For that they *hated knowledge*, and did not *choose the fear of the Lord:* They would none of my counsel; they despised all my reproof: therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices. For the turning away of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them. But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil."*

Where biography has done its duty, which is seldom fully done, the record of the closing scenes of public men generally supplies a sufficient antidote to the dazzling, seductive tendency of their previous career. These "men of the world, which have their portion in this life,"† rightly understood, even in the bright meridian of their brief day, can excite little of either love or envy; but, when the

* Prov. i. 24—33. † Psa. xvii. 14.

twilight draws on, and the night of death succeeds, the Christian can see nothing in them but objects of commiseration. The chamber of their dissolution is a dismal spot. There they lie, helpless, hopeless, sometimes friendless—wretched termination of earthly greatness! Their seeming indifference and affected courage do not escape the keen eye of the Christian observer, who justly regards them as forming one of the worst features of the case; for, where there is most apparent composure there is often least real ground for it. It is nothing that the wicked have frequently stepped out of time into eternity with little noise, and with no observable reluctance or alarm. The wrath and the trouble are to come! Ignorance, occasionally, inspires as much confidence as knowledge. Security is not safety! A merely animal life is naturally followed by a merely animal death. The departing spirit, steeped in sensuality to stupefaction, has neither hope nor fear; shrouded in ignorance, it expires in sullen apathy, and only after death learns the true end of life—learns when the lesson is of no avail! "There are no bands in their death."—"Surely thou didst set them in slippery places; thou castedst them down into destruction!" The descent is easy, but it is into perdition! "*How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! They are utterly consumed with terrors.*"* How doleful was the death-bed of Curran! More dismal still was that of Sheridan! Poor Charles Fox and Erskine—poor amid all their oratorical renown! And Grattan—poor, too, with all his patriotism! The mortal scenes of even Burke and Johnson, notwithstanding their calmness and decorous solemnity, were dark and doubtful—the gloom made sensible, but left uncheered by a single scintillation of that light which leads to heaven! Men like you, my Lord, are less conversant with the sor-

* Psa. lxxiii. 4. 18, 19.

rowful and the dying than are ministers of Christ, and, therefore, less able to compare and contrast the operations of faith and unbelief, of the knowledge of God, and ignorance of his truth, in the hearts of expiring men. Oh! my Lord, what examples we could show you of the power of the Gospel of Christ, in supporting the soul in agony, and inspiring hope in the article of death! The language even of the Scriptures affords but an inadequate expression of the peaceful and hopeful emotions which, where physical causes prevent not, animate the bosom of the sincere and devoted believer:—"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."* "Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."† Millions, my Lord, millions have died with hearts full of such thoughts, and their lips giving joyful utterance to such words as these! Thus, in all parts of England, daily die the peasant, and the peasant's child; while the terrors of death, and the horrors of despair, are crushing and consuming the spirits of their ungodly superiors!

Of more recent deaths, amid the circles which you, my Lord, frequent, I would mention two, those of Sir Walter Scott and Sir James Mackintosh. To the eye of a Christian spectator, the decease of Sir Walter was melancholy in the extreme. While the gloom and sadness of the sepulchre pervaded the once joyous halls of Abbotsford, there was the entire absence of that peace of God that passeth all understanding, and of that hope which is full of immortality. The departure of Sir James Mackin-

* Psa. lxxiii. 24—26. † Psa. xvi. 11.

tosh was attended with circumstances of the most touching character. That solemn event stands by itself. Taking it in all points, there is nothing in the annals of literature resembling it. Our illustrious countryman was never so truly great as during the few weeks of his last illness. Such sweetness! such humility! such docility!—"He would speak of God with more reverence and awe than I have almost ever met with," said his judicious and Christian daughter. "His voice fell,—his whole person seemed to bow down, as if conscious of a superior presence,—while in a subdued, solemn, deeply thoughtful manner, he slowly expressed himself. He allowed me to read to him passages out of different authors, listening so meekly and so attentively to what I read, as at times almost to overpower me. He did not, in many things, agree with them; and he gave his reasons so calmly and so clearly that I often could not answer him, though I did not always feel convinced by, I was going to say, his arguments; but this would be too strong a term for the gentle, humble, inquiring character of these conversations, in which he seemed thinking aloud, and expressing the difficulties of an honest and deeply serious mind. I one day read to him the twenty-ninth chapter of Job, which affected him to tears. Our Lord JESUS CHRIST was very frequently the subject of his thoughts: he seemed often perplexed, and unable to comprehend much of his history. He once said to me, 'It is a great mystery to me—I cannot understand it.' At another time he told me that, during the many sleepless nights he passed, the contemplation of the character of JESUS CHRIST, and thoughts concerning the Gospel, with prayer to God, were his chief occupation. He spoke of the delight he had in dwelling upon his noble character. I have heard his voice falter as he repeated, 'He went about doing good;' but he added, 'There is much connected with him I cannot understand.'

I cannot attempt to give his own words; but his difficulty lay in the account given of the manner in which JESUS becomes the Saviour of men. One morning he told me that he had been 'praying to GOD to deliver him from his sufferings, and to permit him to die.' I spoke of the solemnity of death, and the awfulness of meeting GOD, and that I felt we ought first to seek of GOD to be prepared by him to meet him. He was silent a little, and thoughtful, and then answered, 'I thought we might have such perfect confidence in GOD, that we might even venture to make known to him all our sufferings and all our wants, and that he would not be offended; it was in this belief I asked him to put an end to my sufferings; with submission, however, I desire to ask it.' On another occasion I told him a friend had prayed for him: he seemed pleased, and said, 'The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' On Saturday a great change took place; he became very silent, and had the appearance of one listening: the intelligence of his countenance did not diminish, it only changed its character; a look of peace and dignity was mingled with it, such as I had never witnessed in that dear face before. Whenever a word from the Scriptures was repeated to him, he always manifested that he heard it; and I especially observed that, at every mention of the name of JESUS CHRIST, if his eyes were closed, he always opened them, and looked at the person who had spoken. I said to him at one time, 'JESUS CHRIST loves you:' he answered slowly, and pausing between each word, 'JESUS CHRIST—love—the same thing.' He uttered these last words with a most sweet smile. After a long silence, he said, 'I believe—.' We said, in a voice of inquiry, 'In GOD?' He answered, 'in JESUS." He spoke but once more after this. Upon our inquiring how he felt, he said he was 'happy.'"*

* Life, vol. ii. pp. 189, 190.

Such, my Lord, is the narrative of the musings and utterances of this great philosopher. You observe how entirely his philosophy failed him in the hour of death, and how absolutely he depended upon Jesus Christ. He just learned the first principles of true religion, and, like a little child, gently died in the faith of the Son of God! Here we behold a man of mighty intellect, burdened with erudition of the highest order, most profoundly conversant with the sciences of mind and of morals; and yet, at the close of a long life, devoted to the pursuits of knowledge, he remained wholly ignorant of those things which belonged to his peace! That was last attended to which ought to have been first! He knew every thing but the one thing needful! This eminent man, with all his attainments in Philology, in Ethics, in Metaphysics, in Jurisprudence, in History, and in the knowledge of mankind, understood much less of that which constitutes the highest branch of knowledge, than hundreds of thousands of English Sunday scholars!

Surely, my Lord, Sir James Mackintosh has left an example from which it behoves men of letters to profit. His last solemn utterance, before leaving our sphere, was a public confession of faith in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world. Such words, from such lips, in such circumstances, are not to be lightly treated. The speaker, one of the greatest and purest of men, was, even amid bodily decay, as far from imbecility as he had all his life been superior to hypocrisy; and yet, in immediate prospect of the judgment-seat of God, he felt the utter insufficiency of a merely moral and useful life to recommend him to the Divine approbation, and to satisfy the demands of the Divine law, and fled for refuge to the hope set before him in the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ. What he spoke he felt. The declaration, too, was voluntary. It was also made after a preparation of

"long silence." He made it as he lay between two worlds. Time, with all its vanities and visions, behind him,—Eternity, with its truths and realities, before him,—the understanding exerting its powers of defence to the uttermost, and conscience honestly performing its duty;—thus situated, with one foot in this world, and the other in the world to come, the last words of Sir James Mackintosh to the philosophers and statesmen of Europe and the world were, "I BELIEVE IN JESUS!"

It is obvious, my Lord, that there were designed precision and emphasis in the method of statement, in the mode of utterance. He first enunciated his faith, apart from its object:—"I BELIEVE—." This naturally led to the inquiry, "In God?" And the reply as naturally brought forth, fully and emphatically, the great fact, "the good confession"—"IN JESUS." Thus terminated the course of one of England's greatest men; and thus doth God, from age to age, take away "the mighty man, and the man of war, the judge, and the prophet, and the prudent, and the ancient, the captain of fifty, and the honourable man, and the counsellor, and the cunning artificer, and the eloquent orator."* What is man? Ah! my Lord, how different were the port and spirit of Sir James Mackintosh when, as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, in his inaugural oration, he addressed us, the students, in, I think, 1822! His speech, on that exciting day, was full of philosophy, of classical allusion, and the pride of science, but not a breath of the Lord Jesus Christ! No, my Lord, in his discourse, as in yours, on the immediately subsequent occasion, there was nothing which an idolatrous Greek or Roman might not, and could not have written, spoken, and published! Literature and science were every thing. But, my Lord, MARK THE END!

* Isa. iii. 2, 3.

Sir James Mackintosh, by this memorable confession, has done essential service to the cause of Christian truth, and to the best interests of mankind; but he amply enjoyed the means of conferring upon the world incalculably more important benefits. If he had directed his exalted powers to the study of Revelation, he might have achieved a work that would have carried down his illustrious name to the latest posterity. Had he taken up the subject, for instance, of Prophecy, or of Christian Doctrine, or of Morals, or of Miracles, what a treasure he might have bequeathed to after ages! He was equal to any thing: he actually accomplished very little; and, amid meditations of mighty projects, his life was allowed to run to waste. The VINDICIÆ GALLICÆ, on which his fame was founded, was but a loose and crude composition, which, had his industry and energy been equal to his talents, he might have produced in a week. His Ethical Dissertation only serves, by its depth, its power, its elegance, and its splendour, to convict him, on a vast scale, of unfaithful stewardship. By this alone, however, small as it is, will posterity know him, and for this alone will it rank him with the great writers of a former age. His attempts in historical composition have added nothing to his reputation. O, my Lord, had Sir James been awakened to the importance of eternity, and to the claims and glory of Christ, what motives he might have thence derived for the cheerful, continuous, and intense exertion of his faculties and powers! These faculties and powers, had they been consecrated to God, would have peculiarly fitted him for religious composition, while the Christian system would have supplied him with innumerable themes worthy of their highest efforts. But his means and opportunities of thus benefiting mankind and glorifying God were neglected; and now, my Lord, they are past

and gone for ever! It behoves his surviving friends to profit from his errors.

My Lord, where Sir James Mackintosh is, we shall shortly be—in the world of spirits! Not a moment, therefore, is to be lost. If, in our little hour, we would do any thing to purpose, we must betake ourselves to it with a resolution, an industry, a perseverance, and a vigour, which, however strange and unaccountable they may seem to a generation of idle and thoughtless men, are an unalterable condition of success. Your lordship has accomplished much in connexion with time; but it is to be hoped that far nobler achievements are still to be performed. You have already done something in the way of Natural Theology, and you have done it well; but surely you will not rest satisfied with that dark and doubtful department of inquiry after God. You have entered the porch: will you not pass the threshold, and penetrate the temple? If importance attaches to natural, how much more to revealed religion! You have much to do, my Lord, in various walks, that you may not be far outdone even by some of your great, though now almost forgotten legal predecessors. Lord Chief Baron Hale wrote at least six or eight times more than your Lordship has yet written on the subjects of science, of morals, and of law; to which must be added, his "Judgment of the Nature of True Religion;" "Discourse of Religion, under Three Heads;" "A Discourse of the Knowledge of God and of Ourselves; first, by the Light of Nature; and, secondly, by the Scriptures." Then, my Lord, there is the Lord President Forbes, whose patriotic career was, in some leading points, analogous to your own. He, too, did much to purify law and cheapen justice. According to Bannatyne, his biographer, "a number of causes that had been depending for twelve, twenty, or thirty years, were

discussed in the very first session after he sat; and yet this great and active judge found time to *think* on the things of Eternity! His "Thoughts on Religion" is a work of great erudition, and of high value. His "Reflections on the Source of Incredulity with regard to Religion," and his "Letter concerning some Important Discoveries in Philosophy and Theology," did excellent service at the time of their appearance. But, after all that they, and such as they, have done, the subject is not exhausted; indeed, they have done little more than pitch their tents on the confines of a boundless territory, and make a few, sometimes cursory, observations on their respective vicinities. The field of Revelation presents a measureless abundance of subjects infinitely more than worthy of the highest exercise of your lordship's powers—subjects sufficient to task them to the uttermost for the space of ten thousand generations! What a prospect that field opens up to your lordship's inquiry! What a legacy of thought, argument, wisdom, and eloquence, in relation to the Inspired Volume, you may yet leave to mankind! With materials thence derived, you may construct a monument to your industry and genius which shall endure to the end of all things. But, O my Lord, this is the smallest consideration! Indeed, it is not admissible at all into the list of Christian motives. The thought of the love of Christ absorbs every other thought. In the world of perfect men, the glory of ONE occupies the minds of all. The ransomed millions resident in the Paradise of God can endure no praise but that of him who was slain, and who redeemed them to God by his blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and in its celebration they are assisted by all the inhabitants of the heavenly world. Thus speaks the prophet of Revelation:—"I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne; and the number of them was ten thousand

times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever." May He who is Alpha and Omega in heaven be the same on earth! May your lordship speedily occupy a foremost place among the best friends of his cause, and the most efficient promoters of his kingdom!

LETTER IX.

TO THE REV. TIMOTHY EAST, TREASURER OF SPRINGHILL COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.

ON THE CHARACTER AND DEATH OF THE LATE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS.

My Dear Sir,—Your life has been signalized by two events of the highest importance to the good of mankind and the glory of Christ—the conversion of the late Rev. John Williams; and the foundation of Springhill College. The good in which the former of these events has already resulted, and the benefits which will flow to future ages from the latter, it is impossible to estimate. To you, as the "father in Christ" of the great South Sea Missionary, the present letter is addressed, since I know of none to whom, with equal propriety, it could be inscribed. My object is, to delineate his person, talents, habits, and character, and to offer some reflections on his death.

> "Vixêre fortes ante Agamemnona
> Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles
> Urgentur, ignotique longâ
> Nocte carent quia vate sacro."

The first thing, with regard to his person, that presents itself to us, is his great physical power, which materially contributed to success in his peculiar sphere of Missionary

effort. He was massive rather than muscular, and strong without remarkable activity: his stature was somewhat above the middle size—his chest one of unusual breadth—the shoulders considerably rounded, and the whole frame bulky and broadly set. His aspect was a little singular: indeed, he was often taken for a foreigner. Few men, skilled in the physiognomical attributes of nations, would have pronounced him an Englishman: most would perhaps have found it difficult to determine whether he was of Welsh or of Scotch extraction, but to the one or the other of these countries—and more probably the former—they would have assigned him; though, perhaps, some would have pronounced him a German. The Welsh and Scotch, in several points, closely resemble each other; they are both generally of a dark complexion, of hard features, of a somewhat heavy and rustic appearance, with but little of that airy, elegant, lofty, and, not seldom, reserved deportment, which are chief characteristics of the English. Mr. Williams was strongly marked by the simplicity, kindness, and cordiality of manner which distinguish the inhabitants of the Principality and of the North.

There was something strikingly peculiar in the aspect of Mr. Williams. Having been once seen, he was ever after easily recognised; and you could instantly point him out, at a distance, among ten thousand men. The head was very large and long, and greatly wanting in that conical elevation so generally found associated with extreme benevolence—a quality for which, notwithstanding, he was so remarkable. The forehead was an oblong square, of no great breadth, and retired considerably. The countenance altogether was one of uncommon benignity; it had all the serenity of the finest summer's eve, shaded with a slight expression of sadness. The eye was soft and lustrous; it sparkled from beneath his dark brows, distinctly bespeaking the benevolence that glowed within.

All his features were rounded. This absence of every thing angular about his countenance strikingly indicated the cast of his mind and manners;—while there was nothing in his face highly expressive of either intelligence or feeling, every feature evinced simplicity of character, tranquillity of heart, and honesty of purpose. The entire visage, in fact, was so deeply stamped with the impress of good nature and good-will, as to inspire every beholder with immediate confidence.

The intellectual corresponded to the corporeal part of Mr. Williams. He was decidedly a man of genius—of great genius—but of genius wholly mechanical. He was also strongly marked by the chief intellectual infirmity of most men of that class. His judgment, although sound, was neither strong, comprehensive, nor exact. Its moral movements closely resembled those of his bulky frame; they were heavy and lagging—wanting in rapidity, dexterity, and decision. He arrived at conclusions by a slow and circuitous process, and yet his long deliberation seldom added to the strength of his convictions. Like most men of great mechanical genius, he was unskilful in the collection, analysis, and balancing of moral evidence; and hence, at times, he had great difficulty in making up his mind to any particular course of conduct. He occasionally lingered long amid the tortures of suspense. Even after dropping his anchor, he was often driven from his moorings, and tossed on the billows of a painful uncertainty. He was for these reasons much at the mercy of counsellors; and often found that among their "multitude" there was fully as much distraction as "safety." This infirmity arose in part from the "fatal facility" of his disposition. To few able men was the description of the poet less applicable,—

> "Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
> Non civium ardor prava jubentium,

Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solidâ."

It is a settled law, in the economy of human affairs, that only decided men can be successful rulers. This fact has been, in all ages, exemplified by the dominant spirits of our race. Mr. Williams was not suited greatly to influence the deliberations, and still less to sway the counsels, of civilized and cultivated men. For this work he was too humble, too modest, and too amiable. There was very little of the *agonistic* in him. He was too much loved to be sufficiently an object of reverence and of fear. His extreme softness gave him at times an air of weakness. Social influence and severe self-discipline had done nothing towards rectifying this defect; he was, indeed, scarcely conscious of its existence. Previous to his departure for Polynesia, he had received but little moral or mental culture, and his situation there precluded the possibility of much intense application to such pursuits as tend to discipline the will and the understanding. He was too busily employed about still more important matters. The intellectual stature of those around him, too, was such as had a perpetual tendency to depress rather than to elevate him; and it is wonderful that, under such a combination of adverse circumstances, he not only kept his ground, but even made considerable advancement in general knowledge and mental improvement. The evil consequence, however, on his arrival in England, was apparent in all his public efforts. On nearly all subjects, except that of Missions, his views were narrow and superficial. His reading had not been excursive, and his reflections on general subjects had not extended much beyond his reading. Images cannot be multiplied in the absence of objects. The relations and qualities of objects cannot be understood, where the objects themselves are hid from vision. Comparison implies knowledge of the individual

as well as of the species; and comparison must be limited to what is known. In proportion to the extent of Mr. Williams's acquirements, however, his powers of comparison and of contrast, of deduction and description, were considerable. His faculty of analysis was greatly inferior to his faculty of combination. In the former he was very deficient, and still more deficient in the power of generalization. This was very obvious in his sermons and speeches. His great excellence consisted in detail—a quality in which he was seldom equalled. Generalization is a leading attribute of the true philosopher; detail, of the popular orator. An illustration of these points is supplied in Dr. Philip and Mr. Williams. Dr. Philip is, in my view, by far the most philosophic Missionary at this moment in the field. Mr. Williams, in his time, was the most interesting narrator of facts. The province of the one is, reason; that of the other, observation. This is full of interest to the multitude; that engages the reflecting minority. The Liberator of the Hottentots, like the immortal Burke,—

> "Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
> And thought of convincing while they thought of dining;"

frequently talks an assembly of shallow men into marked and ill-mannered impatience, while discoursing with a depth of thought, a compass of view, and a force of argument that would suffice to interest, enlighten, and convince an assembly of philosophers or a congress of statesmen. The Great Light of Polynesia, on the contrary, with his simple facts, touching tales, and tragic scenes, could keep the same people, and people of all sorts, for hours together, and for days in succession, rivetted and charmed as if by enchantment. I have heard no man who, in my humble opinion, even approaches Dr. Philip for sublime and glorious conceptions of the philosophy of

missions; and Mr. Williams as far outstripped all his contemporaries in narrating the details of their history.

In the soul of Mr. Williams there was not a single element of true poetry;—but, notwithstanding his want of imagination, he occasionally painted the scenery and society of the South Seas with great, though literal, effect. The performance was clearly that of an artist, though somewhat of the Flemish school. The observant critic seemed to hear him say, "fetch me the pencils and the colours;" then, by rule, the process went on, and, although there was nothing poetic in the thought or in the language, there was a touching, often a glowing, always an accurate and impressive, description of places, persons, and actions. Without having the poet's eye, which Mr. Moffat so eminently possesses, he was often not inferior to that remarkable man in the felicity of his portraits. Mr. Moffat sees every thing through the medium of the imagination; and genius stands by ready to robe his perceptions in the most beautiful attire. The sovereignty of his spirit is immediately confessed by his hearers; and, in spite of a very defective manner, and a most barbarous elocution, made up of the worst Scottish dialect, disguised in divers African intonations, he reigns supreme in every audience, whether metropolitan or provincial.

The spoken style of Mr. Williams, like his person and mind, was simple, but strong,—rough, but manly. He was wholly destitute of the arts of eloquence; the selection of words and the construction of phrases, the preparation of paragraphs, and the polish of periods, made no part of his study. His written style is more correct, and, at times, somewhat ornate; but for these graces it was indebted to other pens more practised than his own. The truth is, that the noble-minded man, in all his exhibitions, whether of spoken or of written language, was wholly indifferent to *self*. His own existence, for the most part,

seemed to be forgotten. He was utterly regardless what men thought or said of himself, if they would but hear his statement of the work of God among the heathen; he asked no more. Never was there, in a pulpit or upon a platform, a more entire absence of every symptom of vanity, a more complete neglect of the arts of popularity. Intent only upon his Master's honour, and utterly heedless of personal considerations, he became wholly engrossed with his subject. A great critic has truly said, "the Rhetoric of Fox was his Logic;" and it may with equal truth be affirmed, that the eloquence of Williams was his facts! With these, both in England and in Scotland, he wrought his wonders. He told such tales as no man ever told before. He spoke as a messenger from a fairy land—a land which exhibited a combination of all that is beauteous in nature with all that is barbarous in man. To utterance and manner he owed as little as to diction; his delivery was heavy, and his voice monotonous; his air tame, and his action stiff and awkward. Never was public speaker more thoroughly divested of every thing meretricious, or more devoid even of legitimate ornament. Every passage and every sentence bore the deep and indelible impress of pure truth and unsophisticated nature. The leading feature of every effort was—*business!* There was no straining in his thoughts, no extravagance in his representations, no ranting in his delivery. Enthusiasm, in its vulgar acceptation, had no place in the breast of Mr. Williams. Common sense was his great and distinguishing quality; and the conviction which irresistibly darted into the mind of every hearer, was,—This is an honest man!

The simplicity of Mr. Williams lay at the foundation of his noble character. His greatness was altogether moral; in point of intellectual powers, as we have seen, he was a very ordinary man, respectable, but nothing more. It is

probable that many who have not had sufficient means of judging, or who have not turned their attention to the point, may think I have under-estimated our friend. They will consider the elements here set forth as insufficient to form the basis of so much excellence; they will be at a loss to reconcile a fame so vast with powers so unpretending; at a loss to understand how a name representing so little brilliancy should have acquired so much glory. Now herein lies the mystery. Here is the real source of that glory. This is the very thing that I am anxious, with the greatest possible prominence, to exhibit to the minds of men, especially to those of the rising ministry. It is not only granted, but even contended, that the mental powers of Mr. Williams were of a common order; and on this ground I chiefly rest his claims to high praise and universal admiration. The practical value of his history arises from the fact, that his was a race in which all may run, and in which all who run will infallibly gain a prize. The folly and stupidity of mankind have, in all ages, been apparent, from the absurd and fatal preference which they have given to intellectual as compared with moral greatness. Now, where there is, and where there can be, no competition, there ought to be no comparison, in order to praise or to censure. Ought corporeal magnitude to be a ground of reproach or commendation? Is a man to be held responsible for the hue of his skin or the height of his stature, and to be stamped with renown or covered with infamy according as he approximates the giant or the dwarf, the European or the African? Such a course, however, would be just as rational as that which, in all ages, has been almost unanimously adopted, even by civilized men. The *possession*, not the *use*, of talents, has too generally been the ground of their applause and admiration. Preposterous folly and infatuation! Why should men be rewarded with praise, or visited with contempt,

for that which is an accident of birth—a thing beyond the control of its object—a thing with which the will and the intention can have no concern? No matter at what point of the intellectual scale may be the faculties with which a man is born; whether he bring with him into our world the abilities of a Bacon, or the imbecility of a "Poor Joseph,"* there he is—is as God hath made him. Yes; *as God hath made him!* And shall men be so idolatrous and foolish as to extol and adore the one,—so impious and cruel as to despise and degrade the other, on the simple ground of the states in which they have been respectively brought into being by their Creator? Is there merit or demerit in simple essence apart from action? Is there any thing moral in mere being? No! morality is inseparable from volition. Our praise and our reprobation ought to rest, not upon what men *are*, but upon what men *do!* How long will it be ere we shall judge as God judges? Why do not mankind learn from the parable of the talents! The decision in that case turned primarily, not upon the *number* of the talents, but upon their *use*, and upon their number only as it regarded the degree of profiting to be looked for; of him to whom more was given, more was required; but the praise was wholly grounded, not on the amount of the talents entrusted, but of the *gain* which the parties respectively had realized. The principal was the giver's concern; the profit was theirs. In all the accounts we have of the final Judgment, motive and action, purpose and practice, are represented as every thing. The simple *possession* of talents, influence, or property, is never mentioned as having any thing moral in it. Possession involves responsibility; but, taken by itself, it affords no claim whatever to praise, neither is it subject to censure. According to the Scrip-

* See the affecting Tract entitled "Poor Joseph."

tures of truth, not the possession, but the *use* of our talents, will govern the decisions of the great day! Moral greatness is the only greatness regarded in the world whither our friend has gone; and it ought, therefore, to be the only greatness supremely regarded here. As the society of earth approximates that of heaven, and as men improve in their apprehensions of the character of God, this fatal error will be corrected. The idolatry of mere intellect will cease; and men will "judge just judgment." Real goodness is real greatness; but greatness admits of degrees; and the scale of its measurement is sincere desire, as tested by practical efforts, to promote the welfare of the human race, and to promote the honour of our Creator. Under the guidance of these principles we shall now attempt to delineate the character of the Martyr of Erromanga, and I wish that, with the poet, I could truly say,—

"Materiem superabat opus."

Magnanimity was a leading feature in the character of Mr. Williams, constituting its moral foundation. This quality, as the word imports, consists in a certain largeness of heart, an elevation of soul in contradistinction to whatever is little and narrow, pitiful and mean. All true Christians are, in their several measures, magnanimous. Magnanimity and Christianity are indeed identical. A species of magnanimity, however, may exist without Christianity. This magnanimity is found in degrees so different, that even Christianity cannot wholly remove, although it will lessen, the difference. This fact, in the natural history of mankind, did not escape the notice of the ancients, who likewise observed that this greatness of soul was too generally allied to a passion which rendered it a curse to mankind as well as to its possessor. Of all the classic writers, I remember none who appears to have been

so much alive to these facts as Cicero. Adverting to the mischief which had arisen from the lust of honour, power, and empire, he observes that "it is a very great misfortune that this lust is chiefly found in men of the greatest souls, and most exalted natures."* Again, when discussing the beauty of Justice, and the inducements to its violation, he says, "It is a very unhappy circumstance that, for the most part, great and exalted minds are naturally ungovernable and ambitious of rule. For the more any man has of this greatness of soul, the more eager he is to be the chief of all, or rather to be absolute."† This infirmity has unhappily been visible in all ages. All history exemplifies it. Lord Bolingbroke was a remarkable instance among ourselves. I am not sure, all things considered, that a greater soul was ever born on British ground. Goldsmith has finely portrayed him. "In whatever light we view his character, we shall find him an object rather for our wonder than our imitation, more to be feared than esteemed, and gaining our admiration without our love. His ambition ever aimed at the summit of power, and nothing seemed capable of satisfying his immoderate desires, but the liberty of governing all things without a rival. With as much ambition, as great abilities, and more acquired knowledge than Cæsar, he wanted only his courage to be as successful; but the schemes his head dictated, his heart often refused to execute; and he lost the ability to perform just when the great occasion called for all his efforts to engage. The same ambition that prompted him to be a politician, actuated him as a philosopher. His aims were equally great and extensive in both capacities: unwilling to submit to any in the one, or any authority in the other, he entered the field of science with a thorough contempt of all that had been established before him, and seemed willing to think every

* De Officiis, lib. i. cap. 8. † Ibid. lib. i. cap. 19.

thing wrong, that he might show his faculty in the reformation."

It is the glory of Christianity that it possesses the power of divesting this kind of magnanimity of its destructive qualities wherever they may happen to be combined with it. Of this the apostle Paul is a wondrous instance. Had he been another Philip's son, without the grace of God, he had been a second Alexander. *This* greatness of soul, however, is always associated with greatness of intellect; and I remember no instance in which it has been destructive except when allied with stupendous mental power—while it deserves especial notice that the association does not necessarily imply destruction. It is to cases of the latter class chiefly, that history has spoken, for the obvious reason, that their fatal operations lay within her province. Immense intellectual power, on the other hand, may exist without a particle of magnanimity. History abundantly attests this fact; magnanimity and great intellectual capacity, therefore, must not be confounded. Perhaps in none did they ever meet in more complete equality of measure than in Alexander, whose generosity was, beyond doubt, as great as his genius; but it appears to me, that, in both, he was much excelled by Columbus. Napoleon and even Cæsar were very defective in magnanimity, as compared with their superabundant intellect. John Williams, on the other hand, was deficient in intellect as compared with his magnanimity. This magnanimity was one of the chief elements of the wonderful character of Solomon. It is set forth as an article distinct from understanding. "God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and *largeness of heart*, even as the sand that is on the sea shore." This "largeness of heart" is the very thing meant by the following passage, "the liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand."

The magnanimity of Williams, philosophically speaking,

was the real cause of his amazing success in dealing with mankind. He easily believed that what he was ready to do for others, they would not refuse to do for him. This noble feeling prompted what to little souls seemed his extravagances. It led him to believe that the Christians of England would provide him with a ship, and they gave it! It inspired him with confidence to ask the Corporation of London for money to promote his object, and they bestowed it! It prompted his application to many of the nobles of England to aid him in the work of missions—and they did it! The measure of his expectations and demands was taken from his own heart, which, in this matter, never misled him. He found what all will find, that according as he meted it was meted to him again:

"Victor volentes per populos dat jura."

Philanthropy was a marked feature in the character of Williams. This quality, which signifies the love of man, is one of the choicest ornaments of our nature. It is the basis of all true and lasting glory. Although it never exists in perfection except in union with the love of God; yet so essential is it to man's notion of a superior human character, that the ancients set great store by it as a chief moral virtue. PLATO lays down the doctrine, that "we are not born for ourselves alone; but that our native country, our friends and relations, have a just claim and title to some part of us." Cicero, in the most important of all his works, admirably expounds this doctrine of Plato and of the Stoics: he insists that "whatsoever is created on earth, was merely designed for the service of man, and men themselves for the service, benefit, and assistance of one another. In this (he continues) we certainly ought to be followers of nature, and second her intentions; and by doing all that lies in our power for the general interest, by mutual acts of kindness, by our

knowledge, industry, riches, or other means, we should endeavour to keep up that benevolence and fellowship which ought to subsist among men."* The finest passage of antiquity upon this subject is the following from the same illustrious pen:—"When we have gone over all the relations in the world, and thoroughly considered the nature of each, we shall find none more binding, none more intimate or dearer, than that which we all bear to the commonwealth. We have a tender concern and regard for our parents, for our children, our kindred, and acquaintance, but the love which we have for our native country swallows up all other affections whatsoever; for his country no man of honour would refuse to die, if by his death he could do it any needful service. Now, if there should be any conflict or competition between these relations, which of them ought to preponderate? Our first regard is due to our country and our parents, to whom we lie under the most endearing obligation; the next to our children and household, who look up to us alone, and have nobody else they can depend upon; next in order come our kindred and relations, whose fortunes are generally connected with our own."†

This, Sir, as you well know, is the utmost stretch of heathen philanthropy; properly speaking, it is not philanthropy at all. So far as the love of country is concerned, it is the love of an abstraction. So far as man is concerned, it is the love of a small part to the exclusion of the mighty remainder. Notwithstanding this restriction, it wrought a multitude of marvels in the earlier ages of the Roman commonwealth. The same principle—the principle of rendering every thing which relates to parts, subordinate to the interests of the whole—wrought wonders also in the first ages of Christianity. This fact did

* De Officiis, lib. i. cap. 7. † Ib. lib. i. cap. 18.

not escape the notice of the infidel historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, who, speaking of the church, says, "The safety of that society, its honour, its aggrandizement, were productive, even in the most pious minds, of a spirit of patriotism, such as the first of the Romans had felt for the republic."* The patriotism of Cicero was a poor, a selfish, and a grovelling passion, as compared with the philanthropy of Williams. The missionary's ruling passion was the love of man, in the largest acceptation of the term, without respect to colour, clime, or language. It was comprehensive of all the interests of humanity. It dealt with nations as with individuals, and maintained that the interests of each are perfectly compatible with the interests of all; and that as in the latter case so in the former, each is richest when it possesses nothing but its own. The philanthropy of Williams, however, comprehended not only all men through all time, but through eternity. This, Sir, this is the true philanthropy! It is co-extensive at once with the wants and the duration of human nature. Oh! how narrow, carnal, and creeping is philosophical philanthropy, as compared with that of the Christian missionary! In the single person of your son in the gospel, there was more philanthropy than in all the merely philosophical societies in Europe! Besides, Sir, his philanthropy was not "in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth." Poetic tears and the tropes of oratory are cheaply bestowed, and of no practical value; but the philanthropy of Williams cost him in the outset much that men hold dear; and, in the end, even life itself! The amount of his sacrifice, when he embarked for the South Seas, cannot easily be estimated. He began by freely giving up all the prospective gains of trade; he next became a voluntary exile from his

* Decline and Fall, chap. xv.

native country, the land of his fathers' sepulchres, the glory of kingdoms; he then tore himself from the endeared society of all his kindred, with little probability of seeing them again in this world. Then he deliberately stepped beyond the pale of civilization, to mingle with savage hordes; he lastly exchanged the ten thousand earthly comforts and all the religious privileges of an enlightened and polished nation, for the destitute barbarity of naked men. But this, Sir, was only the beginning of sacrifice. How did the enterprise proceed? He encountered the perils of the mighty deep, and on reaching Polynesia entered on a series of self-denying labours, unexampled in difficulties, danger, and discouragement. Nor were his sufferings purely personal; he was not alone; there was a second self, dearer than the first, in all whose afflictions he was afflicted. Behold the devoted pair, far away upon an isle of the Southern Ocean, without father, mother, sister, or friend, to aid, or soothe, or cheer, amid all the sorrows and solicitudes of life! Nor was this all. Their means of subsistence were far less than those of a respectable English mechanic, and poverty was their constant companion. I make no reflection on the invaluable Institution with which Williams was connected; the integrity of its administration, in all things, is not only above impeachment, but above praise. I merely state the fact, while I find the reason in the Directors' rigid economy of the Society's Funds—a point on which, indeed, they and their agents are as one, it being the policy of the former to pay, and the disposition of the latter to receive, no more than is absolutely indispensable to the lowest point of comfort. Indeed, I have had it from Mr. Williams's own lips, that his allowance was by no means sufficient for his necessities; but that, without a murmur, he drew his allotted salary, and supplied the deficiency from his own resources. Then, what was his

condition, for a season, in relation to the savage society around him? His labours were unsolicited; his presence was unwelcome; his endeavours at good were thankless; he was hourly liable to be expelled, and in daily peril of his life! But the thoughts of man cannot be confined to the present moment; he must be looking forward and endeavouring to pierce into the dread future! As a man, a father, and a husband, what did that future present to John Williams? Things of fearful import; things full of trial to the tender heart! He might at any hour, in those remote and barbarous isles, leave his wife a widow and his children orphans, without stay or hope but in their father's God! He might any year be constrained to return to his native land, broken in health, and useless for action, to pine and die, despised by the world, and by the church neglected and forgotten. These, and such as these, were among his prospects! This was part of the price he paid for the exercise of his philanthropy! Who, Sir, who can estimate the claims and merits of such a man? Oh! how few think, as they ought to think, of the position of the Christian missionary! Consider it, ye idle well-wishers to your race! Is it not time for you to do justice to the most useful, honourable, and meritorious class of mankind? As the friends of Williams, we may say in relation to him, with better reason than the poet:—

> "Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
> Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas."

Scriptural piety was a chief feature in the character and the main source of the philanthropy of Mr. Williams. The aspect of a man's religion will always be determined by his intellectual and moral constitution. This was peculiarly exemplified in the case of your spiritual son. His religion was simple, healthful, robust, and manly.

His views of the gospel were highly scriptural. Of the theology of the schools he knew but little; he took his creed from the Volume of Inspiration. He was no wrangler; yet he was a workman that needed not to be ashamed, for he rightly divided the word of truth. He was such a teacher as Paul or Timothy would, without a moment's hesitation, have ordained to the work of the ministry. Although not "mighty in the Scriptures," he was well acquainted with the word of God. Upon what is technically termed "experience," he was a safe guide and a fine model. Much that is in great repute, in some religious circles, had no place in his instructions; he had not within him one particle of what is called religious enthusiasm. In respect of his views and sentiments, all was pure, clear, and scriptural. He had no sympathy with the system of impulses and impressions, and vagaries of the fancy. Experience with him was not an end, but a means. He viewed it simply as the fruit of faith in a soul renewed and inhabited by the Spirit of God, and holding a middle place between the belief of the gospel and the obedience of the laws of Christ—as the effect of that belief and the source of this obedience. He considered this experience the end and object of all doctrinal knowledge and of all spiritual influence. He had large and luminous conceptions of the design of the Gospel; he by no means considered it merely as a scheme of comfort, nor even merely as a medium of pardon. This is the error of multitudes. He taught that, while it was the more limited province of the Gospel to heal the broken-hearted, and to comfort all that mourn, it was its more extended province to "sanctify the unclean," to purify men "from all filthiness of the flesh and of the spirit," and lead them to "perfect holiness in the fear of God." He well knew that seasons of peculiar sorrow are only occasional, but that seasons of temptation are perpetual; and he con-

ducted his ministrations accordingly. Every exhibition of truth had a practical bearing; the uniform tendency of his ministration of the gospel of mercy was, to elevate the soul, to form the character, to meeten men "to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." His views of the Divine character were remarkably clear, and, therefore, in the highest degree consolatory. He was himself a happy man, a cheerful Christian! They who saw him but for a few minutes would have pronounced him a man of a joyous spirit. He seemed to walk in the beams of a perpetual sunshine. In this respect, perhaps, no man ever formed a more striking contrast to David Brainerd. The dismal gloom, the deep depression, the lonely sorrow, of that holy but melancholy man, sadly contrasted with the peace, the comfort, the hope, and the gladness of the Martyr of Erromanga! Truly "the joy of the Lord was his strength." A man of melancholy temperament, a man with dark and doleful views of the gospel of mercy, is not a proper person to be sent to the field of missions. Clear ideas of the Saviour's person, work, and offices, and of the whole scheme of salvation, with an accurate impress of it upon the heart, and a lovely exhibition of it in the life, are essential qualifications of a good missionary; and such were those which distinguished the late Mr. Williams.

> "Inspicere tanquam in speculum in vitas omnium
> Jubeo atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi."

Liberality of spirit, my dear Sir, was another very marked feature of your son's character. This resulted from his benevolence and his piety: the former of these knew no bounds; and the latter was such as to bid God speed to all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. He was the friend of all who were the friends of Christ. His great liberality was also to be ascribed, in no small mea-

sure, to his early training in the Tabernacle, where the spirit of sects and parties had no place, and where the question of their comparative claims to an accordance with the Sacred Scriptures was never discussed or mentioned in his hearing. In that venerable house, indeed, at the period of his connexion with it, there was much, very much, ignorance upon points relating to ecclesiastical polity,—points which it is of the utmost importance for the people of God to understand, because of their spiritual and practical bearing. If, however, young Williams had received upon this subject no lessons of truth, neither had he of error. He went forth with his mind a comparative blank respecting all that appertains to controversy about church order and Christian ordinances. Wherever he found a consistent believer, he found a brother, and as such he was ready to embrace him. He knew no church but the church of Christ; he was for all that were for his Lord! A mind like his, however, so industrious and so inquisitive, was not likely to remain long without some settled notions on this great and important subject. When he arrived in England in 1834, he accordingly manifested a perfect acquaintance with it. He had become, from conviction sincere and deep, a Dissenter from the Church of England and from all Ecclesiastical Establishments. He perceived them to be rotten at the core—founded in fatal error, and irreconcilably hostile to the quiet of nations, the peace of churches, and the true interests of Christ's kingdom. This opinion he most firmly, though mildly, held; and, upon all proper occasions, was ready to avow it. But these correct views, upon this momentous question, did not in the least sour his temper, contract his heart, or cool the ardour of his charity. He was the same—unchanged and unchangeable—in his love to the people of God, and benevolence to the whole family of man. He had learned to love his prin-

ciples without hating his brethren! No man, for instance, was more opposed than he to some of the tenets, both religious and political, of the Wesleyan Methodists; yet hear how nobly he speaks of that most active and praiseworthy body:—"In my visit to Tongatabu, I was truly delighted to find that the missionaries had received a printing press, and that it was most actively engaged in preparing the word of life for the people. Its invaluable operations were commenced in 1831, and by November, 1832, twenty-nine thousand one hundred copies of small books, containing five millions seven hundred and seventy-two thousand pages, had been struck off. Such facts furnish delightful evidence of the untiring diligence of the missionaries who supplied the matter, and of the perseverance of Mr. Wood, who had charge of the mighty engine. Indeed, if sterling piety, and entire devotedness to the cause of God among the heathen, can ensure success, our Wesleyan brethren at the Friendly Islands will have a distinguished portion."*

> "Et meæ, si quid loquar audiendum,
> Vocis accedet bona pars."

Mechanical ingenuity was a striking feature in the character of Mr. Williams. He was highly endowed with the faculty of invention, and would have attained distinction had he devoted himself to the improved application of mechanic powers. The exercise of his genius in this direction was one of the sources of his amazing success in the missionary field. Magic and miracles would not have stood him in half the stead of his skill in the useful arts. His exhibitions in this way spoke to the senses of the savages, who stood in dumb amazement, and confessed the white man's superiority. The art to which he had

* Williams, p. 123.

been specially bred—that of a smith,—was, of all arts, to him infinitely the most important. The art of working in iron stands at the head of all others: they are all subordinate to it, and dependent upon it. In no country has civilization ever been known to precede the use of iron. It is essential as an instrument in the cultivation of the soil, and in the production of every comfort of civilized life. Combined with this highly important fact, is the well-known circumstance, that the art of working in iron surpasses in usefulness all other arts, as much as iron itself surpasses all other materials put in requisition by the wants and habits of civilized life. Cicero well observes that there is an affinity among the sciences, so that he who has become an adept in one, is, to some extent, initiated in the rest. So likewise is it in regard to languages. But besides the affinities,—the principles common to them all,—there are leading sciences, and leading languages, the mastery of which renders further conquests an easy achievement. The analogy is complete in the case before us. He who has thoroughly acquired the art of working in iron will be at no loss, though at first but rudely, to work in other substances. All sorts of wood-work, house-building, ship-building, agricultural implements, and all that is necessary to the early stages of civilization, will come within his province and his power. The mathematical principles of these two trades, in particular, have much in common; and working in wood is simple and easy compared with iron.

These facts explain the secret of Mr. Williams's remarkable skill in all mechanical operations—operations which, in the first instance, constituted his great charm in the eyes of the poor natives—operations which so amazingly contributed to his success in promoting civilization,—and operations which form one of the chief and most interesting features of his "Enterprises." Had he been bred to any

other art, he would have made a very different and a very subordinate figure in Polynesia. Had he gone to any other part of the mission field, his skill in working iron, and his great mechanical genius, had been of comparatively little use, and, in most places, of absolutely none. Had he been appointed to the West Indies, to Hindostan, to China, to Madagascar, or to South Africa, he would still have been a respectable missionary; but he would never have shone with that peculiar and peerless splendour which now surrounds his name. No man ever owed more to providential circumstances than John Williams: they made him. No man, on the other hand, ever more promptly and aptly met the enlarged and ever-varying demands of such circumstances, mastered their current, and turned them to his purpose.

In all great movements, priority is immortality. There can no more be a second Williams than a second Diaz, a second Columbus, or a second Newton. From first to last, events conspired to stamp his character with an undying reputation. His labours in Polynesia,—the record of those labours in the "Enterprises,"—his favour in the eyes of the noblest aristocracy of England,—the original idea of a missionary ship,—his public embarkation for the field of his ministerial triumphs,—the martyrdom of Erromanga,—this, my dear Sir, was a series of events which could not fail to secure for John Williams a niche in the temple of immortality; and if, in after ages, some educated Polynesian shall be called to furnish the inscription, he will write,—

> "—— Qui prægravat artes
> Infra se positas, extinctus amabitur idem."

A spirit of adventure strongly marked the character of Mr. Williams. His undaunted soul bore him through a multitude of difficulties which would have deterred most

men. Yet, with all his courage, he was far from being rash. Prudence regulated every movement of his life; and, till the fatal hour of his martyrdom on the ruthless shores of Erromanga, we see, upon all occasions, one uniform course of manly courage, combined with undeviating discretion. He was in his element when searching for a new island, or prosecuting some discovery in science or in human nature. He dwelt in conversation, as well as in his volume, with great delight, upon the facts of the history of those islands of which he was the first European discoverer. Cook himself did not go forth with greater zeal to extend the boundaries of geographical knowledge.

The position of Williams, when he went out the second time, was peculiar. The purchase and outfit of the *Camden* was an extraordinary affair. No missionary agent had ever an honour of that description conferred upon him; and, perhaps, none had ever had presented before him, in more alluring visions, the prospects of extended usefulness. When Mr. Williams left England, it was with the fullest confidence of hope, that, in the course of a few years, he would return. I have reason to believe that he looked onward to the close of that period with strong and cheering anticipations. I know it. He fondly expected with great joy once more to meet the much-loved friends to whose liberality he owed his vessel, with all that it carried out to Polynesia. The arrival in England,—the first appearance at the Mission-house,—the thanksgiving service we had planned to be held in the Tabernacle, which had witnessed his solemn departure,—the sight of his dear old friends there, in the metropolis, and throughout the provinces: all these anticipations, and a multitude besides, of a kindred character, rose like distant pyramids in the wilderness of the dread future, and delighted his imagination. But, alas! in an hour when we little thought of it, his brilliant career was cut short on the beach of Erro-

manga,—an event concerning which neither you, my dear Sir, nor I, can ever cease to say,—

> " Quem semper acerbum,
> Semper honoratum (sic Dii voluistis) habebo!"

Diligent perseverance in whatever he undertook was a strikingly prominent feature in the character of our friend. It were difficult to find a man less fitful; he was emphatically what is termed " a plodder." His genius had none of that waywardness, caprice, and instability which so often prove the ruin of the most gifted men. He had no idea of exemption from the settled condition of human excellence,—namely, incessant toil. Perhaps one chief means of his preservation from this evil was, the defect of his imaginative faculty; for, as I have already stated, although his powers of mechanical invention were vast, he was wanting in that power which gives birth to aerial creations, and which too frequently bewilders its possessors amid the deceitful blaze of its own ethereal fires. He hoped every thing from labour, under the guidance of Heaven; without it—nothing. He was equally superior to weariness and to negligence. Industry was the usual element he breathed in; he could not be idle, neither could he be in a bustle. Had he been escaping from a sinking ship, or a burning house, he would have proceeded with deliberation. Indeed, humanly speaking, he died through deliberation!

The truth is, Mr. Williams did not know that he was a genius till the people of England told him; and even then, he was not quite clear about it; hence he claimed no superiority over the rest of his species. He believed that what *he* did was practicable by every one who would bestow the necessary effort. John Williams was not one of those who congratulate themselves upon their intellectual dignity, and usurp the privileges of genius,—who consider that *they* are so prodigiously enriched by the bounty of nature

as to command usefulness or immortality on easy terms. "Men have sometimes appeared of such transcendent abilities, that their slightest and most cursory performances excel all that labour and study can enable meaner intellects to perform; as there are regions of which the spontaneous products cannot be equalled in other soils by care and culture. But it is no less dangerous for any man to place himself in this rank of understanding, and fancy that he is born to be illustrious without labour, than to omit the cares of husbandry, and expect from his ground the blossoms of Arabia?"*

Mr. Williams was a man who did justice to the gospel of Christ. He was a *working man!* He *laboured* in the vineyard! The home ministry, in a former age, was too much an affair of gentility. The pastor viewed himself, and he was viewed by the world, as a gentleman—a man in easy circumstances—one whose duties were limited to the Sabbath-day. He was, by many, considered as a man of fashion, a man of fortune, or at least, a man of leisure. The public had no conception that it was his province, or his duty, to labour like the professors of Law and Medicine. Hence the Christian ministry, with most people, whether Dissenters or Churchmen, was viewed as little more than a sinecure. While those fine gentlemen enjoyed their felicity, the cause of Christ languished, and, in thousands of places, died! The rise of Methodism did much to awaken Zion's watchmen from their guilty slumbers; the preachers of the movement became at once an example and a reproach to the elder and more dignified occupants of the vineyard. Wesley exhibited a pattern which he expected his preachers to multiply. He uniformly maintained, that defects in the flock were but the faithful reflection of defects in the shepherds. In answer

* Rambler, No. 169.

to the question, "Why is it that people under our care are no better?" he replies, "Other reasons may concur; but the chief is, because we are not more knowing and more holy." "But why are we not more knowing?" "Because we are idle. We forget our very first rule, 'Be diligent. Never be unemployed a moment. Never be triflingly employed. Never while away time; neither spend any more time at any place than is strictly necessary.' I fear there is altogether a fault in this matter, and that few of us are clear. *Which of you spends as many hours a day in God's work as you did formerly in man's work?* We must, absolutely must, cure this evil, or betray the cause of God!"* Williams was a man very much after the heart of Wesley; in many points he was another Alexander Mather, a man whose virtues and zeal strongly commended him to the confidence and love of the great reformer. John Williams was a beautiful model to the youthful missionary in every clime, but especially in the South Seas. It may be truly said, that whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with all his might. His "Enterprises" form a lovely commentary upon his career. Even the Commentaries of Cæsar, which, in all ages, have been the admiration of scholars, do not give a more vivid picture of sleepless vigilance, indomitable courage, and unconquerable perseverance, than the work of Williams. The physical power of both was of signal service in enabling them to bear up under their amazing toils. A bodily vigour less robust than Williams possessed, had not sufficed for his house-building and ship-building operations, and for the varied toils and hardships of his arduous vocation. But in this and every thing else he was admirably fitted for the work assigned him. Yes, Sir; and if, in many things, we cannot imitate, we can at least admire him, and say, with Propertius,—

* Large Minutes, Q. 31, 32.

> " Quod si deficiant vires, audacia certè
> Laus erit; in magnis et voluisse sat est."

Such, Sir, is a faint outline of the character of your much loved son, and my much lamented friend. The churches of Christ congratulate you on the signal, the inexpressible honour of having been the instrument chosen by God to bring this great man to the knowledge of the truth. What are all honours, civil, military, or academic, when compared with this honour? Had the discourse to which he owed his conversion been your first, and had you dropped into eternity and returned to God, after leaving the pulpit, on that memorable night, your life would still have been an event of unutterable importance—an event for which angels, could such a passion enter their hearts, might be tempted to envy you! Every other circumstance in your history apart, you will receive an immortality on earth from your now glorified son. Your names will go down together to the remotest posterity. You will meet in the world of spirits and of bliss. Before the throne of joy, when all secrets shall be disclosed, he will claim you as his father, and you will embrace him as your son! He will not be your only child. I know others who will, on that occasion, stand by his side, and proclaim themselves equally indebted to your instrumentality; but he will be your chief joy and the choicest gem in your crown of rejoicing. The day of judgment alone will reveal the full measure of the effects which will have flowed from causes that he put into operation for the conversion of our world. Is " he that winneth souls wise?" Will " they who turn many to righteousness shine as stars for ever and ever?" What then must be the glory of John Williams? As his father in Christ, what prospects are yours? In his honour you are deeply interested, for you will share it. Through you came the light of life to his soul, which

he, in turn, will there be found to have imparted unto millions! Such facts, and such thoughts, amid all the trials and disappointments of the pastoral life, are full of encouragement and comfort. May you, my dear Sir, always continue to enjoy such rich and satisfying consolations!

Now comes the end. After all, the recollection forces itself upon my soul that I am speaking of a murdered man! He was, I believe, somewhat my junior, and yet his course is finished; his work is done, and he is now reaping his reward. He is mingling with prophets, apostles, and missionaries, of all ages and countries. Oh! could he again descend among us for a brief space, and have the privilege of once more addressing us on the claims of Christ, the cruelties and horrors of idolatry, the miseries and wants of the heathen, the duty and privilege of the churches, what a movement would he excite in our land! How enlarged, now, are his views of the gospel salvation! How improved his perceptions of the evil of sin! With what depth would he teach! With what tenderness exhort! With what love entreat! With what solemnity warn! With what force and feeling urge the saints to the diffusion of the truth! But it cannot be! His commission is closed! He will not be heard on earth again till the heavens be no more!

In addition to that which is common to me with all Christians, I feel a peculiar interest in Mr. Williams' death, in consequence of the connexion which obtained between him and my flock, of which he and his dear partner were both members. I had conceived an intense affection for him. On the night when his farewell services were held in the Tabernacle, and when, in the name of my flock, I addressed him, I little thought that I should so soon see you, in the same pulpit which was that night occupied by him, preaching his funeral sermon! So un-

welcome, indeed, was the intelligence of his death, that I rejected the evidence, and withheld credence as long as possible. But unbelief was compelled to give way to a sorrowful conviction of the sad reality, and I was at length reduced to the necessity of proclaiming to my charge, that he was indeed no more! To me, I can truly say, the occasion was one of agony, I felt as a man who had lost an elder, and an only, brother. Even now, I cannot recur to the tragical subject without emotion; neither, I am sure, can you.

> "Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit
> Nulli flebilior quam mihi."—*Hor.*

In your Funeral Sermon, you urged the duty of cherishing a spirit of forgiveness; you expatiated on the attributes of the great Missionary, and on the extent of our loss, urging us to follow it up by redoubled prayer and activity,—exhibiting Christ and his Apostles as patterns of the conduct which you recommended. Such were the main points of the first part of your discourse; you next descanted on the probable effects which this melancholy occasion for the exercise of a spirit of forgiveness, might produce, in furtherance of the gospel. These effects you thus exhibited: it might tend to correct errors, and to improve the spirit of surviving advocates;—it might ultimately be attended with the happiest results upon the hearts of the inhabitants of Erromanga;—it might be productive of highly beneficial effects on the surrounding islanders;—it might induce men to come forward in larger numbers to promote the glorious enterprise of Missions;—and it might contribute to make the subject itself more seriously pondered by a thoughtless world. There is reason to believe, that, to a considerable extent, all these anticipations will be realized. The shock has passed away, but the substantial lessons thus taught are not forgotten.

Williams "being dead yet speaketh," and his voice will be heard throughout these realms for ages yet to come. I look upon his death as an event of great importance to the cause of missions; and, in conclusion, I beg to lay before you some of the views which have occurred to me in revolving the sorrowful dispensation.

It is enough to say, at the very outset, The Lord hath done it! The violent death of Williams was part of the system of Divine arrangements adopted by the All-wise God, respecting Polynesia. There has been disappointment here, but none in heaven. Had it been left to you and me to order the rest of his lot on earth, we should have brought matters to a very different conclusion. We should have doomed him to at least some thirty more years of exile from his Father's house and his elder brothers' society; and, to complete our erring kindness, we should have supplied him with a bed of down to die upon, a parting look of his family and friends, a splendid funeral, and a copious epitaph. How different from all this was the plan of his Master! We can be at no loss to divine which of the two is the better way in the estimation of our friend, now in glory.

"—— Quæ fuit durum pati,
Meminisse dulce est."

The laws of harmony require the end to be in accordance with the way. The history of true greatness ought, therefore, like itself, to form a climax. Thus hath it been with the bulk of this world's illustrious names. The devastating course of Alexander terminated in a manner suitable to his character. A burning and rapid fever, which cut him off amidst spears and shields, meetly closed his intemperate and fiery career! The sanguinary end of Cæsar, too, was in perfect keeping with his dreadful progress, every step of which was stained with the blood of man!

Charles XII. could not have finished more appropriately than he did his brief, mad race of reckless courage. All mere men of letters, endowed with true historic and dramatic tastes, feel that Napoleon should have died at Waterloo. For the man who had stilled the most dreadful and all-devouring revolutionary storm of ruin that ever swept the surface of a great nation,—who had amalgamated hostile parties of the greatest power and the fiercest spirit,—who had rallied and invigorated the hearts of prostrate millions,—who had established a government of iron strength, and an empire of gigantic dimensions,—who had not only quelled the kings, but subverted the thrones, of Europe; for such a man to end his days in lonely exile and fettered durance on a barren rock of the ocean, like some petty pirate, was humiliation indeed!

"The desolater desolate!
The victor overthrown!
The arbiter of others' fate,
A suppliant for his own!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed the earth with hostile bones?"

Then there is Cook,—Albion's glory, and the world's wonder,—was it to be endured that the bones of Cook should moulder in Westminster Abbey? What place so fit for their repose as an island of his own discovery? Was not Owhyhee their proper place of sepulture? His was a death worthy of his matchles maritime glory. The idea of such a man's decease amid the soft obscurities of British retirement, perhaps some half century posterior to the achievement of his matchless triumphs—his widow died but the other day—is not to be tolerated. It would have robbed the record of such triumphs of half its interest, themselves of more than half their worth, and of all their tragic grandeur. You have doubtless often felt with me that the remarkable life of Captain Wilson, of the *Duff*,

had a tame and insipid conclusion. He dropped into comparative insignificance; and his death excited little more notice than that of a pious and worthy Thames waterman. What Cook was in his own department, that Williams was in his; the career of the seaman shone resplendent with maritime, the career of the missionary with moral, glory. They were both Englishmen—the sphere of both their labours was Polynesia;—the one represented England's power and science, the other her piety and humanity; both had earned the confidence of their country, and the admiration of mankind;—both were killed with the club of the savage. Behold the parallel! Who ought to wish it otherwise, either in respect of the mariner or the missionary?

> "Ut nec pes, nec caput uni
> Reddatur formæ!"

It deserves calm consideration, that like Cook the work of Williams was near a close. The life of Cook would have added but little to the records of maritime discovery. Like Nelson, he fell not till the victory was decided. Little more in Polynesia was left for him to discover; and, although he had lived, it did not follow that he should have been the discoverer of the stray isles which had escaped his notice. He had reaped the harvest; to others he could afford to leave the gleanings. All this finds a strange analogy in the case of Williams. The romance of his career was past and gone. In the nature of things, it was impossible to add much of the marvellous to what he had achieved. It seems to me pretty certain that the issue of a four or five years' cruise in the *Camden* would have been a disappointment. Like the Society's Deputation, it would have proved a project of more splendour than practical utility. The chief groups have all been more or less invested by the Missionaries of the London,

Wesleyan, and American Societies; and what remains can be overtaken by the use of ordinary means. That the *Camden* will be a matter of great convenience and substantial comfort to the agents at the stations of the different groups and isles, there can be little doubt; but it remains to be seen whether that accommodation, highly desirable as it may be, can be permanently enjoyed, unless at an expense which the Directors of the Society will hardly feel warranted to incur. Be this as it may, I have a conviction which will not be easily shaken, that, had our friend survived, the result of the expedition would have been—disappointment. All that remained to be done was a very plain, unpoetic, and every-day sort of affair. He could have done but little, because little was to be done, that cannot be as successfully performed by several of his surviving brethren in the South Seas.

Much reflection has convinced me, that, for popular effect, for the reputation of Mr. Williams, and for the purposes of history, he died in the proper manner, at the proper place, and at the proper time. Instead of losing ourselves in idle gazing on the awful abyss of futurity, and guessing about what might have happened had he survived, it becomes us to rein in our fancy, and allow our judgment to examine the facts of his marvellous history, and to weigh well what he has done. Calm inquiry on this point will, perhaps, establish the conclusion that he had performed all that can be wisely permitted to one man, and that more usefulness and more honour would have been as incompatible with his own safety as with the Divine purpose. As in earth, so in heaven,—

> "Vivite felices quibus est fortuna peracta
> Jam sua!"

Before me lies the memorandum left by Mr. Williams on the day preceding his death:—"This is a most memo-

rable day, a day which will be transmitted to posterity; and the record of events which have this day happened will exist long after those who have taken an active part in them shall have retired into the shades of oblivion; and the results of this day will be ———" I know not what to make of this extraordinary passage; I am equally touched and perplexed by it. Hitherto we have heard of nothing done to signalize this 18th of November, 1839, except leaving some teachers at Tanna, an event of so common a character, and so disproportionate to the intensely glowing expressions of the memorandum, that one impatiently asks for something more—something which will warrant and sustain its language—language so unlike the ordinary manner of the calm, cool, and simple Williams. But, my dear Sir, shall we not wait in vain? Was there not in the memorandum something prophetic? Did not our departed friend, like the prophets of old, write words of which he saw not the full import? Was not the prediction of the 18th verified in the catastrophe of the 20th? In this view the expression of the memorandum is not exaggerated: it is barely sufficient to clothe the awful facts. Yes, the prediction will have a full accomplishment. The day of the martyrdom of Williams is indeed "a most memorable day, a day which will be transmitted to posterity." I cannot doubt that the servant of God wrote—though unconsciously—under a supernatural impression—a feeling of high, very high excitement: and it continued; for when, on the next day, the *Camden* sighted Erromanga, the narrator says, "Mr. Williams was excited with such an intense desire to leave the native teachers there, that he could hardly sleep." Ah! he little thought that he was to leave, not them, but his own body!

The readers of the "Missionary Enterprises" will now be taught to connect with the death of Mr. Williams a circumstance which had occurred full fifteen years before, as detailed in the following passage:—

"My mind had, for some time before this, been contemplating the extension of our labours to the Navigators' Islands and the New Hebrides; and, as far back as 1824, I wrote to the directors of the Missionary Society upon the subject. As the gospel was now established at the Hervey Islands, I began more seriously to think of taking a voyage to those distant groups; and, prior to my leaving Raiatea, I communicated my wishes to Mrs. Williams; who, on learning that the islands I proposed to visit were from 1800 to 2000 miles distant, and that I should be absent about six months, exclaimed, 'How can you suppose that I can give my consent to such a strange proposition? You will be eighteen hundred miles away, six months absent, and among the most savage people we are acquainted with; and if you should lose your life in the attempt, I shall be left a widow, with my fatherless children, twenty thousand miles from my friends and my home.' Finding her so decidedly opposed to the undertaking, I did not mention it again, although my mind was still fixed upon the object."* Yes, his apostolic "mind was still fixed upon the object;" and, so soon as he was able, to the New Hebrides he went, and at the New Hebrides he fell!

At a subsequent period he was still bent upon visiting the New Hebrides, prior to his arrival in England, but was deterred by "the painfully distressing accounts he received" at Tongatabu.† Throughout all his course he was in constant danger,—"in perils by water, and in perils by land." For the *sixth* time, he "was rescued from a watery grave" on the shores of Atiu.‡ He had also narrowly escaped death from shooting and from stabbing. Till the arrival of the predestined hour, however, he was immortal; but then, in a moment, when full of security, he was cut off, in the midst of his strength and usefulness.

* Williams, p. 37. † Ibid., p. 79. ‡ Ibid., p. 70.

" —— Ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini est, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet."

Dear departed friend! in what region of the universe is thine abode? What are the bounds and laws of thy sphere of action, knowledge, and vision? Does it comprehend our world? Art thou a ministering angel to thy weeping widow and scattered orphans? Hast thou access to the field of thy former toils? Hast thou been allowed to visit Raiatea, Rarotonga, and Upolu, and to brood, with forgiving solicitude, over the shores of Erromanga? Hast thou returned to England, and revisited the temple in which thou wast born of God? Has thou penetrated the studious retirement of thy "father in Christ?" Wast thou present when we lately met, and largely conversed of thee? Have thy sublimed faculties witnessed my affectionate and reverential meditations during the composition of these letters? Is it permitted thee to hover above my page, and note its record? Is thy gentle spirit now before me? Oh that thou wouldst speak! Oh for one day of free converse! But the wish is vain:—

" Ille discessit: ego somno solutus sum."

LETTER X.

TO THE REV. THOMAS GILLESPIE, D.D., PROFESSOR OF LATIN IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS.

INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL GREATNESS COMPARED AND ILLUSTRATED FROM HUME, BYRON, THE ANCIENT CLASSICS, AND THE LATE JOHN WILLIAMS.

My Dear Sir,—Your high and sympathetic genius, combined with your generosity and humanity, have induced me to address you in the present letter. Independently of this, however, there are other weighty considerations which might have prompted me to do so. My personal obligations to that ancient and famous seat of learning, the University of St. Andrews, in which you hold so important and influential a station;—to its Literary and Philosophical Society, with which also you are associated;—to that first of European scholars, your illustrious relative and predecessor, the late Dr. Hunter;—and last, not least, to yourself;—these are circumstances, any one of which would have dictated the propriety and duty of such a dedication. In this volume, however, personal considerations have, in all cases, been excluded; and the individuals to whom the Letters are inscribed have been chosen solely on the ground of congruity between their characters and the subjects on which they have been respectively addressed. Your love of literature, of liberty, of peace, and of mankind, insure an abundant sympathy

with the sentiments about to be avowed. With CICERO, in his preface to Atticus, prefixed to his CATO MAJOR, I can say, "Novi enim moderationem animi tui et æquitatem: teque non cognomen solùm Athenis deportâsse, sed humanitatem et prudentiam intelligo. Et tamen te suspicor iisdem rebus, quibus meipsum interdum graviùs commoveri: quarum consolatio et major est, et in aliud tempus differenda. Nunc autem mihi visum est de senectute aliquid ad te conscribere. Hoc enim onère, quod mihi commune tecum est, aut jam urgentis, aut certè adventantis senectutis, et te et meipsum levari volo. Etsi te quidem id modicè ac sapienter, sicut omnia, et ferre, et laturum esse certè scio. Sed mihi, cum de senectute aliquid vellem scribere, tu occurrebas dignus eo munere, quo uterque nostrum communiter uteretur." With the modification necessarily implied, and easily understood, these words of the great Roman express my sentiments and object. I now proceed to lay before you my views of one of the greatest subjects that can occupy the mind of man—a subject the more interesting to you, perhaps, from its extreme importance in relation to your literary functions.

You know full well, Sir, that *Intellect* is the great Idol, and its culture the chief business, of the juvenile myriads who resort to our universities. Moral greatness is by them but slightly heeded: it is, indeed, seldom mentioned, little desired, and less pursued. I now look back, with views much altered, to the course of study pursued both at St. Andrews and at Glasgow, during the period of my attendance at those seats of learning. I can now perceive that immense improvements might be introduced into all the classes, but especially into those of Latin, Greek, Logic, and Ethics. The manner in which these classes used to be conducted, rendered them fearfully perilous to the piety of spiritually minded young

men. Their tendency was, and that most decidedly, anti-Christian. The man who prosecuted his studies in the light of eternity, and contemplated the bearing of all his academic pursuits upon the service of Christ, the glory of God, and the good of mankind, as the true end of life, had much to grieve and discourage him. The air of academic groves was not, to such a man, the air of heaven. The genius which there presided was the genius of heathenism. The whole system required a thorough reformation. There was nothing done to infuse right views either of study or of life,—nothing to purify and regulate the fires of literary and philosophic ambition, which burned and blazed so fiercely, and with such a lurid flame, in a multitude of bosoms. The consequence was often lamentable. I speak from close observation, as well as from bitter experience. In the four classes which I have mentioned, frequent and most seasonable opportunities occur for passing remarks from the Professor's chair, which would have more weight with the confiding and admiring auditors than a hundred languid homilies from the pulpits of the college chapels. It will be a happy day for these nations when all professors of colleges shall awake to the ineffable importance of the question of true greatness. Public opinion must be corrected; and the work should begin at the fountains of light. Let the ministers of the Word, professors of law and medicine, men of letters, teachers of youth, conductors of the press, patriots, rulers, and statesmen,—let all these classes be thoroughly enlightened on this point, and it will be a sure pledge that the regeneration of our world is at hand. It is above all things to be desired that our Academic Senates should be deeply moved to consider the question of true moral greatness, of the importance of missions, and of the evils of war. They are training the future intellectual sovereigns of the

empire. Theirs is the high and awful responsibility of forming the principles and characters of this important portion of the rising race. College opinions are, for the most part, the opinions of future life: they are seldom exchanged for better. May every chair of every college be soon filled by men like-minded with yourself and your liberal colleagues!

The best interests of the British empire, and of all nations, are deeply, vitally involved in this subject. Ought not our colleges to guide the intellectual movements of the earth? This is their province; it should be their pride. If the guides are blind, who shall conduct the millions? Light has begun to break forth. A Scottish student, who found an early grave, Robert Pollok, the immortal author of "The Course of Time," has set a high example to his academic brethren, in thus laying down the doctrine of the relative excellence of Mental and of Moral Greatness. He boldly asserts,—

"That not in *mental*, but in *moral* worth,
God excellence placed; and only to the good,
To virtue, granted happiness alone.

"Admire the goodness of Almighty God!
He riches gave, He *intellectual strength*,
To *few*, and therefore none commands to be
Or rich, or learned; nor promises reward
Of peace to these. On *all* He *moral worth*
Bestowed, and moral tribute asked from all.
And who that could not pay? Who born so poor,
Of intellect so mean, as not to know
What seemed the best; and, knowing, might not do?
As not to know what God and conscience bade,
And what they bade not able to obey?
And he who acted thus fulfilled the law
Eternal, and its promise reaped of peace;

Found peace this way alone: who sought it else,
Sought mellow grapes beneath the icy pole,
Sought blooming roses on the cheek of death,
Sought substance in a world of fleeting shades."*

The poet not only thus lays down correctly the great principles of the subject, but likewise illustrates them by three appropriate characters. The first is that of a person whose intellect stood at the very lowest point of rationality, and runs thus:—

"One man there was, and many such you might
Have met, who never had a dozen thoughts
In all his life, and never changed their course,
But told them o'er, each in its customed place,
From morn till night, from youth till hoary age.
Little above the ox which grazed the field
His reason rose; so weak his memory,
The name his mother called him by, he scarce
Remembered; and his judgment so untaught,
That what at evening played along the swamp,
Fantastic, clad in robe of fiery hue,
He thought the devil in disguise, and fled
With quivering heart and winged footsteps home.
The word philosophy he never heard,
Or science; never heard of liberty,
Necessity, or laws of gravitation;
And never had an unbelieving doubt.
Beyond his native vale he never looked,
But thought the visual line that girt him round
The world's extreme; and thought the silver moon,
That nightly o'er him led her virgin host,
No broader than his father's shield. He lived,—
Lived where his father lived, died where he died,
Lived happy, and died happy, and was saved.
Be not surprised: he loved and served his God!"

* Course of Time, book iv.

In this touching picture we see how piety exalts weakness, and how the feeblest being may yet promote the glory of his Creator. Even the tiny moth, when connected with God, is at once lifted into importance. This example presents one of the lowest conceivable exhibitions of moral greatness. The knowledge, love, and service of God, nevertheless, imparted to the little spark of intellect a beauty and a worth which, independently of these accompaniments, could not have belonged to the mind of a Bacon or a Newton. The poet, in order to illustrate his principle, that moral is superior to mental greatness, draws a second portrait, of which the infidel Hume is the subject. Intellectually considered, it is drawn to the life. The subtle sophist was never so briefly and accurately depicted. The portraiture does ample justice to his vast intellectual powers, but it is exceedingly defective in its exhibition of his moral pravity, and his empoisoned malignity against God. It runs thus:—

> "There was another, large of understanding,
> Of memory infinite, of judgment deep,
> Who knew all learning, and all science knew;
> And all phenomena in heaven and earth;
> Traced their causes; traced the labyrinths
> Of thought, association, passion, will;
> And all the subtle, nice affinities
> Of matter traced; its virtues, motions, laws;
> And most familiarly and deeply talked
> Of mental, moral, natural, divine.
> Leaving the earth at will, he soared to heaven,
> And read the glorious visions of the skies;
> And to the music of the rolling spheres
> Intelligently listened; and gazed far back
> Into the awful depths of Deity;
> Did all that mind assisted most could do;
> And ye in misery lived, in misery died,
> Because he wanted holiness of heart."

We have here a most striking picture of intellectual greatness. Does it captivate? Can a Christian for a moment desire to be such a man, full of knowledge, but void of goodness?—familiar with creation, but ignorant of God? All the philosopher's science yields no happiness, because it works no holiness. Hume never once tasted true felicity; and in this condition he left the world. Is he to be envied? Ought he to be praised?

But, reserving comment, we must attend to the third character drawn by the poet in illustration of his principle. The subject of this most graphic sketch was the late Lord Byron, Pollok's own contemporary. The portrait is, in its chief features, as true as it is awful.

"Take an example, to our purpose quite:
A man of rank, and of capacious soul,
Who riches had, and fame beyond desire;
An heir of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation, and luxurious life.
Yet, not content with ancestorial name,
Or to be known because his fathers were,
He on his height hereditary stood,
And gazing higher, purposed in his heart
To take another step. Above him seemed,
Alone, the mount of song, the lofty seat
Of canonized bards; and thitherward,
By nature taught, and inward melody,
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.
No cost was spared. What books he wished, he read;
What sage to hear, he heard; what scenes to see,
He saw. And first in rambling school-boy days,
Britannia's mountain-walks, and heath-girt lakes,
And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,
And maids, as dewdrops pure and fair, his soul
With grandeur filled, and melody, and love.
Then travel came, and took him where he wished.
He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp;
And mused alone on ancient mountain brows;
And mused on battle-fields, where valour fought

In other days; and mused on ruins grey
With years; and drank from old and fabulous wells;
And plucked the vine that first-born prophets plucked;
And mused on famous tombs, and on the wave
Of ocean mused, and on the desert waste.
The heaven and earth of every country saw,
Where'er the old inspiring genii dwelt,
Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
Thither he went, and meditated there.
He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced.
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And opened new fountains in the human heart.
Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home,
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling whiles;
He from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped, as though
It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon 'the Ocean's mane,'
And played familiar with his hoary locks.
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Appenines,
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend;
And wove his garland with the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist, the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance, seemed;
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.
Sun, moon, stars, and clouds, his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,
His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed. All passions of all men,
The wild and tame, the gentle and severe;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
All creeds, all seasons, time, eternity;
All that was hated, and all that was dear;

All that was hoped, all that was feared, by man,
He tossed about, as tempest-withered leaves,
Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.
With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness;
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself;
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
So ocean from the plains his waves had late
To desolation swept, retired in pride,
Exulting in the glory of his might,
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

"As some fierce comet, of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence, as it passed,
So he through learning and through fancy took
His flight sublime, and on the loftiest top
Of Fame's dread mountain sat; not soiled and worn,
As if he from the earth had laboured up;
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there to see what lay beneath.

"The nations gazed, and wondered much, and praised.
Critics before him fell in humble plight,
Confounded fell, and made debasing signs
To catch his eye; and stretched and swelled themselves
To bursting nigh, to utter bulky words
Of admiration vast; and many, too,
Many that aimed to imitate his flight,
With weaker wing, unearthly fluttering made,
And gave abundant sport to after days.

"Great man! the nations gazed and wondered much,
And praised; and many called his evil good.
Wits wrote in favour of his wickedness;
And kings to do him honour took delight.
Thus, full of titles, flattery, honour, fame,
Beyond desire, beyond ambition, full,
He died. He died of what? of wretchedness!
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame, drank early, deeply drank, drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched; then died

Of thirst, because there was no more to drink!
His goddess, Nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,
Fell from his arms, abhorred; his passions died;
Died all but dreary, solitary pride;
And all his sympathies in being died.
As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,
Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,
And then retiring, left it there to rot
And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven;
So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
And cast ashore from Pleasure's boisterous surge,
A wand'ring, weary, worn, and wretched thing,
Scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul,
A gloomy wilderness of dying thought,
Repined, and groaned, and withered from the earth!
His groanings filled the land, his numbers filled;
And yet he seemed ashamed to groan. Poor man!
Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help;
Proof this, beyond all lingering of doubt,
That not in *natural* or *mental* wealth,
Was human happiness or grandeur found."*

Here we have an amplified delineation of great intellectual power, without a particle of moral worth. Behold the picture! How revolting! How fearful! How fiend-like! Is there a youth in the empire who would have such a capacity at the price of such a character? Ought not this dire display of mental wretchedness to nullify the rage of mere intellectual ambition? Whither shall we turn to find relief from the pain and horror of this dreadful delineation! Let us fix our minds on the late Missionary Williams. Compared with him, how poor a thing was the noble bard of England! How hateful in himself, and how hated by mankind! He knew, he felt, that no man loved him! In the following lines he has correctly drawn his own dark portrait, and faithfully described his own

* Course of Time, book iv.

dismal condition. He thus apostrophises and reviles his species :—

> "O man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
> Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
> Who knows thee well, must quit thee with disgust,
> Degraded mass of animated dust!
> By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
> Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame!
> Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
> Pass on—it honours none ye wish to mourn:
> To mark a friend's remains these stones arise—
> I never knew but *one*, and here he lies?"

Such were the lines written by the poet peer on the monument of his dog—*the only "friend" he ever knew!* How marked and melancholy a contrast to the condition of the martyred Williams, who counted friends wherever he counted men! How was this? Whence the marvellous difference? Both were great. Yes; but their greatness was not the same. The missionary was as much distinguished by moral, as the profligate bard by intellectual, greatness. Williams was great in goodness; Byron, in evil. The one was the friend, the other the enemy, of his race. No man *is* good, but as he *does* good—his actions are the test of his principles. He that does good, labours in the sun, and his deeds are visible. Mankind soon know their benefactors. Desert does not long go unrewarded. The praise of Williams is in the mouth of millions. The circle of his celebrity is widening every hour. I question whether already he has not as many readers as Byron, and these readers of a character—oh! how different! The moral results, too, of the respective processes of perusal, how unlike to each other!

The cause of missions is a growing one; and its progress will be limited only by the surface of our globe. The name of Williams will assuredly spread through all

lands, and live through all time. As the righteous and the virtuous increase among the sons of men, his glory will rise, his fame will extend! When 'the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall have been given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him,' John Williams will be venerated as one of the most illustrious Fathers of the New Era,—as one of the royal line of Stephen and Antipas, and other martyrs of our God, who have lived and suffered since apostolic times; and his missionary writings, not for their literary but for their moral qualities, will rank as one of the choicest portions of the Classics of a renovated world! Will the fondest admirer of the splendours of unsanctified genius dare to predict thus much for the impious, polluted, and corrupting pages of the author of Childe Harold?

I have shown, in delineating the character of Mr. Williams,—and I repeat it, in order to impression—that intellectual and moral greatness have no necessary connexion,—they may either exist apart or in harmonious conjunction. Moral greatness is chiefly an affair of the heart; intellectual greatness, of the understanding. Intellectual greatness mainly depends upon the original cast and magnitude of the mind: culture may do much to develope it, but native strength can result only from the stamina imparted at creation. The plough, notwithstanding its importance in working a fine soil, supplies no remedy for the defects of original sterility. This intellectual greatness, in its widest sense, signifies a mind of large general powers. This forms what is termed a man of talents. Where fancy and the creative faculty are strongly marked, and there is a powerful bias towards some particular pursuit, with a singular aptitude for its prosecution, this combination is designated—genius. It may be more

fully defined as that lofty capacity of thought through which the soul, smitten with an intense love of knowledge, attempts to comprehend the universe,—diving into the arcana of its own being, ascending the heavens, penetrating the earth, investigating the past, speculating upon the future,—and labours to ascertain the analogies, affinities, and relations of objects, together with the general laws and properties of matter. It may further be described, in one of its sprightliest aspects, as that power which, not fully satisfied with things as they exist, frames to itself new forms of ideal excellence, loveliness, and grandeur. This is the greatness which belongs to philosophers, poets, and adepts in the fine arts.* It will hence appear that mere intellectual greatness has in it nothing moral. Considered simply in itself, apart from its operations, it does not entitle him who is its subject to any praise. Praise and blame have, properly, no existence separate from morals, which depend not on what men *are*, as manifestations of the Creator's power; but upon what they *do*, as subjects of his government. It is with mind as with body, a giant frame may excite fear and admiration; but who is so weak and ignorant as to laud a man on the ground of his bulk and stature? That over which we have no control—whether it appertain to our intellectual or our physical nature—can form no element of our moral character, and, consequently, is a matter with which the moral sense cannot deal either in approval or in condemnation. Volition is equally essential to virtue and to vice; and the moment that man ceases to be a free agent, he ceases to be a moral one. Responsibility ends, where necessity begins. It ought to be repeated and urged till it be understood and felt by the whole civilized world, that, whatever may be a man's genius or talents, it is not the

* See Channing's Napoleon, p. 40.

possession, but the *use* of them, that lays the foundation of his title to moral approbation. On this ground it is that we put in claims so high for the Christian missionary. The virtue of his deeds arises, in no small measure, from the manifold and multiform sacrifices and perils at which they are performed. This single consideration entitles them, as moral acts, to a place of the first distinction; but, when we add the love of God, of Christ, and of men, and the results, in relation to both worlds, which flow from missionary labours, they are at once raised as high above all other kinds of benefit and benevolent exertion as the heavens above the earth! I am afraid I shall be deemed enthusiastic in this point, and carried away by excessive zeal for the honour of my friend. Let us, then, look a little more closely at the subject of moral greatness.

What is moral greatness? With respect to the nature of this quality, there is a remarkable concurrence between the prince of the Roman classics and the writers of the Sacred Scriptures. The following is Cicero's definition, which you will excuse my translating for the general reader. "A really brave and great mind is chiefly discerned in two things; the first of which consists in contempt for external objects, from a conviction that a man ought neither to wish, nor to admire, nor to pursue any thing which is not honourable and becoming: and that, in doing this, he should succumb to no man, neither to passion, nor to fortune. The second is, that when he has arrived at such a state of mind as I have just described, he should perform actions not only of great magnitude, and abounding in utility, but also attended with extreme difficulty requiring the utmost labour, and fraught with the most imminent peril to life, as well as to a multitude of objects appertaining to it. The whole splendour and dignity, and, I may add, utility attaching to these two things, arise from the latter; but the efficient cause in producing great

men is in the former.* For therein lies the principle which elevates men's souls, and leads them to despise earthly considerations."† Had it been the orator's object to frame a description of moral greatness which should include the distinguished features of the missionary character, which should set forth the nature of the missionary enterprise, with its tendencies towards the human race, he could hardly have been more successful. But whilst it embraces the elements of the missionary's character, and exhibits his claims on society, it goes far to exclude from the praise of greatness all the rest of the human race. If he only be great whose heart, life, and labours correspond to this description, where, except among Christians and Christian missionaries, is greatness to be found? Such, Sir, are Cicero's conditions of greatness; and, in pleading for the honour of Williams, I cheerfully abide by them. Tried by this test, who can rival the claims of the Martyr of Erromanga? They are great indeed; while, adjudged by this principle, the vulgar herd of the world's great men must be reduced to utter insignificance.

It is interesting to compare the views of the Roman orator with those of that great prodigy of parts, William M'Combie, the Scottish ploughman, whom the native force of self-tutored genius, aided by the light of Revelation, has conducted to substantially the same conclusions. This writer —in whom his native country has ten thousand times more reason to exult than in the profligate ploughman bard of Ayrshire, Robert Burns,—in his admirable volume, "Hours of Thought," observes, that God is "the source and standard of moral greatness;" that "moral greatness cannot be displayed but in circumstances of trial;" that "the primary element of moral excellence must be devot-

* Causa autem et ratio efficiens magnos viros est in priore.

† Cicero de Officiis, lib. i. cap. 20.

edness of heart to God,—supreme and constraining love, which, in circumstances of trial, will manifest itself, according to the nature of these, in the resistance of temptation, the enduring of suffering, and in strenuous exertions in fulfilment of his will. Its being so manifested, in such circumstances, constitutes moral greatness."

With Cicero, greatness and glory are inseparably related. He has most abundantly established the position, that true greatness, in the end, always brings true glory. The following is his declaration:—"The highest and perfect glory of a man consists of these three things; when the multitude love, when they have confidence in him, when they deem him worthy of special honour and admiration."* By Cicero's definition of glory I am as willing to abide as by his view of greatness; and I am ready, on his principle, to join issue with all the advocates of the exclusive claims of intellectual greatness. Let us appeal to the children of the Desert and of the Isle. There is no class of Englishmen, visitors of Polynesia, whose glory may, for a moment, be compared with that of the missionaries. I make no exceptions. All Cicero's conditions, whether of greatness or of glory, unite in John Williams. Is there in England, or in Europe, a man who will stand forth, and prefer a like claim for any other Englishman or European in Polynesia, who is not a missionary? In the estimation of the islanders, the greatest Englishman or European that ever visited them was but an insignificant personage as compared with the Martyr of Erromanga. Comparison, indeed, there can be none—the servants of Christ enjoy a monopoly of this exalted honour. In all our colonial territories, the only class of

* Summa igitur et perfecta gloria constat ex tribus his:—Si diliget multitudo,—si fidem habet,—si cum admiratione quadam honore dignos putat.—*De Officiis*, lib. ii. cap. 9.

men entitled to the praise of either greatness or glory, according to Cicero, is that of Christian missionaries. Of this assertion the histories of Dr. Philip, Schwartz, Williams, Moffatt, and a hundred of their brethren, supply both ample proof and illustration.

Cicero's description of greatness, brings the subject before us in an accurate and an easily intelligible form. He lays it down as a fundamental principle that the heart is the true source of moral greatness. He carries this view of the matter still further in his celebrated declaration, that "No man was ever great without a certain divine influence."* How near upon this point the system of the heathen philosopher approaches to Christianity! What can be compared to the gospel of Christ in the power of "elevating men's souls, and leading them to despise earthly considerations?" The Christian doctrine uniformly brings the heart that receives it, into the state considered by Cicero as the parent spring of moral greatness, and also as uniformly supplies that *afflatus divinus*, that celestial inspiration, without which he declares there can be no greatness. Cicero's description, confirmed and illustrated by the Scriptures of truth, imparts a lesson at once full of instruction and of encouragement. The word of God distinctly shows how *all* men may become morally great. The profound requirements of the Orator are thus abundantly promised through the Prophet:—"I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh: and I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments

* "Nomo vir magnus sine afflatu aliquo divino unquam fuit."

and do them; and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God."* Those in whose experience this promise has been fulfilled, are in the state required by Cicero's first condition; while they are at once fully prepared to do and suffer all that is demanded by his second. With these strong and clear lights of philosophy and of Scripture in our hands, let us now for a little walk abroad throughout the earth, and inquire into the moral greatness of the ancient heathen world,—an exercise from which it is impossible to return without enlarged conceptions of the Missionary character.

The Tyrian Hercules is the most ancient historical personage that deserves notice on the score of his moral qualities, and the building of Tyre was the first step in his mighty career. From this great emporium his regards extended to all nations, whom he sought by means of commerce to civilize and improve. This wonderful man was, in some respects, a prototype of our missionaries. According to history he was "the terror of oppressors, the friend of liberty and of mankind, for whose interest and happiness he braved the greatest dangers, and surmounted the most arduous toils, going through the whole earth with no other view than the establishing of peace, justice, commerce, and freedom."† Like Williams, too, he lost his life in a voyage undertaken "to promote the reformation of mankind by the cultivation of true religion and the arts of civilization."‡ After making every deduction demanded by the severity of historical truth, enough remains to demonstrate that the founder of Tyre planted colonies in many parts of the earth, and was pre-eminent among the sons of men in point of moral greatness. Osiris, although inferior to Hercules, is not unworthy to be mentioned next in succession to him. He, too, was a great social reformer, who, although he had at his disposal a vast military power,

* Ezekiel xxxvi. 25—28. † Cooke, vol. i. p. 30. ‡ Ibid. p. 21.

trusted for success not to the sword, but to truth, reason, and persuasion. At the close of his very extended marches, he could make this boast:—"Nor is there a place where I have not been; I, who freely dispensed my benefits to all mankind." Sesostris was a mixed character; his martial spirit and brutality, during the first half of his reign, afterwards gave place to a display at least approaching to moral greatness. Cyrus, surnamed the Great, was not without princely virtues; he was mighty in war, but wanting in magnanimity. Darius, the son of Hystaspes, in most respects, resembled Cyrus; with regard to their moral stature, they appear to have been much upon a par, though Darius certainly excelled in the softer virtues.

We are next conducted to the Greeks, among whom, notwithstanding all their boasting, their politeness, and their learning, we have very few instances of moral greatness, but some of these are noble and splendid. Minos is entitled to high consideration for the wisdom of his laws, but he was speculative rather than practical, and had more understanding than benevolence. Lycurgus was much superior to Minos; and, it appears to me, that, nearly to the same extent, Solon surpassed Lycurgus. No ancient heathen nation can boast three such men as these. They were all highly endowed, though in different degrees, with some of the chief attributes of moral greatness. They particularly excelled in that which Cicero pronounces the crowning part of it—in pursuits of self-denied, perilous, and practical utility. Leonidas was a madman rather than a moralist. His greatness was of a very humble order; it was purely military; it largely partook of a suicidal character; he has no claim whatever to rank with men pre-eminent for moral greatness. He was one of the least of Grecian heroes. It is difficult to speak in too high terms of Pericles; he appears to me to have been the Chatham

of Athens. With at least as much grandeur of mind, the Greek had far more equanimity and humanity, learning and solidity, than the Englishman; and, perhaps, he had more real patriotism and philanthropy. He strikingly exemplified his strong sense of the superior value of moral greatness, in his last moments on earth. His friends, supposing him to have become insensible, were expatiating upon the glorious events of his life, when, on a sudden, the dying man raised himself and said, "I am astonished that you should commend me for those things which were as much owing to fortune as to any thing else, and which have happened to others as well as to me, and take no notice of the greatest and most honourable part of my character—that no Athenian, through my means, ever went into mourning." In the midst of all his power and greatness, which amply supplied the means of public plunder, his hands were clean. He did all things for Athens, and nothing for himself; his paternal fortune was diminished rather than increased, at his death.

The greatest of the Greeks is still to be mentioned. All others were but little men as compared with Socrates —whom our own Thomson thus correctly and beautifully describes:—

> "O'er all shone out the great Athenian Sage,
> And Father of Philosophy: the sun,
> From whose white blaze, emerged each various sect,
> Took various tints, but with diminished beam.
> Tutor of Athens! He, in every street,
> Dealt priceless treasure. Goodness his delight,
> Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
> Deep through the human heart, with playful art,
> His simple question stole; as into truth
> And serious deeds he smiled the laughing race;
> Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless,
> Or grace mankind; and what he taught, he was."

Of all the heathen, in point of moral greatness, Socrates

was incontrovertibly the most eminent. He was their head and chief. No man ever arose either in Greece or in Rome, that could for a moment stand before him. Alone in his glory, like the sun in the firmament, he swept his circuit through the region of thought, enriching all and borrowing from none. He was in every respect a grand original. He had no prototype. All Cicero's conditions of greatness were fulfilled in him. He was equally great in moral thought, and in moral action. Streams of light occasionally shot across his mind which bore marks of being light from heaven. He appears to me to have been a link which connected inspired with uninspired men. Every thing about him was *sui generis*, unless it may without impiety be said, that in several important points there is a very remarkable analogy between him and the Saviour of the world. The mode as well as the matter of his instructions was wholly his own. He did not keep a local school of wisdom for the tuition of regular classes; he instructed small and great at all times, and in all places. He was always ready to speak when men were ready to hear. Along with the most profound respect for authority, he entertained particular regard for the common people, whom he laboured to elevate; and to this the tyrants referred when they said, "We forbid you more especially to harangue a knot of artizans, and weary their ears with your definitions." Although comparatively poor, he did not, like other philosophers, receive emoluments, but taught all who would listen to him without money and without price, declaring that the highest reward he could enjoy was to see mankind benefiting by his labours; he left behind him no writings; his chief disciples became the historians of his life and labours; and, to crown all, he submitted to die rather than flee his country, or renounce his principles!

It is now time to enlarge the field of inquiry and of

comparison. Let us, therefore, glance at the collective genius of Greece and Rome, and investigate the moral greatness of their men of letters. This will tend both to instruct and to edify; for it will strikingly illustrate the awful truth that "the world by wisdom knew not God."

In attempting this task, it will be convenient to divide both Greeks and Romans into two classes—the prose writers and the poets. Among the chief Greek prose writers, I suppose you would enumerate the following: Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, Diodorus Siculus, Dionysius Halicarnassus, Arrian, Appian, Herodian, Lucian, Plutarch, and Demosthenes; and amongst the principal Roman prose writers these: C. Nepos, Cæsar, Sallust, Velleius Patereulus, Quintus Curtius, Petronius, Cicero, Livy, Tacitus, Suetonius, and Justin. Let us look at this cluster of celebrated men, and try them by the standard of Cicero; there is not one among them who is not fully entitled to a high place on the scale of intellect; but considerable difficulty stands in the way of an accurate estimate of their several claims, on the ground of moral greatness. Little is known concerning some of them beyond what may be gathered from their works, which, in several instances, have been largely mutilated. This mutilation, however, is of less consequence in relation to my present object, in the case of prose writers than of poets; for the moral image of the former is in general far less distinctly reflected by their pages than that of the latter.

Of the Greeks just mentioned there is not one, excepting Plutarch, entitled to any very high consideration on the ground of moral greatness. Plutarch, all things included, was a great, a very great man: but even his greatness was speculative rather than practical, intellectual rather than moral, as his writings were. He was nevertheless profoundly skilled in the knowledge of human

nature; and understood, as well as exemplified, the principles of moral greatness. Of this his letter to Trajan affords a beautiful illustration. He thus lays down the rule of imperial duty:—"Let your government commence in your own breast; and lay the foundation of it in the command of your passions." What a lesson to teach the ruler of the world! Herodotus, with all his credulity, was a man of many virtues, but we can hardly call him great. Xenophon was the Addison of Greece; but Addison was not great. Thucydides and Polybius were both men of vast intellectual power; yet they were both wanting in the leading elements of moral greatness. The rest were still more deficient. No exception can be made in behalf of Demosthenes. He excelled in no one moral quality. He was, in fact, neither patriot, philanthropist, nor philosopher. He was merely a speaker—a marvellous, a matchless orator.

Of the Roman writers above enumerated, we cannot speak more favourably than of the Greeks. C. Nepos and Sallust were both at best but elegant triflers, who have procured immortality on easy terms. Indeed, the whole of these authors together did not comprise half so much real moral greatness as Numa. Would it not, then, be preposterous to compare them with any genuine Christian philanthropist, and still more with a Christian missionary, and that missionary, John Williams! They were all wanting—and all greatly, although not all equally wanting—in the first principles of moral greatness. Even Cicero, whose genius placed him at the head of the splendid assemblage, was extremely defective in every thing required by his own definition. He was vanity itself, and weak as woman! His moral, were utterly disproportionate to his mental, powers. Never, perhaps, did one of the human race exhibit so much genius, so many talents, such an amount of intellectual culture, and such a mass

of literary acquirements, in combination with so much imbecility!

When we inquire into the moral and intellectual greatness of the ancients, we labour under several disadvantages. Multitudes of magnanimous spirits, of whom there is no record, have appeared in our world. The reason is obvious. The highest form of magnanimity is active benevolence, which has but seldom been allied to literary tastes and habits. Persons thus distinguished, therefore, have not often recorded their own actions; and men of letters, whose province it was to confer immortality, having, for the most part, but little sympathy with the pursuits of the benevolent, have but too generally disregarded them. It is the most remarkable fact in the history of ancient literature, that even Socrates, the father of Gentile Philosophy, the Patriarch of pagan Magnanimity, left no writings behind him. We owe all our knowledge of him to his illustrious disciples who have embalmed the memory of his actions, lessons, wrongs, and death. Speaking generally, the most magnanimous portion of the Greeks and Romans were not literary; and the most literary portions of the Greeks and Romans were not magnanimous. The result is, that a multitude of characters, more or less magnanimous, have been buried in oblivion. Genuine magnanimity has rarely found a faithful historian of its deeds and glory. Upon a large scale, however, it has seldom courted the historian's attention. War, all-devouring war, has been the staple of history! Withdraw from both the prose and the poetry of ancient times all that appertains to war, and what remains? That peculiar cast of intellect which delights in study, and is necessary to high achievements in literature, has not often been combined with such measures of moral feeling, of active principle, and of constitutional vigour, as are necessary to great efficiency in benevolent exertion. Polybius is an example to my pur-

pose. He was in several respects the Gibbon of his age, vast in view, powerful in reason, cold in affection, and deeply tainted with impiety. Nearly the same terms may be applied to Thucydides. Livy was a man of fine taste, of fine temper, of wide comprehension, and of a genius more akin to civil than to military pursuits, the Robertson of Rome; but he wanted the chief essentials of moral greatness. Tacitus possessed still more depth and power than Livy; his mind presented a splendid specimen of intellectual and imaginative ability, with a high moral sense; but yet his character displayed little moral greatness. The truth is, that the chief movers of mankind, the benefactors as well as the disturbers of the world, the men most eminent for good no less than the men most eminent for evil, have been but little addicted to literature. Literary men have often attained to moral greatness of thought, but seldom to moral greatness of action. It is in vain, therefore, that we look to literary men of even the first distinction for the highest examples of moral greatness.

Let us now pass to the poets of antiquity. With more splendour than the prose writers, they exhibit still less worth. They were a wicked and a wretched fraternity—very generally the worst of men. Poetry and passion are inseparable, if not identical; and the passions of the heathen poets were almost uniformly in the highest degree corrupt and pestiferous. Homer's writings throw but little light upon his character, and we have no other source of accurate information. The light that is thus reflected is not much to the credit of his benevolence. He is the poet of havoc! Blood and carnage appear to have been his native element! Of all the Greek poets, none came so near the precincts of moral greatness as Hesiod. It says much for the sense of the first ages, that, in the poetical contention at Chalcis, between Homer and Hesiod, the latter, if we may credit Plutarch and Gyraldus, was

declared victor. Cleomenes, while he intended but to sneer, paid a high compliment to Hesiod, when he said Homer was the poet of the Lacedæmonians, and Hesiod of the Helots or slaves, because Homer celebrated the ravages of war, and Hesiod the arts of peace. Sappho, wonderful as was her genius, was a disgrace, not only to her sex, but to her species. Alcæus was sold into the slavery of his passions. Anacreon was a vile voluptuary, without one redeeming quality! Euripides combined good words with bad deeds. Æschylus was cold and stately, without either benevolence or moral sentiment. Sophocles, with much genius, had little worth and no greatness. The same may be affirmed of Simonides. With respect to Aristophanes, it is enough to consummate his glory or his shame, to remember that he wrote the comedy of the Clouds to ridicule Socrates! Theocritus, Lycophron, Callimachus, and Oppian, were but triflers. Amidst the poets of Greece, however, one man arose to vindicate the honours, and assert the high prerogative of poetical genius. That man was Pindar, one of the brightest spirits of the heathen world. He was, in my humble judgment, the poet of peace, of truth, of affability, of hospitality, of prudence, of piety, of every virtue and of every grace. Ancient times present no poet superior to Pindar in greatness and sublimity, and, after what I have already said, I need hardly add that his greatness was moral.

There are few pursuits in which the genius of Greece more surpassed that of Rome than in poetry. The Roman poets had much less genius without more virtue. It is in vain that we look to Plautus and Terence for moral or any other kind of greatness. Lucretius was a profligate and an atheist! Catullus was a slave to the worst propensities; Horace was a courtly libertine; and Tibullus outran Horace in the race of debauchery! Propertius, with more elegant learning, was no better. Ovid was as

foul and debased a spirit as ever trod the banks of the Tiber! His heart was a fountain of iniquity sufficient to pollute and destroy the souls of all the millions that peopled the Roman empire! And yet the works of this base and vicious man are at the present hour a school book throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain! Plato banished even Homer from his commonwealth; British Christians place Ovid in the hands of their sons! Lucan was the poet of war, a mere rhetorical historian. Persius and Juvenal, in some respects, were men of merit; but they were still at the furthest remove from moral greatness. Martial gave lessons in vice by his method of reproving it! Virgil was a man of amiable manners, of splendid genius, a poet of the highest order, but he contributed nothing to the good of his country or the improvement of mankind! Upon the principle of Cicero, he, too, must be excluded for ever from the roll of moral greatness.

My dear Sir, in setting forth this estimate, I have used great freedom of speech; I have spoken with the less hesitation, because I address one who is thoroughly competent to enter into the question, and to affirm or reverse my decision. The judgment thus formed is certainly not complimentary to the virtue and the morals of ancient times; but it is enough for my purpose if it be according to truth. The whole library of the ancient Classics is but as the dust in the balance when weighed against the literature of Modern Missions. The "Enterprises" of the late Rev. John Williams is a publication of infinitely greater worth than all that Greece and Rome have transmitted to our times. That volume exhibits the missionary character in all its goodness and greatness. As I have already said, man, according to the Scriptures, *is* good but as he *does* good. True greatness consists solely in resemblance to the moral image and character of God; and no man is

great but as he promotes greatness among others who are less than himself. How striking is the contrast which the missionary character forms to the literary and philosophic, as drawn by classic writers! The missionary character, even in outline, never entered into their minds. What would Cicero, in his latter years, when his powers and attainments had reached maturity, have thought of that character as it is exhibited in the work of Williams? How novel and unearthly would it have appeared! How strange, and, upon philosophic principles, how unaccountable his pursuits! He leaves a civilized country for barbarous islands in the Southern ocean, where, at once, and without fear, he assails the gods, all the gods—the highest not excepted! He resolutely and relently rushes on to the destruction of systems which have lived, flourished, and been profoundly revered for thousands of years beyond the memory of man! Those systems, at length he completely overthrows. He induces the natives to receive a body of entirely new doctrines, by which they are changed into new creatures. Without intermediate stages, he lifts them up at once from the lowest barbarism to the truest civilization. He reverses the whole current of their thoughts and feelings; he entirely quenches their warlike passions, and subdues their souls into a mood of gentle tenderness! He creates among them an order of society altogether novel. He effects a thorough revolution among the social habits of the occupants of whole islands—a revolution such as history never recorded, such as philosophy never imagined! How anxiously would the orator have inquired, Who is this man? Whence is he? What is the mystery of his success? By what skill, spell, or power, does he work these wonders? The great Roman would have deemed the whole thing a romance; but if he could have believed in the reality of the missionary and his reported performance, he must, upon his own principles, already set forth,

have pronounced him incomparably the greatest man that ever appeared in our world!

Permit me now, my dear Sir, to submit certain points for academic consideration. I submit, first, that the missionary character immeasurably surpasses every thing recorded in the classic page, and every thing known among the men of our time; and that it ought to receive more homage, by a hundred fold, than it has hitherto commanded from the learned world. I submit that the Universities of Great Britain ought occasionally to mark their strong sense of its high claims, by conferring special honours upon such men as have sustained it with extraordinary zeal and ability. I submit that it was a great, a lamentable, a culpable oversight in our chartered colleges, to allow John Williams, after the publication of his wonderful record, to return to Polynesia without such a mark of their approbation and favour. I submit that, religion wholly apart, men who become voluntary exiles, and take up their abode among savages, teaching them the alphabet and figures, reducing their language to writing, moulding them by grammars, and fixing them by dictionaries, preparing in them school books and an infant literature,—I submit that such men confer benefits above all price, work wonders above all praise, and establish a claim to the highest honours of learning; and that, when to all this, they add translations of the Word of Life, they achieve a good which cannot be requited,—which cannot be adequately acknowledged, and which renders the whole world their debtors. No degree of ability, no mere literary desert, no measure of home service in the republic of letters, can for one moment stand in competition with such claims! These, and these alone, are the men who are laying, in idolatrous, barbarous, and despotic countries, the true foundation of the empire of religion, liberty, and letters. To them future ages will trace the institution of schools, colleges,

and universities, and all the blessings of arts, science, and civilization!

My dear Sir, if these statements be correct, and if these anticipations be realized, how great, how aggravated has been the injustice of the present age to these lights of the world! Is it not matter both for wonder and for lamentation, that the guardians of British learning, the patrons of literature, and the princes of science, have been so indifferent to the claims of the missionary character; and that so few tokens of academic regard have been conferred upon those who sustain it? Surely sages and philosophers should not be the last to cheer a body of men of whom the world is not worthy! Posterity will note these things, and view them with astonishment. It is time for academic senates to awake to the importance of the character of the Christian evangelist. To them it belongs to rescue that character from the neglect of ignorance, and the contempt of frivolity;—to lift it up to its proper elevation in the sight of mankind,—and enhance the dignity of their own degrees by associating them with its highest exemplars. Academic honours, in themselves considered, possess absolutely no value: but, in their results, they may be of priceless worth. Such honours, bestowed occasionally on a few of the veteran missionaries of the London, Baptist, Wesleyan, and other Societies, would be as beneficial—especially among the higher orders of society—to the cause of heathen evangelization, as they would be creditable to the learned bodies that should confer them. Such men as Moffat and Morton, Ellis and Freeman, Knibb and Burchell, Turner and Cross, possess a weight of character and a claim of service amply sufficient to sustain them. By such a course reproach would be rolled away from this most exalted walk of intellectual, moral, and philanthropic labour. The minds of students capable of promoting the mighty work would be directed towards it,

and it would be presented in a vastly more favourable and commanding light before the eyes of the millions. The time will unquestionably come when these views will be realized, and when the colleges of Great Britain will deem it an infinitely higher honour to have produced a Martyn than a Milton, a Carey than a Cuvier, a Coke than a Canning, a Williams even than a Wilberforce. Our American brethren, always in advance of us, have already set us the example. Their universities are beginning rightly to estimate the work and worth of the Christian missionary; they are encouraging their choicest spirits to go "far hence unto the Gentiles," and bestowing their highest honours on men who have laboriously earned them on the foreign field.

I beg leave to submit, secondly, that if such be the characters of the classic writers themselves, and such the character of their works, it is of the utmost importance that the study of them be conducted not only with due regard to the interests of morality, but also to the formation of a right judgment relative to true greatness. The period of life at which such studies are carried on is of itself a matter for grave consideration; early impressions are deep and lasting; and it is, therefore, the more necessary to look well to their nature and tendency. On this subject but little care has hitherto been exercised, and the result has been a world of mischief. The time, however, draws nigh when the Christian spirit of Great Britain will acquire sufficient purity and strength to force on the consideration of this question. You will not anticipate, from an admiring disciple of your illustrious relative and predecessor, Dr. Hunter, any sympathy with those who clamour against classical learning. The pupils of that great man are in no danger of falling into this error. By him I was taught its incalculable importance; and time has only served to confirm the lesson. In my humble

judgment, indeed, it can hardly be over-estimated. It has been, beyond controversy, the main source of the massive, profound, various and copious literature of England. All our mighty masters in History, in Morals, in Theology, in Politics, in Oratory, and, with a solitary and but partial exception, all our great Poets drank deeply at the fountains of Greece and Rome. In this way their stupendous intellects were disciplined; their taste was formed; their stock of imagery was increased; and their stores of language were augmented. It appears to me that what the classics themselves are to a national literature, that the *study* of them is to the literary character. It is difficult, in fact, to conceive of such a character apart from an acquaintance with the ancient languages. On this point, one month's attendance on your celebrated predecessor would have sufficed to banish for ever all scepticism. How full of instruction and pleasure were his philological discussions, expositions, and dissertations!

The benefits derived from Classic study are as lasting as they are great. Even where the acquirements of early age are largely forgotten in after life, the substantial advantages remain. The value of Classic learning for the work of Christian missionaries is very great. For generations to come the business of translation will constitute a chief part of the evangelical enterprize; and the preparation of translators will consequently become an increasingly important branch of college education. The drilling and toil of the Latin and Greek classes will exceedingly contribute to expedite the superior performance of this all-important undertaking. On these, my dear Sir, not to mention other grounds, I cheerfully and emphatically give my feeble voice for the widely increased spread of Classical learning. Let it fill the plains, towns, and cities of England, and spread through all the world! But I submit that its study ought to be combined with a careful, a

copious, and an elaborate exposition of its manifold and momentous deficiencies.

The prose writers, on the score of purity, are seldom much at fault: the leprosy cleaves principally to the poets, who, therefore, require the greater vigilance. Of the poets, however, the more vicious, with the exception of Ovid, are not read in our great schools. The batteries of heathenism are masked! The history, the epic poetry, the ethics, and the biography of the ancients, which have too generally been thought safe territory, are full of peril, and most to be feared, as the sources of a spirit wholly anti-Christian. It is well known that Homer was the Bible of Alexander. Day and night the blood-stained pages of the Iliad lay open before him; and that ignorant, obstinate madman, Charles XII., was, in turn, intoxicated with the history of Alexander; while the principal human butchers, of more modern times, in addition to Homer, are known to have made manuals of the martial rhapsodies of Ossian, and the elegant Commentaries of Cæsar. These are the sources from which the hearts of heroes have been filled with infernal fire! Even at this late period of the Christian era, the spirit of European courts and senates is emphatically the spirit of Greece and Rome. The spirit of the mass of modern literature is the same. It is far more allied to the Classics than to the Prophets and Apostles. It is, in truth, the atheistic, the idolatrous, the unchanged, and—unless by Christianity—the unchangeable spirit of the ancients, clothed in the attire of other tongues. It is the fierce flame which has prevailed in colleges; and which, unextinguished by the "waters of life," in passing through our Halls of Theology, has found its way into nearly all the pulpits of Christendom; which, with few exceptions, have been for centuries enlisted in the service of human slaughter!

Great divines have aspired to the honour of being edi-

tors and expositors of Homer, the poet of the mammoths of murder! Yes, and even the gentlest spirits of our race, men whose sensibility has been such that they have renounced the friendship of a man who could needlessly "trample upon a worm," have devoted the finest talents, and the best portion of life, to the translation of the Iliad! Surely the conduct of the amiable Cowper, in this matter, was one of the greatest anomalies of letters. Nothing perhaps, so strikingly exemplifies the intoxicating, infatuating, and bewildering character of the Homeric poetry. A full half of the Iliad is devoted to the description of battles. Battles, then, were the spectacles on which the Bard of Olney, the poet of Truth, Hope, and Charity, delighted to dwell! How strange, that the soul of this trembling type of all that was sweet, gentle, and humane, could exult with rapture at such feats as the following!—

"The fierce coursers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes' souls!
Dash'd from their hoofs, whilst o'er the dead they fly,
Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye:
The spiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore;
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
All grim with dust, all horrible in blood!"

Poor Cowper, at once the poet of pity, and the object of it, in the elaborate preface to his translation, utters not a word in reprobation of war, not a breath of regret that the powers of the mighty Greek were not bestowed on a worthier theme! It thus concludes: "I purposely decline all declamation on the merits of Homer. He has been the wonder of all countries that his works have ever reached,—even deified by the greatest names of antiquity —and in some places actually worshipped! And, to say truth, were it possible that mere man could entitle himself, by pre-eminence of any kind, to divine honours,

Homer's astonishing powers seem to have given him the best pretensions. And now I have only to regret that my pleasant work is ended. To the illustrious Greek I owe the smooth and easy flight of many thousand hours. He has been my companion at home and abroad, in the study, in the garden, and in the field; and no measure of success, let my labours succeed as they may, will ever compensate to me the loss of the innocent luxury that I have enjoyed, as a translator of Homer."—Such a tribute from such a man supplies a proof, which it were difficult to strengthen, of the overwhelming, bewitching fascination of this great poet. If Cowper was thus subdued by the mighty spell, is it a marvel that the whole world should have fallen before it?

If such, then, is the power of the adversary, and such the peril of intellectual prostration, it surely becomes us to inquire into the best means of resistance. This question has occupied the minds of some of our ablest writers. Our public-spirited and gifted friend, Dr. Thomson, of Coldstream, has done excellent service to the church of Christ by his very judicious remarks in his "Comparative View of the English and Scotch Dissenters." He suggests that every purpose might be answered by selections from the Latin and Greek classics. John Foster, in his immortal "Essay on the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion," has given expression to a multitude of profound, accurate, and valuable conceptions concerning the spirit and character of classic literature, concerning the perils attendant on the comprehensive and ardent study of it, setting forth, at the same time, what he considers to be the only method of counteracting its direful tendencies to engender a spirit diametrically opposite to the spirit of Christ. "With respect," says he, "to religious parents and preceptors, whose children and pupils are to receive that liberal education which must inevitably

include the study of these great works, it will be for them to accompany the youthful readers throughout with an effort to show them, in the most pointed manner, the inconsistency of many of the sentiments, both with moral rectitude in general, and with the special dictates of Christianity. And in order to give the requisite force to these dictates, it will be an important duty to illustrate to them the amiable tendency, and to prove the awful authority, of this dispensation of religion. This careful effort will often but very partially prevent the mischief; but it seems to be all that can be done."

The existence of the passage just cited had entirely slipped from my memory or escaped my notice, till my own views, in the present letter, had been *thought out;* and it was with not a little satisfaction, that, on turning to Mr. Foster for another object, I stumbled upon it, and found my general principle supported by so great an authority. Dr. Thomson's view may be very beneficially carried out, to a great extent, in elementary tuition; but it is incompatible with that profound and general scholarship, to which the study of the great classical works, without abridgment, is indispensable. Four things deserve consideration as preventive measures.

First, the course suggested by Mr. Foster on the part of parents and preceptors. In this way, I think, much might be attempted, and much accomplished. Classic studies might thus be conducted so as to minister equally to delight and to utility. It might, in competent hands, be rendered in the highest degree conducive to the interests of instruction, of edification, and even of devotion. This plan might be easily adopted in all courses of elementary tuition, whether in private or in public schools. The only difficulty to be apprehended is, that which would arise from the moral and intellectual incapacities of many of the parties on whom the success would depend.

Second, a compact, elaborate, and evangelical treatise upon the question, to be used in all the upper forms of classical schools, is a *desideratum* in education. In this way the antidote would be administered contemporaneously with the poison.

Third, appropriate college exercises in the Latin and Greek classes, both junior and senior. This would open up a wide field of remark, inquiry, and discussion. To those tutors and professors who will adventure on this unexplored ocean, a region richer than that which was opened up by De Gama will present itself; a world more extended and glorious than that which rewarded the toils and perils of Columbus will at length appear. These exercises would embrace the entire theology and ethics of the learned tongues—they would embrace examinations of the moral characters both of authors and of their works—they would exhibit comparative views of the morality of the great subjects both of heathen poetry and history—and they would consist occasionally in demonstrations, that great heroes were not great men. They would very largely consist in comparisons of the classic and scriptural accounts of the Godhead, of human nature, of providence, of prophecy, of sacrifice, of redemption, of philosophic virtue and Christian holiness—of patriotism and philanthropy, of true glory and a future state. The inquiry and effort necessary in the preparation of such exercises, the reading and discussion of them, after the customary manner, in the class rooms, and the remarks and criticisms issuing from the professor's chairs, would tend to fix deeply and indelibly upon the mind both the importance and the principles of the subject, and to produce results at once beneficial and lasting.

Fourth, the Latin and Greek professors might prepare a course of monthly lectures, based upon the great authors in their respective tongues. These lectures would form

the proper basis of written exercises, as well as of *viva voce* examinations. This subject might also with great propriety form one of the annual prize essays.

Such methods of procedure would throw a new colouring over our university and college courses of education, and roll away from their gates the reproach that they are, to a fearful extent, sinks of corruption and nurseries of infidelity. It would elevate classic studies by sanctifying them. It would harmonize the instruction of the country with its Religion, and the classes of Literature and Philosophy with those of Divinity.

Such, my dear Sir, are some of the methods which, with the utmost deference, I have ventured to suggest to you, whose practical sagacity and enlarged experience will enable you to estimate them at their proper value. If it be, in all points, a matter of the first moment to give to the youthful literati of the land correct notions of true greatness—to show them that the greatness which is moral, is superior to that which is intellectual—that moral greatness reaches its highest altitude in the missionary character—and that the work of missions to the heathen is the most honourable employment that earth can furnish or man engage in—then is the present subject not unworthy of being presented to your notice. But whatever may be the merits of my communication, it will at least serve as a humble expression of my respect for yourself, and of my filial and reverential regard for your ancient university. But I must now bring my letter to a conclusion, lest I should forget the maxim of Tacitus, which proclaims the only means whereby an Alumnus can do honour to his Alma Mater:—

"Plurimum facere, et minimum ipse de se loqui."

LETTER XI.

TO THE REV. JOHN FOSTER.

INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL GREATNESS ILLUSTRATED AND COMPARED FROM THE JEWISH PROPHETS, THE APOSTLES, MODERN WRITERS, AND CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES.

SIR,—Your "Essays" came into the hand which now addresses you, when I was but young in years and only beginning to acquire the elements of knowledge. In common with multitudes, I was both instructed and delighted by them, especially by that on "Decision of Character." To that dissertation I owe more, in certain important respects, than I can well express. You will add to the obligations thence arising by accepting my cordial acknowledgments and the dedication of the present letter, which aims at applying some of your own leading principles to the subject of Moral Greatness.

You have clearly shown, that there may be much decision where there is no goodness; and that but too many conspicuous examples of decision have been allied to guilty ambition, to remorseless cruelty, and to unparalleled crime! Such characters may in a sense be designated great; but their greatness is fatally defective. There is nothing moral in it. Goodness is essential to moral greatness—the greatness which belongs to God. Men cannot be truly great but in proportion as they are truly good.

The best man is the greatest. True greatness consists in active piety and active benevolence. Sacrifice and suffering, and intense persevering effort, from motives of piety and benevolence, are necessary to the highest form of moral greatness. If these views be correct, philosophy has been misled. Her notion of greatness is exceedingly erroneous, her search after it having been limited to heathen antiquity, where it existed only in its least matured states, and presented itself in its most imperfect manifestations. The finest examples of greatness ever witnessed in our world, are to be found in the Scriptures. The blindness of philosophy to the moral greatness of the Jewish patriarchs and prophets as there delineated, can be accounted for only from her hatred to the character of the God revealed in the Bible, and the resemblance of their character to it. In the books of the Old Testament alone there is such an assemblage of names, distinguished by this divine attribute, as cannot be equalled from the entire mass of the heathen literature of all past times, united to that of those which are now passing over us. Neither modern nor ancient literature exhibits any character to be compared with Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Job, Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, Solomon, Elijah, Elisha, Josiah, Jeremiah, Shadrach, Meshech, Abednego, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, or Mordecai. Nay, after this dignified selection has been made, a multitude of names remain of such splendour, that notwithstanding their inferiority to these, all the greatest lights of heathenism are lost at once in the blaze of their brightness. It deserves especial remark that all the illustrious persons here mentioned, with but two exceptions, were men distinguished by the spirit of peace. They were strangers to military pursuits. They earned their laurels by works of faith and labours of love—by piety and philanthropy.

Of Abel we know just enough to prove that he was

truly great. He knew the Lord; he believed the divine testimony; he pleased his Creator; and he died for the truth. Next to him was ENOCH, one of the greatest and most honoured men that ever appeared in our world. "He walked with God." How significant the expression! How high the distinction! The deeds recorded of this celestial man required a courage far surpassing that which suffices to storm citadels, to wade in blood, and murder troops of armed men. He stood up boldly for God against the wicked, forewarning them of the Lord's advent "to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly of their evil deeds and hard speeches." *Behold the decision and elevation which eminent piety imparts to Christian character!*

The moral stature of NOAH was equal to that of Enoch. He lived in the worst age of the antediluvian world, when violence filled the earth, and iniquity like a flood covered all lands. Amid the millions of an atheistical age, stood Noah, like a rock in the ocean, unmoved by the billows that raged around him—a pattern of piety, and a preacher of righteousness—an individual against a world! What courage! What fidelity! What glory! The position accorded with the character: both were sublime. What elevation and honour his were when God said to him, "The end of all flesh is come before me,—with thee will I establish my covenant!" How awful was his station on the day when he laid the first plank of the ark! His deed was the fruit of faith in the knowledge which God had graciously imparted to him. Still more awful and sublime was his position while riding on the world of waters, which had entombed the whole mass of contemporary nations! Nor was his position diminished in interest although stripped of terror, when he stepped forth again upon the emerging earth to lay the foundation of new empires. The edifice of Noah's greatness was founded in the belief

of the divine testimony, and its top stone was the spirit of cordial, uniform, universal obedience: "according to all that God commanded him so did he."—*Behold the decision and elevation which eminent piety imparts to Christian character!*

We are next conducted to ABRAHAM, incomparably the greatest historical personage of the post-diluvian world, although literature and philosophy have considered him beneath their notice, and no Christian writer has yet attempted a full delineation of the moral portraiture of "the friend of God." The church of Christ has in every age been so occupied with the "*Faith*" of Abraham, that she has, perhaps, in some measure, overlooked the other elements of his marvellous character. Moral greatness reached its height in this parent and prototype of spiritual pilgrims. The position which he occupied was singular. He differed in all points from the great men of heathen nations. Numa, Solon, and Lycurgus possessed but little in common with Abraham. His greatness had in it nothing accidental, nothing adventitious, nothing political, nothing military, nothing literary; it was purely personal, and altogether moral. Separate the men just mentioned from matters political and military, and what would remain to them? These lights of the ancient world would be at once shorn of their beams, and reduced to comparative obscurity. Take from heathen scholars their literature, and leave them only their characters, and what remains? The patriarch was a man of no country. He was a part of no system: like the moon he walked alone in his brightness, reflecting the glory of the Lord. His greatness was emphatically that of the heart. He had no ambition to crush or rule his fellow creatures; he dealt not in philosophical dogmata; he never indulged in the luxuries of literature. His delights were in God; his business was to please his Maker; doing or suffering his will was the only thing that

occupied the mind of the man of Ur. He calmly moved throughout the whole of his life in direct opposition to the settled course of mankind. This devotion in the midst of universal defection is one of the most distinguishing points of his wonderful history. Amid a world of universal darkness Abraham walked in light; in an age when, without exception, the whole human race were given to idolatry, he worshipped only the living God. Faith, which constitutes the chief element of moral greatness, existed and operated in him with the power and uniformity of nature's laws. It was his ruling principle. His life exemplified it continually. Infantile simplicity never credited the utterance of maternal lips with more implicit confidence than did Abraham the word of his God. All his recorded acts, with a solitary exception, were full of beauty and dignity. How full of manhood and self-respect was his demeanour towards the king of Sodom after the rescue of his brother Lot! * But what shall be said of his sublime and beautiful deportment when, before the Lord, he interceded in behalf of the guilty city! This scene, in moral grandeur, has never been equalled by any creature. What dignity, what pathos break forth in his importunate pleadings! How pure, and soft, and heavenly, the spirit that breathes in his intercession! † How infinitely unlike, and how infinitely superior to all the fabled intercourse of gods and men! Then there is the journey to Mount Moriah, and the events which occurred there in connexion with the offering of his son. A world filled with such men would deserve to be the residence of angels. Mankind are morally great only as they resemble Abraham.—*Behold the decision and elevation which eminent piety imparts to Christian character!*

Isaac was his father in miniature. A gentler spirit has

* Gen. xiv. 13—24. † Gen. xviii. 23—33.

seldom breathed the atmosphere of this lower world; and the position assigned him was well adapted to his temper. As compared with that of his father Abraham, and his son Jacob, it might be likened to an isthmus—a neck of land between two oceans—or a season of calm between two storms. His disposition was profoundly contemplative. He was much alone, and he delighted to be alone with God, in the midst of a wicked and tumultuous world. He was great through a spirit of self-annihilation, simplicity, and submissiveness. In the essential qualities of true moral greatness he was second only to his father. How unparalleled and wonderful was the scene enacted by them on Mount Moriah! Notwithstanding the trying, the terrible nature of the duty there exacted, how implicit was the obedience of Isaac to Abraham, and of Abraham to God! Surpassing patterns of religion and of filial duty! How worthy a type was the gentle Isaac of the Lamb of God!—*Behold the decision and elevation which eminent piety imparts to Christian character!*

Jacob presents a character differing in many points from that of his father; yet, allowing for the errors of his youth, he displays much excellence, and many remarkable traits of moral greatness. His faith and patience, however, were sorely tried. Driven from the house of his father into exile by his own folly, he was constrained, after a lengthened period of vexatious servitude, to flee from the society of his cruel uncle, under whose tyranny he exercised unparalleled patience. Seldom, indeed, has so much patience been combined with so much spirit. That spirit broke out in a burst of manly and noble independence, when Laban—who, without any very obvious cause, had pursued—overtook him: "Jacob was wroth, and chode with Laban: and Jacob answered and said to Laban, What is my trespass, what is my sin, that thou hast so hotly pursued after me? Whereas thou hast searched all my stuff,

what hast thou found of all thy household stuff? set it here before my brethren and thy brethren, that they may judge betwixt us both. These twenty years have I been with thee; thy ewes and thy she-goats have not cast their young, and the rams of thy flock have I not eaten. That which was torn of beasts I brought not unto thee, I bare the loss of it: of my hand didst thou require it, whether stolen by day, or stolen by night. Thus I was; in the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night; and my sleep departed from mine eyes. Thus have I been twenty years in thy house; I served thee fourteen years for thy two daughters, and six years for thy cattle; and thou hast changed my wages ten times. Except the God of my father, the God of Abraham, and the fear of Isaac, had been with me, surely thou hadst sent me away now empty. God hath seen mine affliction, and the labour of my hands, and rebuked thee yesternight."

From this time the special attributes of his character began to manifest themselves, and to exhibit his true greatness. Of these attributes, the chief was his close adherence to God, and his incessant recourse to a throne of grace, in time of trouble. How truly great he appears in his prayer at Peniel! What elevation, what dignity were his, when, on that awful night, he wrestled with the mysterious stranger, and in the morning listened to the wonderful words, "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed."

One of the severest tests of moral greatness is, an introduction to the presence of persons in power. The heart, which very strongly realizes the Divine presence, is but little moved by that of mortals, however exalted in point of station. The "Prince" who had "power with God," was not likely to be much abashed by the presence of royalty. Moral greatness, though essentially humble from

a sense of its nothingness, is nevertheless always, and keenly conscious of its own superiority to all other greatness. Of this, never, perhaps, was there a more remarkable example than that furnished by Jacob at the court of Pharaoh king of Egypt. "And Joseph brought in Jacob his father, and set him before Pharaoh; and Jacob blessed Pharaoh. And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou? And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage. And Jacob blessed Pharaoh, and went out from before Pharaoh." With blessing he began, and with blessing he completed the interview; and if, as saith the Apostle, "without all contradiction, the less is blessed of the greater," the patriarch was superior to the king. *Behold the decision and elevation which eminent piety imparts to Christian character!*

Joseph presents a finished model of moral greatness. He is exhibited to us under a variety of aspects, and all are beautiful. Whether robbed of his liberty, as a slave or a prisoner, or clothed with all but sovereign power, he is the same lovely and all but perfect character. It is difficult to conceive of a more exquisite specimen of moral propriety and dignity. The words of inspiration, uttered in after-times,—"Thy gentleness hath made me great," would have been throughout his life a proper motto for this illustrious Hebrew. What greatness distinguished him in the house of Potiphar! What greatness in prison! What greatness in the palace! What greatness in the disclosure of himself to his brethren! What greatness, combined with ineffable tenderness, on the first interview with his aged father! What greatness in his valedictory address to his brethren! How affecting his commandment concerning

his bones! "I die, and God will surely visit you, and bring you out of this land, unto the land which he sware to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob: God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence." The faith of Joseph, and his holy fear, were the foundation of his surpassing moral greatness. Hence sprung that firmness of purpose which reflects such lustre on his name.—*Behold the decision and elevation which eminent piety imparts to Christian character!*

Job is entitled to a foremost place in the ranks of moral greatness. The composition, which records the facts of his history, immeasurably surpasses every thing human that has been transmitted from ancient times. All the ethical and theological writings of Greece and Rome are but as the chaff to the wheat, compared with the Book of Job; and, in point of character, the best among them are as far inferior to him as are their works to the book which bears his name. Extremes try men. In this way Job was tried to the uttermost; and he endured the trial in a manner which served to illustrate the power and truth of his principles. Great in prosperity, he was, if possible, still greater in adversity. His conceptions of the Divine character and government were sublime and glorious. To compare the chief of our moral philosophers, in this respect, with the Man of Uz, were to compare the obscene bat with the soaring eagle. Where true moral greatness appears, its claims, though denied for a season, are always ultimately conceded. It is seen; it is felt. Job gives, in an incidental manner, a most pathetic narrative of by-gone days, which strikingly exemplifies the magnitude of his moral stature. "I went out to the gate through the city; I prepared my seat in the street. The young men saw me, and hid themselves; and the aged arose and stood up. The princes refrained talking, and laid their hand on their mouth. The nobles held their peace, and their tongues cleaved to

the roof of their mouth;—I chose out their way, and sat chief, and dwelt as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners."

I have laid it down as a principle, that man is great only as he is good, and good only as, according to his means, he *does* good. Tried by this test, Job is great, incomparably great: the following verses are at once a proof and an illustration: "Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? was not my soul grieved for the poor? If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail; or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof—if I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering,—if his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep;—then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arms be broken from the bone! When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me: my judgment was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor; and the cause which I knew not, I searched out; and I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth." What an exhibition of humanity! Let the students of the classic page, and the idolaters of heathen antiquity, produce a parallel. Yet this is only one of the aspects of the character of Job. This illustrates his philanthropy; but his piety and all his other virtues were equal. The latter was the fountain of the former. The question then, clearly is, not whether Job was great, but whether, amid the sons of men, exclusive only of prophets and apostles, there ever was his

fellow. *Behold the decision and elevation which eminent piety imparts to Christian character!*

Moses towers in stupendous elevation, even where all are elevated. Moral greatness in him might be said to reach its apex. It is difficult to conceive of a character in which it could shine forth with more dazzling splendour. Every attribute of his being was imperial. It bespoke a royal origin, and a sublime destiny. He seemed, in some respects, exempted from the ordinary laws of frail and fading humanity. When a hundred and twenty years had passed over him, and his work was finished, notwithstanding unparalleled vicissitudes, difficulties, toils, and privations,—all which were enough to have broken down, nine times over, a robust constitution,—"his eye was not dim, nor his natural strength abated." His character was as original as his position. He was, beyond comparison, the most accomplished man of his time. His education was, for the period, of the highest order, and was signally subservient to his subsequent enterprise. As a geographer, and as an historian, it were preposterous, it were almost impious, to compare the most distinguished writers of heathen nations with him; and, as a legislator, he is equally superior and inapproachable. Confucius, Menu, Zoroaster, Numa, Lycurgus, Solon, and Mohammed are but as children, as drivellers, objects not to be named in the same page with the lawgiver of the Jews. His writings, like the sun, are the original source of all our light upon the manifold topics of which he treated. All nations have been instructed by him; and he was taught by God. It were superfluous to specify any point in which his moral greatness was particularly illustrated; for it was every where apparent. Greatness was his native element. He rose with every occasion, and in no case did his burden seem above his strength. All his movements bore the stamp and the impress of the Divine power and presence. With respect

to earth and time, he sacrificed much that he might serve his God and benefit his countrymen. His conduct in this respect has been recorded by the Holy Spirit with special approbation :—"When he was come to years, he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompence of the reward. By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king: for he endured as seeing him who is invisible." —*Behold the decision and elevation which eminent piety imparts to Christian character!*

Joshua was in all points a worthy successor of Moses. He had in his character more of the martial than Moses; but still he stood pre-eminent in his generation for moral greatness. This is illustrated in a variety of ways. There is space in our firmament for only one sun. The death of Moses made room for Joshua. From that time the great qualities which God had implanted in his breast, began to burst forth like vegetation in spring. He had, however, given splendid intimations, at an earlier period, of the heroic principles which were lodged in his bosom. His integrity, courage, and decision were advantageously displayed in connexion with the deputation sent to survey the land of Canaan. He dared, with Caleb, to stand forth against the infatuated and faithless multitude; to rebuke them for their want of confidence in God, and to exhort them to the exercise of trust and obedience. This great man had received not the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. To the refractory and gainsaying nation he gave this counsel: "Only rebel not ye against the Lord, neither fear ye the people of the land; for they are bread to us; their defence is departed from them, and the Lord is with us; fear them not." These words

were spoken at the peril of the speaker, and they indicate a disposition in happy accordance with the following farewell address of Moses to him: "Be strong, and of a good courage; for thou must go with this people unto the land which the Lord hath sworn unto their fathers to give them; and thou shalt cause them to inherit it. And the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee, He will be with thee; He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee: fear not, neither be dismayed." It is no marvel if the belief of such assurances as these, inspired the highest courage; but Joshua had still greater words on which to rest his confidence. The Lord himself from heaven thus addressed him: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life: as I was with Moses, so will I be with thee. I will not leave thee, nor forsake thee, only be thou strong and very courageous." He who has such promises, and who believes them, cannot be other than great, and to that greatness there can hardly be a limit.

Joshua was great in war: but there the military tended, in some degree, to obscure the moral, qualities of the man; it is, therefore, during the peace which succeeded, that his moral greatness breaks forth as the sun from behind a cloud, which has, for a season, interposed to obstruct his beams. Every step of his subsequent career is impressed with moral grandeur. His soul was cast in a noble mould. The spirit which dwelt in him, the principles by which he was guided, and the model of Moses, which was ever before him, all tended to form a character of boundless magnanimity. The military spirit, when subdued by the grace of God, forms a solid foundation of true moral greatness. Some of the finest specimens of manly piety existing at this moment in the world, are to be found in men who spent their early days in camps and fleets! Joshua, after the peace, is seen to vast advantage as a man, a master, and a magistrate. No nation can present any

thing approaching to a parallel, although ancient and modern history furnishes two or three cases somewhat analogous.

Joshua supplied an illustration of a well-established fact, that men of very robust mental constitution are always versatile,—they are rich in resources,—fertile in expedients,—they have what resembles an intuitive knowledge of things—they also possess a hand so dexterous that they seem able to perform any thing. In the tumults of war, in the tranquillity of peace, in courts and in cottages, they are equally at home. Thus it was with Joshua; he did every thing, and always seemed to do best that which he was immediately engaged in.

Joshua was strongly marked by decision of character. This high and precious attribute was early developed by him, and it distinguished him up to the very close of his glorious career. How intensely it braced his mind when before his death he exhorted the tribes of Israel at Shechem, with the heads, elders, judges, and officers! Never did such exhortations emanate from the lips of an old man on the brink of the grave. Every sentence glows with all the fervour of youth and prime. Hear the venerable orator discharging his conscience and witnessing for his God. "Now, therefore, fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and in truth; and put away the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood, and in Egypt; and serve ye the Lord. And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served, that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. And the people answered and said, God forbid that we should forsake the Lord, to serve other gods. For the Lord our God, he it is that brought us up, and our fathers, out of the land of Egypt, from the house

of bondage, and which did those great signs in our sight, and preserved us in all the way wherein we went, and among all the people through whom we passed. And the Lord drave out from before us all the people, even the Amorites which dwelt in the land: therefore will we also serve the Lord; for he is our God. And Joshua said unto the people, Ye cannot serve the Lord: for he is an holy God; he is a jealous God; he will not forgive your transgressions, nor your sins. If ye forsake the Lord, and serve strange gods, then he will turn and do you hurt, and consume you, after that he hath done you good. And the people said unto Joshua, Nay; but we will serve the Lord. And Joshua said unto the people, Ye are witnesses against yourselves, that ye have chosen you the Lord, to serve him. And they said, We are witnesses. Now, therefore, put away (said he) the strange gods which are among you, and incline your heart unto the Lord God of Israel. And the people said unto Joshua, The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey. So Joshua made a covenant with the people that day, and set them a statute and an ordinance in Shechem."—Such were the last words of Joshua the son of Nun. Having thus spoken, he had nothing to do but to die, and accordingly he forthwith ceased from his labours, and his works followed him.—*Behold the decision and elevation which eminent piety imparts to Christian character!*

Samuel stands forth with prominence among the great men of Israel. It were difficult to mention any character more nearly approaching to perfection. He is in all points a finished model of human excellence. His progress from youth to age was one ascending path, illumined by constantly augmenting lustre. He lived in an age of deep degeneracy, when the truly faithful were reduced to a small number, and of that number he was the head and chief. He was instrumental of a great revival

of true godliness in the land. His qualities as a judge were as striking as his qualities as a prophet. In this two-fold character he conferred benefits unspeakable upon the nation; but public bodies are seldom just, still more rarely grateful; and hence the reverse, the disgrace, to which he was subjected. After he had attained to a well-deserved and unprecedented popularity, the fickle multitude, taking umbrage at the misconduct of his sons, and blind to the beauty of the father's character, called for a change of government, and demanded a king. The events which followed tried his temper, proved his principles, and illustrated his moral greatness. How noble was the prophet's address to the people, after the coronation of Saul! "Behold," said he, "I have hearkened unto your voice, in all that ye said unto me, and have made a king over you. And now behold, the king walketh before you: and I am old and grey-headed; and, behold, my sons are with you; and I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day. Behold, here I am: witness against me before the Lord, and before his anointed! Whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind my eyes therewith? and I will restore it you! And they said, Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hand. And he said unto them, The Lord is witness against you, and his anointed is witness this day, that ye have not found aught in my hand. And they answered, He is witness."

How beautiful! Here is true greatness, true glory! His deportment, also, towards Saul, in the unhappy affair of the Amalekites, was highly dignified. "Then Samuel said unto Saul, Stay, and I will tell thee what the Lord hath said to me this night. And he said unto him, Say on. And Samuel said, When thou wast little in thine own

sight, wast thou not made the head of the tribes of Israel, and the Lord anointed thee king over Israel? And the Lord sent thee on a journey, and said, Go, and utterly destroy the sinners the Amalekites, and fight against them until they be consumed. Wherefore then didst thou not obey the voice of the Lord, but didst flee upon the spoil, and didst evil in the sight of the Lord? And Saul said unto Samuel, Yea, I have obeyed the voice of the Lord, and have gone the way which the Lord sent me, and have brought Agag the king of Amalek, and have utterly destroyed the Amalekites. But the people took of the spoil, sheep and oxen, the chief of the things which should have been utterly destroyed, to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God in Gilgal. And Samuel saith, Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt-offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice; and to hearken than the fat of rams! For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry: because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king. And Saul said unto Samuel, I have sinned; for I have transgressed the commandment of the Lord, and thy words; because I feared the people, and obeyed their voice. Now, therefore, I pray thee, pardon my sin, and turn again with me, that I may worship the Lord. And Samuel said unto Saul, I will not return with thee: for thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, and the Lord hath rejected thee from being king over Israel. And as Samuel turned about to go away he laid hold upon the skirt of his mantle, and it rent. And Samuel said unto him, The Lord hath rent the kingdom of Israel from thee this day, and hath given it to a neighbour of thine, that is better than thou. And also the Strength of Israel will not lie, nor repent: for he is not a man that he should repent. Then he said, I have sinned; yet honour me

now, I pray thee, before the elders of my people, and before Israel, and turn again with me, that I may worship the Lord thy God. So Samuel turned again after Saul: and Saul worshipped the Lord."

Where shall we find a more striking instance of the power of moral greatness? How contemptible is the prince, amid all his grandeur and wealth, as compared with the prophet, notwithstanding his subjection and poverty! All might wish to have been the prophet; but who could desire to have been the king? To the passages above cited, we may add the awful scene which took place between Saul and Samuel, after the decease of the prophet, on the fearful night which preceded the death of the king. It runs thus:—"And Samuel said to Saul, Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up? And Saul answered, I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams: therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do. Then said Samuel, Wherefore then dost thou ask of me, seeing the Lord is departed from thee, and is become thine enemy? And the Lord hath done to him as he spake by me: for the Lord hath rent the kingdom out of thine hand, and given it to thy neighbour, even to David: because thou obeyedst not the voice of the Lord, nor executedst his fierce wrath upon Amalek, therefore hath the Lord done this thing unto thee this day. Moreover, the Lord will also deliver Israel with thee into the hand of the Philistines; and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me: the Lord also shall deliver the host of Israel into the hand of the Philistines. Then Saul fell straightway all along on the earth, and was sore afraid, because of the words of Samuel; and there was no strength in him; for he had eaten no bread all the day, nor all the night." How dreadful is this address of

the disembodied spirit of the prophet! What a picture of agony in the person of the king! How solemn is truth, when uttered by holy lips, in the ears even of the most ungodly man!—*Behold the decision and elevation which eminent piety imparts to Christian character!*

I might, did space permit, proceed to speak of David, of Solomon, of Elijah, of Elisha, of Jeremiah, of Daniel, of Ezra, of Nehemiah, and others, and to show, that all their characters comprised abundantly the elements of moral greatness; but I must now go on to the New Testament.

JOHN THE BAPTIST, who was in all respects an extraordinary character, is the first personage who invites our attention. According to the highest authority in the universe, he was "a burning and a shining light." The Messiah has also spoken to the point of his comparative greatness: "Among them," says he, "that are born of women, there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist." After this, it is not left for us to consider whether John was great, but only in what manner that greatness was manifested. The office of John, indeed, required the utmost greatness and dignity of character. He was the harbinger of the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS; and it was in discharging this function that John displayed his marvellous magnanimity. This fact was pointed out in a very affecting manner by the father of John, at the birth of his child. On that remarkable occasion, after a long season of speechless expectation, he closed a burst of sublime inspiration, by thus apostrophising his infant: "And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest; for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord, to prepare his ways,—to give knowledge of salvation unto his people, by the remission of their sins, through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us,—to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into

the way of peace." From infancy, this wondrous child displayed the utmost magnanimity. This fact, according to the manner of the Scriptures, is strikingly set forth by a single expression: "The child grew, and waxed *strong in spirit.*" His greatness, indeed, had been expressly foretold:—"He shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb. And many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God; and he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just,—to make ready a people prepared for the Lord." All this betokens the utmost moral greatness.

As the period of John's public labours was very brief, that period was necessarily attended with but few incidents; those incidents, however, were of such a nature as strikingly to illustrate his marvellous magnanimity. As changes of climate try the constitution, so few men have sufficient moral greatness to withstand the prostrating influence of royal favour. Before the sunshine of a court they melt away. The maintenance of robust health, under the operation of influences so debilitating, is, therefore, the most satisfactory proof of extraordinary magnanimity. This it is which reflects such lustre on the names of Elijah, Daniel, and other Old Testament worthies. No human spirit ever sustained less injury than John from regal smiles, while, like a pillar of marble, he remained erect and unmoved amid the prostrate and fawning multitudes. When John was called to preach to the royal household, "the trumpet gave a certain sound." His words were as swords and spears to the hearts of his audience; but none did they pierce so deeply as Herod himself. He stormed at once the stronghold of the ruler's passions. He not only reproved the king for taking his

brother Philip's wife, but "for *all the evils* which Herod had done." There was no forbearance, no connivance, no winking at sin. John knew the price of his fidelity; but he shrunk not from duty; although for that fidelity he was first imprisoned,—then beheaded! There is upon record, I think, no instance of moral greatness much superior to that of John; certainly none ever, at least, presented such an aspect of awful severity and exalted sanctity. The experiment of its power upon a hardened and most profligate magistrate, was singularly instructive. Herodias dreaded the effect of John's remonstrances upon the conscience of Herod, and as a means of preventing the separation which might probably ensue, she plotted John's destruction. She "would have killed him, but she could not, for Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man, and a holy, and observed him." What an acknowledgment! Could a higher tribute be yielded to moral worth? *Behold the decision and elevation which eminent piety imparts to Christian character!*

The glorious company of THE APOSTLES are next presented to our notice as illustrious examples of moral greatness. This noble attribute, like a monument upon a mountain, is seen to most advantage when least encumbered with adventitious circumstances. These men,—without fortune, without rank, without patronage, without a single quality by which the world is accustomed to set store—occupied a situation in Jerusalem, at the outset of their enterprise, which served to try them to the uttermost. They sustained the fiery ordeal with honour. The narrative of their actions needs only to be read in order to produce the strongest conviction of their surpassing moral greatness. Their enemies beheld it and wondered; they were unable to account for the sublime phenomena of their courage. Those enemies "marvelled at their boldness; and took knowledge of them that they had been with

Jesus." How magnanimous was their answer to those who commanded them to speak no more in his name! "Whether it be right, in the sight of God, to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye; for we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." But, passing by a multitude of heroic spirits referred to in the New Testament, let us for a little fix our thoughts upon Saul of Tarsus, whose name is but another for magnanimity, and whose moral greatness was second only to that of his Almighty Master. To estimate aright the character of this extraordinary man, it is necessary to weigh well his position, and to consider the nature of the work to which his life was consecrated. That position and that work were both entirely novel; neither had previously existed. They were such as tended to test moral greatness to the uttermost, and such as supplied a boundless field for its exhibition. The labours of Paul were wholly different from those of all the Jewish worthies, with the single and comparatively insignificant exception of Jonah. Nothing of the missionary character attached to Enoch, Noah, Job, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Samuel, and the other prophets. The duties of these righteous men were varied, and, in some cases, difficult; but where they extended beyond personal piety they were local in their sphere, and limited in their design. But the sphere of Paul's operations was the globe; and with respect to their design, the words of Jesus Christ to Ananias, concerning his election and appointment to the Gentile Apostleship, fully unfold it. "He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel; for I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." This awful intimation relative to suffering, was fully realized. But the apostolic office was to be an affair of doing, as well as of suffering—and the doing was to be the cause of the

suffering. The Messiah's words to Paul, set forth in the most emphatic manner the immense magnitude of the active labour marked out for him to perform. While the persecutor was laid prostrate, blinded and confounded by the glory of the vision, on his way to Damascus, the Saviour thus replied to his trembling inquiry, "Who art thou?" "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness, both of those things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me."

From a man so called, and from an enterprise announced with so much dignified solemnity, it was proper to anticipate results of the most remarkable character; and, on examining the history of his subsequent career, we find the events corresponding with the prediction. "Here we have a man of liberal attainments, and in other points of sound judgment, who had addicted his life to the service of the Gospel. We see him, in the prosecution of his purpose, travelling from country to country, enduring every species of hardship, encountering every extremity of danger, assaulted by the populace, punished by the magistrates, scourged, beat, stoned, left for dead; expecting, wherever he came, a renewal of the same treatment, and the same dangers, yet, when driven from one city, preaching in the next; spending his whole time in the employment, sacrificing to it his pleasure, his ease, his safety; persisting in this course to old age, unaltered by the experience of perverseness, ingratitude, prejudice,

desertion; unsubdued by anxiety, want, labour, persecutions; unwearied by long confinement, undismayed by the prospect of death."*

These are some of the personal facts of the Apostle's history, which may be applied in a twofold manner,—first, either to demonstrate the Credibility of the Gospel Record; or, secondly, to illustrate the Moral Greatness of the principal propagator of the "Glad Tidings" among heathen nations. The first of these points alone concerned Paley, who thus proceeds:—"The question is, Whether falsehood was ever attested by evidence like this? Falsehoods, we know, have found their way into reports, into tradition, into books; but is an example to be met with, of a man voluntarily undertaking a life of want and pain, of incessant fatigue, of continual peril; submitting to the loss of home and country, to stripes and starving, to tedious imprisonment, and the expectation of a violent death, for the sake of carrying about a story of what was false, and of what, if false, he must have known to be so?" To all this the answer is, clearly, No! If allegations thus sustained be false, what is the evidence, and where is it to be found, that is necessary to the support of truth? But this not only suffices to demonstrate that Paul's message was true; it likewise establishes beyond contradiction that his character was good and great,—good beyond degree, and great beyond all appreciation. Simple acquittal was enough for Paley's object, but mine requires more. I approach the bar of enlightened opinion not to ask a verdict of justification for the apostle; but to demand acclamations, a crown, and immortal honour! It is time we should cease to act upon the defensive, in relation both to this and to every other point bearing upon the truth of

* Paley's Horæ Paulinæ.

Christianity. This course has been pursued too long. Discussions on the Evidence may now safely terminate, if professed disciples will but practically illustrate their principles. One Williams does more to confound infidelity than a thousand Paleys. One chapter of the "Missionary Enterprises" in the South Seas, is of more worth, for purposes of conviction, than the whole mass of the ponderous volumes of Lardner. The Pauline history alone constitutes a column of iron strength, sufficient to sustain the whole of the mighty fabric of the Evangelical History. The conversion and the character of the apostle is a theme of prodigious magnitude. How much it comprises! How much it suggests! How much it renders probable! How much it demonstrates!

In Paul not one of the conditions of moral greatness and moral glory was wanting. His sufferings surpassed in their measure, variety, and protractedness, all that have ever been endured by an individual for Christ and for mankind. His labours were equal to his sufferings; both proceeded from the same causes,—the love of Christ and of mankind,—and both tended to the same results,—the glory of Christ, and the salvation of souls. How inexpressibly touching is the picture of both, which he has transmitted to us in the following picture of apostolic life and action! "In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet

alway rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." Adverting to a certain class of adversaries, he thus proceeds: "Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool,) I am more: in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." Clement, the personal friend of Paul, in one of his epistles thus illumines the picture: "Seven times he was in bonds; he was whipped; he was stoned; he preached both in the East and in the West, leaving behind him the glorious report of his faith; and so, having taught the whole world righteousness, and for that end travelled even unto the utmost bounds of the West, he at last suffered martyrdom by the command of the governors, and departed out of the world, and went unto his holy place, a pre-eminent pattern of patience unto all ages."* Such was Paul, the father of Christian Missions; and to you, Sir, I submit, that it is not too much to affirm, that, neither among Jews nor Gentiles, whether in ancient or modern times, has any person appeared of whom the one-half of this could be affirmed with the least colouring of truth. Never has such an amount of moral and intellectual power been expended by one man in any enterprise, whether

* Clem. ad Cor. c. v. vi.

selfish or benevolent. He had no predecessor; he has had no equal. None, in his own sublime walk of philanthropy, has ever even approached him. From the day of his conversion to that of his martyrdom, he proceeded in his glorious course, sustained by a spirit which never flagged, and impelled by a power which nothing could resist. Paul, among the other apostles, was, as the eagle among feathered tribes of inferior wing. He alone performed for the Son of God an amount of service greater than that of the entire apostolic college,—a fact which comes out incidentally in the following pathetic reference to his former life:—"I am the least of the apostles, not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am; and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I laboured more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God, which was with me."

Tried by the principles comprised in Cicero's definition of a truly great man,* Paul, in comparison, immeasurably transcends the whole human race; and upon those principles, considered absolutely, it is not easy to conceive of any thing necessary to impart to his character all the moral greatness attainable in the present life. I freely confess that I can hardly form an idea of a human being becoming the subject of more devout and philanthropic passion, or of more intense and continuous action. All his powers appear to have been tasked to the uttermost,—tasked to the highest point of endurance. He seems, in several respects, to have been set forth as a pattern to mankind. His wondrous case exemplifies at once the abundance of Divine mercy and the power of Divine grace. Of all transgression his had been the most heinous and atrocious: he "breathed out threatenings and slaughter"

* See page 240.

against the church of God; he made "havoc" of it on every hand. Yet the blood of Christ sufficed to pardon him, and the power of Christ to subdue him. Then, after his conversion, his love was as intense as his previous hatred; and he became as active in extending, as he had formerly been in destroying, the church. For this work he was endowed with gifts both natural and miraculous, so rich and various, as no man had ever exhibited or possessed. He was filled to overflowing with Divine knowledge. To him the language of every land was familiar as his mother tongue. Diseases of the most afflictive order, and of the most inveterate character, fled at his presence. Evil spirits of the most intractable class, were subject to his word. His apostolic progress through the earth was one series of conflicts and triumphs. The accusatory cry of his most malignant enemies attested his success. "Ye see and hear," said they, "that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying, That they be no gods which are made with hands." His adversaries frankly confessed that he had "turned the world upside down"—a confession of the utmost moment in confirmation of our argument.

Such, Sir, is the confession, and such are some of the recorded facts; and surely such a confession could be extorted only by facts of the most definite type, and of the greatest magnitude. The change thus wrought was of a very startling description from its original, daring, and all-comprehensive character. This moral revolution extended to every relation of life, from the galleys upwards to the palace of the Cæsars. The most violent political changes, compared to it, were trifles; such events had nothing moral in them. When the preceding strifes, the battles, and the carnage of the contending powers were over, the result was the simple substitution of one dynasty

or despot for another, and there the matter ended. The moral habits, the social usages, the religious customs, the entire frame of society, for the most part, remained in their integrity. But when Christianity broke forth, it exerted a spiritual power which penetrated every thing, and dissolved all the ties of iniquity which had bound mankind together. It formed, first, new individual characters, and then new social combinations. With respect to the power of the gospel to renovate character, nothing can be more exquisitely beautiful than the challenge of Lactantius to the votaries of heathenism. "Give me," says the orator, "a man who is passionate, abusive in his language, headstrong, and ungovernable, with a very few of the words of God, I will render him as gentle as a lamb! Give me a greedy, insatiable, hard-handed miser, and I will presently return him to you, filled with generosity, and bestowing his money by handfuls! Give me a man of a cruel and sanguinary spirit, and straightway his ferocity shall give place to tenderness! Give me a cheat, a fool, and a malefactor, and forthwith he shall become just, wise, and virtuous!—Such is the power of the Divine wisdom, that, when diffused through the breast of man, it quickly, with a single touch, expels folly, the parent of all transgression; and, in order to effect this transformation, there is no necessity for a fee, for books, or for laborious investigation. These benefits are conferred gratuitously, easily, expeditiously; only let the ears be opened, and let wisdom be lodged in the heart. Now the question is, Did any, or could any, of the philosophers ever exhibit such achievements as these?"* To this, as you well know, might be added a multitude of similar testimonies; but let this suffice.

The operation of the gospel of Christ upon individual

* Lib. ii. c. 26.

character was altogether and always such as is represented by Lactantius; and hence resulted new combinations in society, and such combinations, with their accompaniments, furnish the proper *data* by which we ought to determine the merits of the apostolic work, and the moral greatness of the apostolic character. The question is, To what extent did Paul directly by his own efforts, and indirectly by the agencies which he set at work, affect for good the religion and morals, the laws and governments, of the heathen world? The measure of his efficiency in this is just the measure of his moral greatness. How may this point be ascertained? In various ways: by his own testimony; by the witness of friends; and by the confession of adversaries. This is surely a case in which his own evidence is admissible, and it is one to which he has distinctly, although incidentally, spoken in divers passages of his writings. I will rest satisfied with two illustrations from one of his letters. Addressing the Colossians, he declares that the gospel was come to them as it was to "*all the world*;" and that it was "*preached to every creature which is under heaven.*" If it be said that this is hyperbole; I reply, hyperbole has its bounds—bounds which, in the lips of such a man, were not likely to be transgressed. Could any thing, then, but a diffusion of the gospel the most extraordinary, warrant the use of language so glowing? But, in support of the apostle, we may adduce the evidence of adversaries, in addition to the conclusive passages already quoted from the Acts. The well known letter of Pliny, who wrote some time subsequently to the death of Paul, attests the true state of things in Bithynia and Pontus, his province, and may be taken as a faithful representation of the average condition of Christianity throughout the Roman empire. Pliny reports to the Emperor, that the disciples of Jesus filled the land—that they were found in cities, in villages, and in the open

country—that they comprised people of all ages, of all ranks and conditions—that so great were their numbers as to produce a visible desertion of the heathen temples, the almost entire neglect of sacrifices, and of all the other solemnities of idolatry. The work went on, from year to year, spreading throughout the earth. To Pliny, about thirty years afterwards, succeeds Justin Martyr, who, in his dialogue with Trypho, thus testifies to the progress of the truth:—"There is not a nation, either of Greek or Barbarian, or of any other name, even of those who wander in tribes, and live in tents, amongst whom prayers and thanksgivings are not offered to the Father and Creator of the universe, by the name of the crucified Jesus." The work continued rapidly to advance. Some forty years after Justin Martyr, Clemens Alexandrinus published a happy comparison, or rather contrast, between Christianity and philosophy, which serves, at the same time, forcibly to illustrate the wonderful progress of the Word of God. "The philosophers," says he, "were confined to Greece, and to their particular supporters; but the doctrine of the Master of Christianity was not limited to Judea, as philosophy was to Greece; for it has spread throughout the whole world, in every nation, and village, and city, both of Greeks and Barbarians, converting as well whole houses, as separate individuals, having already brought over to the Truth many of the philosophers themselves. If the Greek philosophy be prohibited, it instantly disappears; whereas, from the first promulgation of our doctrines, kings and tyrants, rulers and presidents, with their entire train, and with the multitude on their side, have laboured with all their power to exterminate it, yet it only flourishes the more."* A few years after Clemens, stood forth Tertullian to advocate the gospel. That great man, addressing

* Clem. ad Strom. lib. vi. ad fin.

the Roman authorities, thus speaks: "We were but of yesterday, and we have filled your cities, islands, towns, and boroughs, the camp, the senate, and the forum. They (the heathen adversaries of Christianity) lament that persons of both sexes, of every age and condition, and of every rank, too, are converts to that name."* The same writer also declares, "that, in almost every city Christians form the majority."† Origen succeeded Tertullian at the distance of about thirty years in the work of defending the truth of God. His evidence runs thus:—"In every part of the world, throughout all Greece, and in all other nations, there are innumerable and immense multitudes, who, having rejected the laws of their country, and those whom they formerly esteemed gods, have given themselves up to the law of Moses, and the religion of Christ; and this not without the bitterest resentment from the idolaters, by whom they were frequently put to torture, and sometimes to death; and it is wonderful to observe how, in so short a time, the religion has increased, amidst punishment, and death, and every kind of torture."‡ The writer who next offers himself in evidence, is Arnobius, who speaks of the whole world as filled with Christ's doctrine —of its diffusion throughout all countries—of an innumerable body of Christians in distant provinces—of the strange revolution of opinion among men of the greatest genius — of orators, grammarians, rhetoricians, lawyers, physicians, coming over to the new institution, and that also in the face of threats, executions, and tortures.§ This conducts us to the accession of Constantine, and his declaration in favour of Christianity—an event which, there is every reason to believe, proceeded from his conviction of its preponderating influence in the empire.

* Tertull. Apol. c. 37.
† Ad Scap. c. 111.
‡ Orig. in Cels. lib. i.
§ See Paley, Part II. ch. viii. sect. i.

Here, Sir, let us pause a moment, and survey the combined result of Christian Missions. That result is not merely an event of stupendous magnitude; it is a new thing in the earth,—and its novelty is equalled only by its glory. Princes and potentates are struck dumb with amazement, to find that their violence has only promoted the object they sought to defeat. The great pontiffs and the teeming priesthood of idolatry are confounded to behold their mysteries despised, their gods abhorred, their temples abandoned. The masters of philosophy, too, are put to shame; their glory is gone; their schools are closed, and they are deserted. The night is over, and the dawn has come. The buried intellect of the world has experienced a resurrection to vigorous life. Human character presents a new, a beauteous appearance, and stands arrayed in a rich garment of moral excellence. The whole aspect of society is altered; and the mighty revolution has been effected by means the most contemptible in the eye of man. The princes, the legislators, the magistrates, the orators, the men of letters, the wealthy, and the wise, of this world—have had no share in the enterprise. They have laboured not to promote, but to obstruct it. The prime agent in the wonderful work, was a despised Jew, "one SAUL of TARSUS." He it was who first communicated the omnipotent impulse which aroused mankind and shook to its centre the prodigious fabric of society, throughout the Roman empire. Converts were multiplied by millions, and every convert was a host in himself. Before the apostle's decease, he beheld the heavenly flame spreading among all nations, and reflected from every sky. His heart was the source from which the celestial fire had emanated; and before he left the earth, other hearts which burned with a kindred glow, were counted by myriads. The victory in the Roman empire was clearly decided for Christ before the great Missionary was sum-

moned from the field of conflict and of glory. On ascending with the tidings to heaven, after fighting the good fight, finishing his course, and keeping the faith, he left behind him an innumerable spiritual progeny, who, inheriting his hope, walked in his footsteps, wielded his weapons, and added to his triumphs. The period which elapsed between the ascension of Christ to heaven, and the accession of Constantine, witnessed a display of Missionary spirit and of moral greatness such as had never before been exhibited, and such as has never since been seen. The intervening centuries were seasons of suffering which no heart can conceive, no pen describe. Those, Sir, were days which tried the spirits of men—days that indeed demanded decision of character. The condition of discipleship was then ofttimes the loss of all things—subjection to cruelty the most refined, to torture the most exquisite, and at last to death in its most dreadful forms! Those few centuries elicited infinitely more real greatness than all the wars that have been waged since the creation. The church was then in the highest sense militant—for it was altogether Missionary. The chief end of its existence was the diffusion of the gospel. In promoting this, suffering was considered enjoyment, infamy honour, excruciating death welcomed as the introduction to immortal life.

But, Sir, this presents to us only the first great stage of the Christian Mission. We are looking chiefly at Paul, with his assistants, and successors, as propagators of the gospel. In that capacity it is surely a truth self-evident, that he was incomparably the first of the human race, by far the greatest man that ever appeared in our world. This he is proved to be from his principles, labours, character and sufferings, independently of the effects which have resulted. But if in addition it can be shown that Paul and his coadjutors have, in all conceivable points, proved inexpressible benefactors to mankind; that in the work of

true philanthropy they enjoyed an entire monopoly; and that there is hardly a blessing which we possess, whether for time or for eternity, that may not be traced up to them; if, I say, this can be shown, then by what process shall we estimate, in what language shall we set forth, the merits and claims of those missionaries? Such are the obligations, such the men, that the established forms of thought, and the hackneyed language of eulogy, are wholly inappropriate, not to say preposterous, when applied either to them or to their benefactions. In this attempt all thought is feeble, all language poor. It is not in our power either to appreciate their services, or to apportion their reward. He who sent them, who wrought in them and by them, the Author of their being, the source of their excellence, their Master, Protector, and Friend,—He, and only He, can do full justice to their claims on man as instruments of his own sovereign pleasure, stewards of his mysteries, vessels of his mercy, and channels of his love to a guilty world! Still, notwithstanding our insufficiency in these respects, we might, on some points at least, approximate to justice. This will be done. The time will assuredly come when the sound of a world's joy will break forth in every land as the voice of many waters, and proclaim its obligation to the man who "endured all things for the elect's sake;" whom "bonds and afflictions" could not move; who "counted not his life dear unto himself, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God;" and who, in the discharge of his duty, was always "ready not to be bound only, but also to die for the name of the Lord Jesus!" The expression, not of idolatrous, but of justly grateful praise to the missionaries of the Son of God, will one day rush from all the capitals and cities of a civilized globe, a regenerated world, ringing from the vales, and echoing from

the hills of all countries. The poets, orators, historians, philosophers, statesmen, and rulers of a future age,—the lights of society, the guides of opinion, the great arbiters of truth and right amongst men, the true sovereigns of the earth,—these will trace back the history of man's felicity to the day of Pentecost, the garden, the cross, and the sepulchre,—and highest on the scale of fame will be the names of Paul, of the other apostles, of martyrs, and of missionaries!

Each successive generation, as it ascends a step in the path of time, occupies a position more advantageous than that of the preceding for a right appreciation of the value of missionary labour. It is to be feared that the bulk even of the scholars of European nations have no adequate conception of our obligation to Christian missionaries; and the masses have no thoughts at all on the subject. The space which now divides us from the dismal days of idolatry is so vast, that it is not easy to conceive that the state of things among us was ever much otherwise than it is at present. We do not sufficiently reflect that Christianity, which is now established by the law of nations, was once an intruder, an invader, and that she only reigns by right of conquest; that ecclesiastical establishments are simply a legal incorporation and consolidation of missionary triumphs. Millions who now neglect or despise the Christian missionary, ought to know that they owe to him every civil, religious, and social blessing that they now enjoy.

To men of reflection, such as yourself, Sir, the history of Europe during the last eighteen hundred years presents one of the most interesting and awful subjects of human contemplation. Resting on the fortieth year of the nineteenth century, as on an Alpine eminence, and carefully looking back through the long period which terminates in century the first, what scenes present themselves to us!

What a conflict do we behold between truth and error! How unequal at the outset appeared the combatants! Yet, notwithstanding the seeming imbecility of Truth, how rapid, brilliant, and glorious have been her victories! How speedily and widely her empire has spread! How the earth fills with monuments of her power, and with temples to her praise! What transformations have been effected throughout the whole frame of human society! Generations would be required fully to record them: time would fail even slightly to indicate them. I can but hazard a few passing glances.

On the great theatre of missionary operations, which that series of centuries presents, the first phenomenon that offers itself is the power of the word on individual character. Under the tuition of the missionary we behold man, in all the nations of Europe, quickened from a state of torpor and of death unto a new life, enlightened by the truth, and emancipated from the thraldom of idolatry. He becomes a worshipper of the one living and true God, through Jesus Christ. The knowledge of God in his Son works wonders in his soul. He is quite another creature; and the effects of the change extend to all the relations of life. His household are the first to benefit from his new principles, and the improvement of his character. His wife, his children, his slaves, his very beasts of burden, all find their account in the wondrous change. Power no longer wantons in cruelty; it is now regulated by love. Authority is tempered with mercy. Woman is now restored to the place she was created to occupy, but from which pride and cruelty had thrust her. From a despised menial she becomes the beloved and cherished companion of her lord. She henceforth receives from her husband, and in turn she gives, a whole, an undivided heart,—the first element of domestic felicity. To her is now conceded the helm of household affairs, as her own peculiar province.

Husband and tyrant are synonymous no more! Polygamy, the curse equally of both sexes, disappears, and the foundation of social order is restored to God's creation. The child shares in the new immunities of its mother. Smiling innocents and blooming youths are no longer "things," portions of goods and chattels, objects without rights, to be at pleasure enslaved, sold, or slain! No; the doctrines of the missionary first awake in their behalf the dormant spirit of parental affection, and then, throwing around them the broad shield of eternal justice, assign them a safe asylum in the sanctuary of law. Next in order are those who have been robbed of their indefeasible rights, and doomed to hopeless bondage. The sound of the missionary's footsteps are to these helpless and unfriended millions the harbingers of freedom. The highest stretch of Cicero's philosophy in their behalf was, that their "masters ought to compel them to the performance of their duties, and then to pay them honestly for their work." Thus, while the orator asserts the rights of their labour, he overlooks the prior rights of their persons. He pleads for their sustenance, but he leaves them in chains. An advocate of a higher order now appears in their behalf. The gentle touch of the missionary at once dissolves their fetters! The missionary goes on "preaching deliverance to the captive, and recovering of sight to the blind, and setting at liberty them that are bruised;" the manacled myriads hear, believe, weep, wonder, and rejoice in the tender and unmerited mercy of God, which comes to mitigate the unprovoked and remorseless cruelty of man! The slaveholder himself, too, sharing the same sovereign mercy,—ashamed, confounded, self-condemned, and softened by the benevolence of God,—lets go his captive, who starts from his bestial prostration, and stands up a man! Thus the fettered host begins to diminish, and under the melting beams of the Sun of Righteousness, it diminishes

still further, till at length it wholly disappears! Where now are the slaves of Europe? They are lost in the great community of freemen!

Gazing over the broad expanse of the nations of Europe, we perceive a new element of mighty power arising in the minds of the multitudes who follow in the train of the missionary—an element wholly unknown to heathenism. That element is philanthropy, love to the whole human race. This marvellously alters the aspect of the earth. It has every where brought to light countless masses who, in all past times, had been neglected, contemned, forgotten. The poor, those who have among the heathen none to pity them, and who "embrace the rock for want of a shelter," now find a friend wherever they find a follower of the missionary. The solitary widow, too, with grateful wonder, perceives herself surrounded by those who are susceptible of being moved by her sigh, and who feel it a luxury to wipe away her tears. While the priests of idolatry urge her to self-destruction, leaving her fatherless children double orphans, the disciples of the missionary compass her with soothing kindness, minister to her necessities, and endeavour to conduct her to Christ as a deathless husband. Nor are trembling orphans forgotten; they find both fathers and mothers among the followers of the missionary. The sick of every class, likewise, come in for their share of the common mercy and solicitude. Edifices arise like palaces for their reception, and stores of hoarded treasures are poured forth for their sustenance and comfort. The prisoner, whether of debt, or of crime, or of war, is also enfranchised in the commonwealth of humanity.

Again, casting our eye abroad upon the nations, we are struck with the entire disappearance of one order of religious institutions and the establishment of another. The whole system of Polytheism, with its idols, altars, priests, and temples, is no more. Not a vestige of the mighty

edifice, representing the monstrous delusion, remains! All its sanguinary accompaniments are also vanished away. The fervent children of Erin and the brave Attacotti of Caledonia no more banquet on the flesh of man; the fierce Hungarian no more sighs to sup on the heart of his captive; the fiendlike Gelonian walks no more abroad in the pride of murder, attired in the skin of his enemy! The earth is filling with a new race, wholly unlike all that have gone before them; who call themselves children of God, pilgrims to a country beyond the sun. These people all lay claim to supernatural instruction. They boldly despise the wisdom of the world, and designate it "earthly, sensual, devilish." They profess to have attained a higher philosophy than was ever taught in the schools. They affirm that they received it of the missionary, who had it "from above." According to him, it "is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits," and such, without controversy, are its effects. Of this new religion, the worship is elevated, pure, and holy, like the God to whom it is presented. But it is not a system of devotion only; it is also one of instruction. It provides for the enriching culture of the human intellect, and improves the affections through the understanding—an object never contemplated by the priests of idolatry.

On taking another survey of the astonishing spectacle, we behold a new element of moral power operating among the millions who have submitted to the instructions of the missionary. By means of such instructions, a moral sense is awakened in their bosoms. Their minds are moulded according to the mind of God. Their feelings become a visible manifestation of the feelings of the Godhead. Their smile is a reflection of the smile of Deity. Their frown, of the frown of Deity. That smile is, therefore, life; that frown, death! This power of which I am speaking consists of the united judgment of

the Christian multitude, and is the sole power that governs their community. They employ no other; they possess no other. They touch man neither in his person nor in his property; neither in his civil rights, nor in his social privileges. The punishments which they inflict consist simply in the several degrees of disapprobation. Their extreme penalty is, exclusion of the offender from their society; a penalty which, although to the vulgar eye, it may seem a very small evil, is, in reality, an inexpressible, an intolerable calamity. All legislative pains and penalties compared with it are as nothing. Weak although it seems, its power is all but omnipotent. It withers the very soul, it blasts every joy, and it kindles in the bosom of the malefactor the flames of unutterable anguish. The torture of its lash arises from the fact that it is purely spiritual; it therefore acts on the spirit, pierces the soul. It is felt to be the voice of Almighty God speaking through his people; and hence their unanimous sentence of condemnation smites the heart of the transgressor like the bolt of Heaven! This is moral government, the government of opinion, the highest order of government, the destined order of the eternal world. What other interpretation can be put upon the awful intimation of the prophet, that, at the close of all things, men shall arise from the dead in two classes, the one to inherit "everlasting life," and the other "shame and everlasting contempt?" "Life!" This life will consist of the Divine approbation and favour,* which will be attended by mutual esteem and love among the righteous, and by congenial intercourse with all the glorious intelligences of the universe. Thus will the just live on through eternity, approving and approved, loving and beloved, blessing and blessed. "Shame!" an excruciating sense of moral pravity, of

* Psa. xxx. 5; lxiii. 3. Prov. xvi. 15.

wickedness, of worthlessness, of sin! Shame! a fire which conscience feeds with the remembrance of guilt, a fire which burns fierce as hell, lasting as eternity! "Contempt!" Shame is a flame unquenchable, which rages within the sinner's own soul; but contempt is a flame of ungovernable fury glaring upon him from without in the breasts of others. It is the concentration of the indignant abhorrence of the righteous portion of the universe—their verdict upon the case of the rebellious part of the human race! The united and permanent influence of this shame, and of that contempt, will throw an intolerable bitterness into the "cup of trembling."

The creation of this new element of government among men is one of the most important achievements of the Christian Mission. By this single effect, it proves its infinite superiority to all the boasted wisdom of this world. To the extent of its prevalence it wholly supersedes the necessity of the penal provisions of human laws. The true disciples of the missionary become a law to themselves. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,"—these things they habitually endeavour to perform. They therefore present a character immensely superior to that which could be moulded by the exactest obedience to the best code of laws that human wisdom ever framed; and, to the same extent, they more abundantly provide for the happiness of mankind. The greatest merely philosophic legislator is but a babe in the knowledge of human nature as compared with the Missionary, nor is the power of his principles to renovate and to reform it, superior to his knowledge. Human law, in its most improved forms, can do but little as compared with gospel doctrine, to promote the happiness of men. Depraved men, while their depravity remains unsubdued, must be

miserable; they cannot be legislated into felicity! Government is simply a system of restraint and of punishment. It knows nothing of the means of moral cure. This is the exclusive prerogative and glory of Christianity, which, while it heals the moral maladies of man, also corrects his habits and practice. How simple is the experimental process! It just awakens in the soul a new sense, and by that sense it governs. This sense renders the Christian desirous to please his brethren, and averse to offend them; it renders him keenly susceptible of pain from their frown, and of delight from their smile. On this principle, the plan of discipline laid down in the Missionary's book, the New Testament, is entirely founded; and on this principle the kingdom of which it speaks is entirely governed. But while this moral power exerts its highest influence among those whom the Missionary has persuaded to abandon their idols, and turn to the living God, it extends its control in a modified form, to multitudes who have not surrendered their hearts to the Saviour of mankind. We see it affecting nations and empires. It is now, however, divested of its principal element, the fear and love of God; and its effects are, accordingly, impaired in their magnitude, and marred in their beauty. Thus changed, the name it bears is *Public Opinion*, which, while its regards rise no higher than man, is yet an organ of power almost unlimited. In this way every individual exerts a control over his fellow; in this way subjects restrain the wickedness of sovereigns, and direct the movements of senates; in this way nation acts upon nation, and the whole family of nations upon each other. *Public opinion* is a power which nothing can ultimately resist. "Compared with the contempt of mankind, all other external evils are easily supported."*

* Adam Smith.

In the hour when the first Missionary entered Europe this power began to be developed, and it has ever since been gathering strength. During the first centuries, every generation added mightily to its conquests. Even during the Middle Ages it sometimes displayed its energy on a scale of stupendous magnitude, however marred by fantastic circumstances. But its empire has been exceedingly enlarged since the Reformation. "It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and, as it grows more intelligent and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassible, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

> 'Vital in every part,
> Cannot, but by annihilating, die!'" *

It has already, in the centre of Europe, and in the American Republics, established its supremacy over all other power. The most ruthless and potent despotisms of the Old World tremble before it! Every species of tyranny is perilled by its presence. Hence all arbitrary power labours as for life to prevent its formation, and to stifle its expression. Hence the despot gags every mouth among his subjects, fetters the pens of the literati, and sends forth his myrmidons with vulture eye to watch the working of the Printing Press! In all countries where man has ceased to be a wretched serf, a crouching slave, a debased beast of burden, where both mind and body are stamped with the heavenly impress of freedom, public opinion is irresistible. It is absolute. Governments and parliaments exist only by its permission. It speaks, and they live!

* Hon. Daniel Webster.

It speaks again, and they perish! The arm of power is either nerved or withered by its breath. It extinguishes the claims of prerogative and prescription; laws and customs the most ancient and revered, vanish at its bidding; fleets and armies are subject to its sway.

Again, lifting up our eyes, and glancing over the mighty expanse of ages, we behold lights springing up throughout the length and breadth of the Roman world. The vanity of idolatry is proclaimed; the being and character of the true God are set forth. The knowledge of the facts of the glorious gospel works wonders on men of all nations. Mind is set at liberty. The spirit of man now soars to the highest heavens. It roams through all space and through all time. It plunges into the future, and pries into the deep secrets of eternity. It analyzes its own nature, its powers, its prerogatives, its relations, and its duties to its fellows, to society, and to God. The circle of its inquiry widens every hour, and the means of investigation are daily multiplied. The Missionary presents to the nations the key of all knowledge, secular as well as sacred; and his instructions extend to all classes. He is the teacher of the multitude—of the whole multitude — and the only teacher of the multitude that ever appeared among heathen nations. His method of tuition is as original as the subject of his communications. He teaches his disciples in masses; all his lessons equally expand the soul, and refine the feelings. Each of these masses, denominated churches, is placed under the instruction and regulation of a number of competent individuals. Set seasons, of frequent recurrence, are appointed for the special object of their training, and each individual disciple remains under instruction to the end of life. The exercises of instruction and of devotion are blended; to a great extent they are identical. Devotion is one of the surest and most valuable vehicles of instruction. The work of instruction, moreover, is not

confined to the rectoral body. All are teachers of those beneath them,—learners from those above them.

The Scriptures of truth are the store-house, the common treasury whence they derive facts, principles, doctrines, and precepts. This is the sole fountain of their literature. By this instrument alone was formed the Public Opinion of which I have just spoken, while the infant literature of Christianity, created and fostered by the Missionary, contributes to develope and extend it. In that literature gospel doctrine is disguised, and, therefore, less offensive to an ungodly world, while, through that world, it diffuses by degrees the principles of truth and righteousness. The Christian Missionary, and he alone, has been the Educator of the millions of mankind. To him is to be traced every thing which is now seen either to grace or bless modern society in European nations, and whatever remains to deform or afflict it, can be removed only by the persevering and more abundant diffusion of the doctrines which the first Missionary communicated.

Sir, it were an endless task to attempt an enumeration of even the chief benefits conferred upon Europe by the Christian Missionary. These benefits extend to all classes and to all objects. But, Sir, the Christian Mission is not at an end. Although Popery arrested its progress, at the same time corrupting its purity, obscuring its glory, and impairing its power, it ultimately burst its fetters; and, having reposed for a season, as if to recruit itself after the convulsive struggle of the Reformation, it arose again, and, marching forth to renew the conflict with idolatry, it has, during a half century, been multiplying its triumphs and extending its empire. In the course of that period what wonders it hath wrought among multitudes of many kindreds, tongues, and peoples! From what it is now doing for others we may more fully learn what it has accomplished for ourselves. The nature and

object of the Christian Mission are still unchanged. The character and claims of the Christian Missionary are consequently subject to no mutation. The duties of the office are the same; and the same, too, is the honour of the Order. Is not he then great to whom mankind owe all their greatness? Whom shall we compare with him? You, Sir, have devoted a long life to learned inquiry and to laborious meditation. You have traversed the whole field of Polite Literature; you have minutely examined its merits in relation to the glory of God and the good of mankind. You have carefully weighed the characters of those who have been its chief cultivators; you are no stranger to the names which have obtained distinction in connexion with science; and you are now well able to institute a comparison between the masters in Letters and Philosophy, and the Missionaries of Jesus Christ. On these grounds, Sir, the myriads of thoughtful men whom you have at once delighted and informed, will allow that I may, with the utmost propriety, appeal to you in behalf of the claims of the Missionary character.

The fame of the Literary and Philosophic character, which, occasionally, meet in the same person, is, perhaps, more coveted than that which is political or military. In all these walks of the human understanding, the power put forth is chiefly intellectual, and on intellectual power, alone, their glory is based. Europe, since the Revival of Letters, has produced a multitude of men, distinguished by that species of Power. United together they form a splendid constellation of intellectual light. Considered intellectually they are all great—many of them superlatively great—so great that for ages they have been the objects of envy, of praise, of admiration, and of idolatry. A number of these illustrious men, however, have been, although in an inferior degree, also distinguished for moral qualities; but these have brought them small praise. The great Idol of

European worship is at this hour, and, ever since the Revival of Letters, has been—Intellect! This is one of the most affecting indications of our fallen state. To the eye of man, blinded by pride and passion, there is no lustre, no glory in the greatness which is moral. This is nothing new. When he "who is the image of the invisible God" —he "in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily,"—appeared among the Jews, even after they had for many centuries enjoyed the instructions of inspired men, he had, in their view, "no form nor comeliness:" when they saw him, there was "no beauty." Hence they "despised and rejected him, and esteemed him not." So it was; so it still is: they who most resemble Christ have fewest charms for a world lying in wickedness. From this pride and perverseness arises man's uniform preference of mental to moral excellence; and hence, too, his uniform admiration of the literary and philosophic, and his uniform contempt of the Missionary character. It may contribute to expose the folly and injustice of this course if I group the literary and philosophic chiefs of Modern Europe, according to their several walks and pursuits, and endeavour to measure their moral stature, applying to them the principles of true greatness as set forth by Cicero, and contained in the sacred Scriptures.* This process will, I doubt not, result in establishing the immense superiority of the Missionary character.

Justice demands that we commence with Bacon, the patriarch of true philosophy, the common father of literary and scientific men. Before his intellectual greatness that of all others shrinks into littleness. Amid all preceding philosophers he shines like the sun among the stars. The comprehensiveness of his understanding was equalled only by its penetration. Soaring in the heavens his eagle eye

* See p. 245, *supra*.

not only surveyed the ocean of human knowledge from shore to shore, but pierced its waters to their lowest bed. His judgment was not greater than his genius. His imagination had made a property of the universe—it extended to all things—and its magnificent combinations were illimitable. His abilities fitted him to have been the historian of universal nature, while his sagacity was such as to enable him to become the prophet of human knowledge; for prophesy he did, and many of his sublime predictions have to the letter been fulfilled. His eminence was unexampled, and must remain unrivalled: he is the Melchizedek of science. He united every excellence of the human mind; and stood pre-eminent in all the pursuits of the understanding. As an intellectual being he stands alone, clothed with a robe of matchless honour, and bearing a crown of imperishable glory. But viewing him simply as a stupendous, all-comprehending, all-penetrating intelligence, while there is every thing to admire, there is nothing to love. Man feels himself poor, helpless, dependent; and he looks for sympathy as the only sure pledge of succour. His hope is from the heart, rather than from the understanding, of his fellow man. On this ground it is that so much importance attaches to the ethical writings of Bacon. There we find that the great expounder of Science is also the friend of man. Of all that he spake or wrote of Nature, there is nothing, in point of true greatness, to be compared with his declaration relative to the end of legislation:—"The ultimate object which legislators ought to have in view, and to which all their enactments and sanctions ought to be subservient, is *that the citizens may live happily.*" This sentiment, you will allow, is generous and noble, as implying some portion of philanthropy. His works, I need not remind you, contain several similar assertions, but nothing that is more demonstrative of his benevolence. Abstaining from all ungracious

reference to his moral infirmities—his reputed selfishness, servility, and weakness—and thus giving him every advantage, surely all candid men will see at a glance Bacon's immense inferiority to the Christian Missionary in point of moral greatness. He was by no means, however, without moral greatness; but he possessed it in a very low degree, and at times its operations in him were more than obscured by contrary qualities. Still Bacon is to be numbered among the most extensive *secular* benefactors of mankind, though, in such benefaction, there is little that is in the highest sense moral. Difficulty, labour, danger, and sacrifice were wanting to his work, which was very much an affair of safe and solitary meditation. The moral greatness of such men as John Williams infinitely surpasses that of the philosophical Lord Chancellor of England! Man and his misery, Christ and his cross, the destruction of idolatry in all lands, and the recovery of man to the favour and service of God, the tuition of the whole human race in knowledge, saving, useful, and ornamental, and the conversion of all nations into one wise and peaceful, one holy and happy community of friends, are objects not contemplated by the Baconian philosophy. The devout and zealous superintendant of an English Sunday-school is a superior character, and occupies a higher station than the author of the Novum Organon. The Martyr of Erromanga, in moral glory, transcends this great ornament of human Science as far as the heavens transcend the earth!

Having spoken of the Patriarch, I shall now proceed, with all deference, to offer some observations respecting the heads of tribes. In doing this, I shall confine the selection principally to England and to France, and shall commence with Bayle. Concerning the mental powers of this remarkable man, there are not two opinions. It will be allowed by all that they were of the first class, and that his ability was not greater than his diligence. In his own

nation he was the principal literary character of his age; but his power did not so much consist in the discovery of new facts and doctrines as in new arrangements, in fresh exhibitions of the materials which were ready prepared. At his death he left the boundaries of knowledge nearly as he found them. He was born with the genius of a great critic,—cold, keen, fearless, reckless, merciless, often unjust. His great gift lay in unsettling every thing, while he built up nothing. "In logical quickness, and metaphysical subtlety," as Dugald Stewart observes, "Bayle has never been surpassed." He was an unbeliever in Revelation, and a promoter of unbelief. God was not in all his thoughts; and hence he had neither faith, hope, nor charity. He possessed not a single quality of moral greatness. Had he never existed, morals would have sustained no loss, and religion would have been a great gainer. Had his works been entombed with him, the cause of real humanity would have had no reason for lamentation. He had no benevolence, no philanthropy. The humblest Native teacher of Christianity in Polynesia, infinitely excels him in moral worth. In the day when all secrets shall be revealed, who of the human race will embrace him as a benefactor?

In looking at the leading literary characters of England, Addison presents himself as one who is entitled to special notice. His mind was not one of great power; but it certainly was one of unusual perfection. It was absolutely deficient in nothing. His judgment was singularly sound; his wit incomparable; his imagination that of a poet of the highest order; his taste worthy of Athens; his style the perfection of beauty. Such were his natural powers; and they had received a high degree of cultivation. His abilities were greater than his attainments: but if his information was limited in its range, it was accurate in its character. The elegance, purity, and ease of his style, combined with

the *brevity* of his productions, have contributed to deceive us into the notion that he was merely a polished, pretty trifler; whereas nothing was wanting to place him in the first class of writers, but the stimulus of hunger, ambition, or controversy. His very excellence has been confounded with defect; his ease and nature, by the vulgar eye have been mistaken for imbecility; but the "Spectator" will remain through all ages a monument of wit, sagacity, and sense. Such was Addison. He did much in his day to improve taste and manners, and something to elevate mind and morals. He was, therefore, at least in a temporal sense, a benefactor to his country, and to mankind. As a mere man of letters; he was doubtless great, but of moral greatness he possessed little. He had no understanding of the Gospel, although in life and death he professed to be a Christian. Of the unfavourable reports concerning his habits and practices at Button's Coffee-house, I say nothing; it is unnecessary. When all is granted that can be justly claimed for him, still he cannot be classed even with the least of little men distinguished for moral greatness. It is true, when dying, he sent for his son-in-law, Lord Warwick, to whom, grasping his hand, he said, "I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die,"—but this act was equivocal. Infidels, in multitudes, have died with as much composure as Addison. On a death-bed, ignorance and unbelief, have often produced the same appearances as the knowledge and faith of the gospel. This act, perhaps, savoured as much of boasting as of piety. At any rate, the exhibition was not calculated to make any lasting impression on the profligate peer; nor was time allowed for the proof, for he speedily followed Addison to the tomb. In all that he ever wrote, there is not one statement of gospel truth. He never understood it. The conflagration of all that he ever wrote, while it would be a calamity to our literature,

would involve but little loss to British theology. Amid all his doing, he never turned one sinner to righteousness.

The greatest name of the following age is Johnson, whose intellectual vigour has become a proverb. In pure force, his understanding was never equalled. It would be difficult, I think, to cite from ancient or modern literature a name, with which, in respect of this quality, it would be safe to compare his. Nor is it the least remarkable circumstance in the character of this extraordinary man, that the comprehensiveness of his mind was equal to its force. Never did mind uninspired, so thoroughly sound the depths of morality, or so penetrate the recesses of human nature. His vision was bounded only by the limits of our world. He was not deceived by its summer suns, and sylvan scenes; he was intimately conversant with its winter storms, its wastes, its wildernesses, and the wide dominion of its wretchedness, its distractions, its distress, its broken hearts, its sorrowful homes, and its thickening sepulchres. From the rising of the sun, to its going down, all were spread out before him. His sentiments accorded with his knowledge. British soil never yielded to the footsteps of a man of greater mental independence, or more alive to the unsatisfying and unsubstantial nature of earthly good. Never did English scholar unite such poverty with such dignity! The accidents of penury and opulence were lost sight of amid the splendour of his powers; the former could not sink, the latter could not elevate him. His majestic mind, his lofty spirit, raised him far superior to the influence of the motives which ordinarily govern even the more cultivated and reputable of mankind. Gold had no power to tempt him; he was indifferent, if not absolutely dead to the praise of the world; he never felt the fires of political ambition. He was, in a word, superior to most of the frailties of humanity. He was the greatest of mere moralists, and the undoubted

chief of modern men of letters. Nor is this all; he exhibited a vast amount of moral greatness, but it was of a mixed and imperfect character. The words of our Master in relation to the comparative merits of John the Baptist and the subjects of the New Dispensation, are remarkably appropriate to Johnson. Of those that were devoted to the study of morals, there had not arisen a greater than the author of the "Rambler," but the least among the missionaries of the Cross is greater than he. His inferiority arose mainly from his ignorance of gospel doctrine. In your own published views respecting the anti-evangelical character of his writings, and his "capital fault" of omission, I entirely concur. Oh! had his noble mind been duly enlightened by the Spirit of God, and his vigorous pages been pervaded by evangelical truth, what a contribution would have been rendered by his writings to our theological literature! As it is, he could scarcely have been greater without becoming experimentally acquainted with the system of revealed truth, and cordially embracing it. Men and things are great, in the highest sense, only as they partake of Christ, and promote his glory. Tried by this test, "Rasselas," "The Rambler," and the "Lives of the Poets," are comparatively worthless as writings, and powerless as organs of human reformation. Who has heard that they ever converted a soul, or that they ever comforted a mourner? Those tiny tracts, Fuller's "Great Question Answered," and Scott's "Force of Truth," possess a value and a power infinitely superior to all the writings of the great moralist. His achievements in literature, were, in their own line, prodigious, incomparable, matchless, immortal; but, compared with the infant Christian literature of the South Seas, and other heathen lands, they are only as a taper before the sun.

If, then, even Samuel Johnson is so diminutive a person in the presence of the missionaries of the cross, it is surely

preposterous to seek for any other who may better abide the test of comparison. I should, nevertheless, did my limits permit, very much like to extend the list, and to place in the balances a Burke, a Butler, a Paley, and a multitude of moralists besides,—all men of noble natures, of vast attainments, and varied accomplishments,—for the result would exceedingly serve to heighten the contrast, and to illustrate the importance of the office of the Christian missionary. I also greatly wish I could subject to the same test our historians, orators, and poets, and, above all, our mental and physical philosophers. The nations of Europe have been prodigal of praise upon the illustrious names of Malbranche, Leibnitz, Condillac, Helvetius, Kant, Locke, Reid, Hartley, Stewart, and Brown. These distinguished men have contributed much to enlighten the world in matters relating to the human mind. But it cannot be denied that to a great extent their speculations have been curious, rather than useful. They have but very slightly contributed even to the temporal welfare of the human race, and they have been still less influential upon its spiritual interests. Had not one of their lucubrations ever seen the light, the wretched inhabitants of Europe could not have shed one tear the less, nor would there have been one additional outrage in the catalogue of crime! The single work of Adam Smith, "The Wealth of Nations," has conduced ten thousand times more to the world's welfare. If they have so little contributed to the good of man, it is not to be supposed that they have advanced the Divine glory. Had the whole body of European metaphysicians never had a being, their absence would not in the least have retarded the advancement of the kingdom of heaven. Their elegant speculations have broken no hard hearts, have incited no perishing souls to flee from the wrath to come. Neither at home nor abroad have they sped the salvation of mankind.

No class of scholars are more inferior to the missionary servants of the Son of God.

There is another class of illustrious men, with whom I should much like to compare and contrast the missionary, and with whom such comparison and contrast would be more formidable. These are jurists and political economists, such men as Machiavell, Hobbs, Grotius, Puffendorf, Montesquieu, Hume, Smith, Malthus, Ricardo, and others of the same order. These are men of various views and merits, but most of them men of transcendent powers. A portion of them have contributed much to the welfare of nations. It is difficult adequately to estimate their services. All, however, has been "seen and temporal;" it has chiefly, or rather solely, had to do with man's body, and with his political relationships; his immortal part, and his eternal interests have not shared their consideration. I speak not of the infidel and atheistic part of them, but of such as professed better principles. In their own sphere they are truly great, and highly honourable; but that greatness is of an humble order, and that honour of a perishable character. Neither has in its nature aught of the celestial, aught of the immortal. The extinction of some of those lights in the cradle had been to mankind a great, an irreparable loss; but that loss would have been limited by earth and time. It could not have extended to eternity. They laboured not for souls; and hence, into the world of souls their glory cannot enter; and in the day of final reckoning but small account will be made of their toils. They, and only they, work for immortality who work upon that which is immortal—the spirit of man. They, and only they, will realize a crown that fadeth not away, who are devoted servants of Jesus Christ, and co-workers with God in the recovery of a lost world! The men whom earth despises are precisely the men whom heaven will honour. They who share in Messiah's shame

are the men who will participate in his renown. The name of Christ alone will constitute a passport to the region of eternal fame. The poorest missionary now toiling in the wilderness, teaching the alphabet to the child of the savage, and pointing the parent to the skies, fills an office of far greater distinction than the prime minister of the proudest kingdom in Europe. His work will outlive the stars, and his reward will be as lasting as his labours. In the world of light, the first political philosopher of our earth,—if, through the mercy of God, he be permitted to enter it,—will be a very humble personage as compared with the meanest instrument in promoting the kingdom of heaven. How altered then will be men's views of Christ and of his service! How different then will be their estimate of his mission and of his messengers, especially of those whose lives were peculiarly dedicated to the extension of his kingdom and glory!

There is another class of philosophers whose pursuits are profitable and praiseworthy, noble and sublime: their fame will be wide as the world, and lasting as time. Of this illustrious throng the heads and chiefs are, Brahe, Kepler, Gassendi, Galileo, Descartes, Huygens, Halley, Fontenelle, Bernouilli, Newton, Berkeley, and D'Alembert; and while the eldest is Brahe, the most distinguished, without controversy, is Newton. What a constellation of intellectual lights! How immense the range of these men's contemplations! They traversed the ample realms of time and space. Their inquiries extended throughout the whole universe of God. Nothing was beneath their notice, nothing above it. They laboured to scan creation in all its parts, the largest and the least, from an atom to a system,—the nearest and the most remote, from the light by which they conducted their midnight researches, to the burning sun, and the farthest star. Such men do honour to human nature, by displaying its stupendous

powers even in its fallen state; and they bring glory to the Creator, by their illustration of his wisdom, power, and goodness. Their position as interpreters and expositors of the volume of nature is one of the most honourable distinctions. I feel constrained to believe that they were as certainly raised up for the especial purpose of illustrating the natural attributes of God, as the holy prophets and apostles, for the special purpose of illustrating his moral attributes. I respectfully submit to you, Sir, that there is something very extraordinary in the time and place of these great men's appearances in our world. Is it not remarkable that they were all born in Europe? Not even one such star has ever yet appeared in any other than a European sky. Is it not still more remarkable that they all burst forth within the brief space of little more than a century? Is it not the fact, too, that they just succeeded to the introduction of the mariner's compass; to the discovery of the Indies, and of America; to the revival of letters, and the invention of printing? Is it rational, then, to doubt that the all-comprehensive intellects of these men were an essential part of the rich provisions, and diverse gifts of Divine Providence to mankind at that wondrous period? Can it be doubted that they were as really sent forth to fulfil their high and special destiny in developing the constitution, properties, mysteries, and laws of creation, as were De Gama, Columbus, and Cook, to explore the ocean, and discover the habitable portions of the globe? All this I do most surely believe; for this, and much more than this, I shall ever most earnestly contend. Who can look at those men of science, and contemplate the magnitude and peculiarity of their intellectual powers, without admiring the wisdom and goodness of Him that formed them, and sent them to enlighten a benighted world? Bernouilli alone, had he appeared singly on our earth, would have been the universal wonder of mankind, and

the same, indeed, may be affirmed of all the names above inserted. When a reflecting man stedfastly looks at the great philosophical brotherhood, he is filled with gratitude, delight, and astonishment. He feels it an honour to belong to the species of which such men are a portion! He feels that his personal insignificance is exalted by the fraternal relation.

But, Sir, I must check myself. There is a limit to eulogy, because there is a limit to human excellence. Men, like things, are great only by comparison; these natural philosophers, considered in themselves, are great, superlatively great; but, compared with adepts in a higher knowledge,—the knowledge of God in Christ, the dimensions of their greatness are speedily contracted. Surveyed through the medium of evangelical light, all such studies as theirs, notwithstanding their sublimity, are seen to be "of the earth, earthy." Curious speculations, discoveries in nature, and profundities in science, have but little charm for men condemned to die, and apprised of their doom. The united wisdom of this illustrious band can furnish no answer to the most important question that can be framed in human language, a question in which all men are interested. Approaching the august temple of Science, I inquire of her priests, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the High God? Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" All are silent! Trembling, I wait in anxious expectation. Still there is no voice! I press, I pray for an answer. At last they speak, and speak of the Divine wisdom, power, eternity, omniscience, omnipresence, and goodness. But the question which interests, which absorbs me, is his *justice!* On this point

the wisest and best of them refuse to speak, and the less discreet speak to no purpose. I tell them my fears, and ask them of his mercy. Here again the Oracle is silent or unsatisfactory. I am left in terror of the coming judgment! I look around for wiser men and better teachers;—in the Prophets of God, and the Apostles of Christ I find them. They answer every question, they solve every difficulty, their announcements meet my exigency. I experience peace; I cherish hope; I am happy! I therefore determine my estimate of parties by my obligations. The aid of the philosopher is desirable, that of the missionary indispensable. The former brings me edifying information, the latter, that knowledge which is eternal life.

Philosophy is the mere child of the understanding; she is too frequently a stranger to devotion, and she knows nothing of spiritual compassion. Our own Newton, to be sure, is a grand exception, but his devotion proceeded primarily and principally from his Christianity, not from his science. The bulk of his brethren have been practical atheists. Are such the persons to renovate mankind, to fill the world with truth, love, harmony, and happiness? By their work they may be known. Since the days of Brahe, nearly three hundred years have passed away. Surely this period has been sufficient for philosophy to display her pity for the wretched, and exert her power, both at home and abroad, for the emancipation of an enslaved world. If, with respect to home, as is alleged by an author to whom you have administered severe, but merited rebuke, and by many others, the "bulk" of the British community "only require the fostering care of the philosopher to ripen them into complete rationality, and furnish them with the requisites of political and moral action, I beg to ask, in your own terms, "Why, then, is not the philosopher about his business? Why does he not go and indoctrinate a company of peasants in the intervals of

ploughing or a harvest day, when he will find them far more eager for his instructions than for drink? Why does he not introduce himself among a circle of farmers, who cannot fail, as he enters, to be very judiciously discussing, with the aid of their punch and their pipes, the most refined questions respecting their rights and duties, and wanting but exactly *his* aid, instead of *more* punch and tobacco, to possess themselves completely of the requisites of political and moral action?"* Ah, Sir! science has contributed but little to morals. The philosopher is but a feeble instrument of social purification. The peasantry of England are but slightly indebted, in the matter of morals, to her ROYAL SOCIETIES. They are under far greater obligations to the Home Missionary Society, in Chatham Place, Blackfriars, than to all the scientific bodies in the British dominions. Those societies have allowed them to perish by millions without a sigh or a single effort for their salvation. Nor has it ever entered their minds to interpose in behalf of distant nations who are walking in the valley of the shadow of death, and bowing down to stocks and stones. Both these departments of active benevolence have been proudly despised, or coldly overlooked by the philosophers of England. They have been too much engaged about the nature, properties, and laws of the earth itself to concern themselves with the moral and intellectual condition of the millions, and hundreds of millions of immortal beings who people it.

Thus, Sir, I am again brought back to the Christian Missionary, the true philanthropist, the only agent endowed with the power of elevating and sanctifying corrupt, fallen humanity. He goes forth to the heathen upon principle, for he goes in obedience to the command of his Master; and his instincts of compassion powerfully prompt him to the performance of his duty. If this groaning

* Foster's Essays, p. 227.

earth shall ever be delivered from the oppression of cruelty, the confusion of darkness, and the misery of sin, it will be done, not by the philosopher, but by the Missionary. How comes it that philosophical societies have sent forth no missionaries to benighted nations? Have they no desire to diffuse the delights of science,—no wish to divide their pleasures with their species? How is this? Will not that which is beneficial to the individual, be beneficial to the millions? Is not that which is useful and ornamental for the people of England, equally so for the whole human race? Why, then, are the philosophers idle? Why are they not aroused to a sense of the honour and of the duty of diffusing the doctrines of science to the ends of the earth? Why? Is it because systems of science supply no sufficient motives? Is it because they possess no moral power? Natural philosophy has but little in common with Christianity. The one deals only with matter; the other, with mind. That is simply a subject of science; this, of salvation. The organ of Christianity is the heart; the organ of science, the understanding. The whole system of natural philosophy, with every thing that appertains to it, does not supply the moral motives comprised in a single verse of the Gospel of John. Philosophy is not the parent of true philanthropy; true philanthropy is the offspring of Christianity. A million of mere philosophers—of men ignorant of the gospel—do not possess the moral principles and the moral power of one devoted missionary! Nay, the Missionary often excels them in the advancement of their own objects; a single Missionary has occasionally done more for the honour of letters, and for the spread of science in benighted climes, than all the academicians of Europe! But this was only an appendage to his mighty work. He conducts the people of his affections through nature to God. His lessons ascend from the Divine existence to the Divine

character, and from his natural to his moral attributes, —from justice to mercy, from penitence to faith, from peace to purity, from earth to heaven. The physical philosopher cannot impart what he does not possess. His sphere is wholly confined to the works of God; he has no agents, no instruments to operate on the malignant, the mortal maladies which rage in the spirit of man! Mind and morals are the peculiar province of the missionary. But, Sir, attempts at comparison, between the missionary and the philosopher, must have an end; for in reality there can be no more comparison between them than between the gospel and philosophy. We may contrast, but we can hardly compare them. The true philosopher is the appropriate fellow-worker of the missionary—not his rival. Their provinces, although distinct, are, nevertheless, harmonious. True philosophy is the handmaid of Christianity. Both, indeed, may unite in the same person, and, in some cases, the more they are blended, the better will it be for both. Christianity, in heathen lands, invariably opens the path of science; but in such lands science can make no way for herself, and still less can she introduce Christianity. For all that science can do, or, indeed, cares to do, the Heathen world will for ever remain as it now is. It is important to know what science has hitherto done to civilize barbarity and turn idolaters to God. For what she has already done, she may probably do again. What, then, has she accomplished? I wish that her priests and votaries would answer for themselves; they may have secrets which we know not, and which they have not told. The pursuits of the philosopher are intellectual, selfish, and solitary; those of the missionary are moral, benevolent, and social. The philosopher is the man of the few; the missionary, of the million. It is in vain, however, that we look for achievements of this description in the multitudinous volumes of

the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, or in those of any kindred institution. Nor by me are they blamed for the deficiency. Their proper business is science, which relates to nature, not philanthropy, which relates to man. But my proposition is, that philanthropy is as much superior to science as perishable matter is inferior to immortal mind. By this principle I submit that we should estimate respectively the comparative honour, dignity, and importance of the missionary and the philosopher.

I have largely spoken, Sir, of the past in relation to missions; I shall now close with a word concerning the vast, uncertain, and awful future! All my hope with respect to it is placed in Christian Protestant Missions. The hope of all nations is bound up with the Gospel of Christ, in union with the Protestant principle. True liberty, and free institutions, wheresoever found, are the fruits of genuine Christianity. That from which they spring can alone nourish and sustain them, where they already exist; and they can be multiplied throughout the earth only by diffusing the parent element. I am sure you will agree, that freedom, whether political or religious, as it exists even in the most enlightened states of Europe, is very imperfect. The freedom which conscience demands, is far from being completely enjoyed even in England, and in the chief continental nations its name is a term hardly known. In this department of the globe, a work of inconceivable difficulty and of prodigious magnitude, has yet to be performed, before these nations can enjoy the civil and religious liberty to which every soul of man has a clear, a natural, an indefeasible right, and of which he cannot be deprived or defrauded but by wrong and robbery. Toleration, in religious matters, is not enough; it is not a boon, but an insult; enlightened Christians, as such, demand entire equality in the sight of the civil power, and

complete independence of all state support and state control. Now the spread of pure Christianity, in those kingdoms, and nothing else, can effect the glorious consummation. Pure religion can alone correct the errors of legislation. But if this be so, how great a work yet awaits her! Even in favoured England, there is much to discourage, and not a little to afflict, the sincere lover of freedom and of the human race; but in continental lands there is, everywhere, every thing to awaken his pity, to exasperate his spirit, and to arouse his utmost indignation. Amid all this, however, there is also something to comfort and to cheer him. He remembers the contest of many ages to rescue civil liberty from the iron grasp of executive power, and he traces its growth from century to century, amidst sacrifice and suffering, proscription and martyrdom! He looks around, and beholds on every side the happy fruits of the mighty conflict; he sees the steady progress of the great principle, and its advocates increasing every hour. He witnesses the press putting forth its power, and, beyond all precedent, almost beyond credibility, multiplying the means of mental illumination. With faith in the maxim that "knowledge is power," he exults in its spread through England and other countries. He sees it contracting the expanse of the great Atlantic into half its dimensions, and bringing America and Europe within a few days' sail of each other. He sees with calm joy that the whole world is becoming a field for the operation of intellect. Genius, wisdom, experience, religion, humanity, liberty, begin to speak in many tongues and in many lands, and mankind begin to listen to their voice. Mind communes with mind in both hemispheres, and at either pole. Every wind of heaven is wafting truth over the dwelling-place of man; it rolls on every billow; it has living temples on every shore; it is gaining trophies in every clime. The Christian patriot and philanthropist

knows that he shall die before the hour of final victory and universal deliverance; but he knows, too, he will lay down his head in the certain hope, that whatever land may yield him a grave, that land will, in the end, become the inheritance of freemen, the abode of peace, truth, and righteousness!

But, Sir, my chief anxiety is about distant climes. I shall speak no more of Europe. I now speak of lands under a darkness still thicker, and galled by chains still heavier than those which bind the millions of Europe. Sir, I speak of Africa! What is to be done for her? Philosophy, philanthropy, diplomacy, have given her up. Her sorrows multiply. At this day, when our fathers expected that her slavery would have been abolished, the infernal traffic is more than doubled! While I address you, ships are being built, fetters are being forged, and arrangements are being made to extend the traffic! In Africa itself, while I write, villages are burning, blood is flowing, and prisoners are being dragged and driven across the desert to be sold to the white fiends, the merchants of murder, who, like vultures, hover on the shore, hungering for their prey! How is the monster Demon to be destroyed? By the Missionary! How is the work of mutual slaughter and merchandize in man to be put an end to? By the Missionary! By whom is Africa to be covered with the blessings of civilization? By the Missionary! By whom are the sable millions of that great continent to be lifted up to the fellowship of the free states of Europe? By the Missionary! Let the Gospel of Christ have free course, and be glorified through all its borders, and then old things will pass away, all things become new. In that hour her degraded sons will rise from the earth, feel that they are men and not beasts, and worship their great Creator! Behold the change! Agriculture clothes her wide-spreading wastes with a measure-

less abundance of rich and varied produce. Commerce creates towns, cities, manufactories, and harbours,—navigates her rivers—circumnavigates her shores, and pushes her fortunes on every sea. Peace waves her banner over land and over ocean; plenty pours out her horn of wine and oil; the pirate, the man-stealer, the murderer, disappear; the slave ship, the ark of sorrow and death, with all its horrors, is seen no more! Education rears her schools; science, her halls; religion, her temples:

> "And sovereign Law—the world's collected will,
> O'er thrones and globes elate,
> Sits Empress—crowning good—repressing ill;
> Smit by her sacred frown,
> The fiend Discretion, like a vapour sinks,
> And e'en the all-dazzling crown
> Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks."

These, Sir! as you well know, are blessings that invariably follow in the train of the Gospel Missionary. They will not, they cannot, precede him; they never did, they never will, lag far behind. How high his honour! How glorious his character! How godlike his enterprise!

Then, Sir, there are the isles of the Southern Pacific, with all their idols: there is Asia, too, with all its blinded hundreds of millions: and there are other portions of our globe equally wicked,—equally wretched; all are benighted, all are sitting in the region of the shadow of death, except the handful who have heard the missionary, and received his word. How are these enormous masses of mankind to be reached, and raised, and renovated? How are they to be made the servants of God, and subjects of the kingdom of Christ? You answer, By the labours of the Missionary! Yes, Sir, and by none other. The Missionaries of the Cross are the sole instruments ordained of God to work deliverance in the earth. Oh! happy men

whom the Redeemer of the world deigns to employ in this sublime vocation. Oh! happy parents, who have sons and daughters embarked in this harvest of mercy, worthy to be reaped by angelic hands. Oh! happy churches, who are called to separate their members to be instruments in the hand of the Eternal Spirit for recovering the souls of a lost world. Oh! happy England, who, with her children, has been chosen to lead in the business of a world's salvation. Oh! happy they who possess the means, and have the disposition liberally to employ them for the spread of the gospel, and the establishment of the kingdom of God. May you, Sir, long live to behold the work advancing! May your profound and powerful productions, long, and still more largely, contribute to further its progress! May your high endowments, and your studious retirement, be consecrated, with all acceptance, to the work of arousing a slumbering church to her duty—of rebuking the levity of lettered men—and of counteracting their hurtful representations relative to the boundless utility, and the solemn obligation of Christian Missions; as well as to that of illustrating the incomparable felicity, and the matchless dignity of being permitted to engage in so glorious an enterprise!

LETTER XII.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE MILITARY AND MISSIONARY CHARACTERS ILLUSTRATED, COMPARED, AND CONTRASTED.

Sir, few men of your years have been honoured to render services so varied and so important to humanity, liberty, and letters, as yourself. Your distinguished merits in these respects are gratefully appreciated, not only by the educated men of England, but also by those of all countries, wherever our language is spoken. Although you are qualified to attain the first distinction in Courts of Law, in Politics, and in Jurisprudence, it is clear that the strife of tongues, and the coarse tumults of popular assemblies, are not congenial with your disposition. You prefer the solemn society of the mighty dead to the vulgar bustle of the noisy living. Your delights are those of meditation. Your chosen retreat is the library; literature is your most cherished pursuit. So far, therefore, as you are personally concerned, you doubtless rejoice in your late liberation from the toils of government, since you can now indulge more freely your philosophical and literary predilections. It is, however, to be hoped that you will carry with you a deep conviction of the great responsibility which attaches to the possession of powers, reputation,

and influence like yours. You belong to the class of men who are "born for the universe," and whose high prerogative it is to exercise an intellectual sovereignty over all nations. The age in which you live is peculiarly favourable to the beneficial exercise of your brilliant gifts. The great war now waged throughout the world, is a war of opinion, in which the pen and the printing press are the chief instruments employed by the advocates and friends of liberty against the assertors and abettors of privilege and prescription, of bad laws and worse legitimation. If an All-wise Providence shall see fit to prolong your days, it is probable that many honours and high distinctions await you, unless you shall resolutely decline the public stage in your preference for lettered quietude. But the times in which we live demand sacrifices, and the British empire cannot dispense with the services of men like you. Mankind confidently expect that you will be ever found, like your illustrious and early friend, Lord Brougham, ranged on the side of peace and liberty, education and philanthropy, unfettered commerce and equal legislation.

Sir, my object, in now addressing you, is, to solicit your attention to a subject of the utmost moment to the world's welfare, and which, I think, requires only a little candid and careful consideration from a mind like yours, in order to fire your genius, to excite your sympathy, and to command your eloquent and most powerful advocacy. Though once ostensibly the Minister of War, your friends know well that you are an intense lover of peace. A great and happy change has come over the minds of men since the close of the last great European struggle. It would seem as if the Prince of Peace had already begun to "rebuke many nations," as if they were now preparing furnaces at which to "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," as if nation were never again to "lift up sword against nation, neither to learn war any

more." The words of Don Manuel Lorenzo Vidaurre, Minister of Peru, at the Congress of Panaṁa, in June, 1826, — "*Peace with the whole world,*" seem to have mingled with the winds of heaven, and to have been wafted through every clime. "*Peace with the whole world!*" The heavenly sentiment was publicly approved by Adams, President of the United States, while his voice has been echoed and re-echoed in Europe. That great fountain of political truth, the *Edinburgh Review*,—which has done so much to advance literature, liberty, and civilization among mankind,—in March, 1829, thus expressed itself: —"We earnestly hope that the friends of liberal opinions, in this great nation, will never cease to bestir themselves against war; will be instant in season and out of season, in subduing all lurking remains of that unhallowed spirit, and leading them to the real glories of PEACE." This most noble and most Christian sentiment was not a novelty in the pages of that immortal work. From its memorable outset, war was the object of its earnest, emphatic, and indignant denunciation.* The first men of the senate united with the chief organ of letters. The leading voice of Lord Brougham was responded to by the lips of Mackintosh, who never spoke but to enlighten his auditors, and to plead for the welfare of mankind. The following are some of his declarations:—"Whatever may be the political intrigue of some parties, a passion for peace is visibly extending and growing throughout Europe, which is the best legacy left us by that fierce war that has raged from Copenhagen to Cadiz; I confess I feel a very strong passion for peace,—for I must call it by that name;—I trust this feeling will ultimately become the ruling passion of Europe." On the same memorable occasion, the present

* See vol. v. p. 469; x. 26; xiv. 285; xx. 212—226; xxi. 15; xxxii. 48.

Premier of England, Sir Robert Peel, did himself infinite honour by the following frank and striking avowal of opinions worthy of a man in his high position :—" I do hope that one great and most beneficial effect of the advance of civilization, the diffusion of knowledge, and the extension of commerce, will be, the *reducing within their proper dimensions, of the fame, and the merit, and the reward of military achievements;* and that juster notions of the moral dignity of, and the moral obligation due to, those who apply themselves to *preserve peace,* and to *avoid the eclat of war,* will be the consequence."

This enlightened, this patriotic, this philanthropic, this transcendantly glorious sentiment deserves to be had in everlasting remembrance. It involves the great subject to be discussed, or rather pressed upon your notice in this communication. The season of peace is the only fit time for successfully considering the character of war, and the merits of its prime conductors; for this cannot be done during periods of conflict. Then the cupidity of one class, the revengeful spirit of another, the fear of being charged with cowardice of a third, and the national pride of all—feelings such as these then extinguish among the wise and prudent all hope of beneficial disquisition. Times of peace, therefore, and especially times when millions groan under the mournful consequences of war, are the only hopeful seasons to attempt the cure of this murderous, this suicidal malady of mankind. The minds of millions, in England, are now in a proper frame to entertain the momentous question. The late fearful war is past and gone, and is seen only in its results; the ennobling of a few—the enriching of a few more—and the beggaring of a nation! *Eight hundred millions of debt!* The terrific words, eight hundred millions of debt, are a happy motto, an excellent help to the study of war. It is all very well to read its poetry and listen to its music—to gaze on its

sculpture, and the glare of its illuminations—to survey the marble statues and monumental columns which are raised to its heroes—to boast their victories and toast their names—and to declaim on England's prowess, amid the wine and rapture of Waterloo dinners: all this, I say, is very fine; but if men would only lift up their eyes, there they will see a hand, writing upon the wall, with its finger dipped in our fathers' blood—*eight hundred millions of debt!* During the first twenty years of my life, and the first fifteen of yours, Mars was the god of England and of all Europe. Red coats and nodding plumes, recruiting, drilling, reviewing, illuminations, hypocritical fasts, riotous feasts, the sounding of trumpets, the roaring of cannon, were among the objects which hourly occupied the attention of all nations. Till the battle of Waterloo, we never knew peace. To us there appeared in war nothing unnatural. The raising and killing of soldiers, the impressment and destruction of sailors, were mere matters of course. Our rulers went on in the madness of their folly, contracting debt, and at one time lavishing money at the rate of two millions sterling a week! Thus labour was abundant and well paid. Fortunes were made by multitudes, almost with the rapidity of vegetation, and the thoughtless myriads of operatives, having ample means of sensual gratification, revelled and rejoiced, dancing, and singing the praise of heroes and statesmen, reckless of futurity and posterity, and of a coming debt of *eight hundred millions!* The mass of these parties, both small and great, are gone to their account; and here we find ourselves crushed and groaning under a burden which threatens us with national destruction!

We have now enjoyed or sustained twenty-six years of peace, which is surely a tolerable space for meditation. We have, at least, had time to make up our minds on our condition, and to count the profits of many wars. If the

result of our reflections and calculations, combined with our sufferings, has been to create and foster in our bosoms the spirit of peace, so as to prevent a heedless rushing into war for the future, it is perhaps the only alleviation of our deep afflictions that can be looked for, and the only reparation of our fathers' errors that can be made to our children. To Christian and philanthropic minds it is consoling to hope that such will be actually the case. An invaluable article, on "The Dangers of the Country," in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1807, contains the following profound, I had almost said prophetic, passage:—"Peace is in itself so great a good, and war so great an evil, that whenever we are not able to foresee exactly all the consequences of either, we may safely presume, that all that are unknown of the one will be good, and all that are unknown of the other will be evil. In most human affairs, however, the consequences which are not foreseen are more important than those which can be predicted. History and experience illustrate this sufficiently as to the present parallel, and show that the most successful war is usually productive of loss and disaster, even to the victorious party, while peace scarcely ever fails to supply a thousand advantages that had not been calculated upon, and to repair, with incredible celerity, the wound which hostility had inflicted. Among the chief blessings of peace, we think, is its tendency to generate a *spirit of peace*,—a spirit which cannot be generated, we believe, in any other way, and which, in an advanced state of society, and after a long experience of the miseries of contention, may perhaps prolong into habitual amity those hostile truces and breathing times to which nations have lately limited their intervals of war."*

It appears to me that the spirit of the present age is an illustration or fulfilment of the foregoing sagacious antici-

* Vol. x. p. 26.

pation. Every man who is really a friend of his country and of the human race, beheld, with intense satisfaction, the recent conduct of M. Guizot, and other distinguished French statesmen and legislators. Their speeches, on the subject of war, in an hour fraught with imminent peril to the peace of Europe, and the progress of improvement among mankind, did equal credit to their patriotism and to their philanthropy. That enlightened and virtuous government, of which you formed a part, responded in appropriate strains to the pacific voice of France. It is time for France to have done with war. An economist of her own computes, that since the foundation of her monarchy, she has conducted no fewer than *thirteen hundred wars.* More than half of the last three hundred years have been spent by France and England in the work of mutual destruction! But this mutual slaughter is of older date. The matter may more fully be stated thus:—From 1110 to 1803,—a period of nearly 700 years,—they spent 260 in war! Murderous infatuation! How blinded have these nations been to the true principles of commerce, and to their own respective interests! Nothing is more certain than that home trade is more lucrative than foreign. The market is near—the property safe—the return quick. Next in importance are neighbouring countries, as spheres of profitable commerce. France and England, therefore, instead of being the first, should be the last, to quarrel. Instead of being "natural enemies," they are natural friends! It is really to be hoped that such is now the conviction of the best citizens of both countries. In all their past conflicts the people of each country were less in fault than their haughty Heads, who plundered them of their substance, and, without a sigh, poured out their blood like water! In those days the two nations were nothing but the burden bearers of royalty. But, let us thank a gracious Providence, both nations have begun at

length to awake from their dream. They find they must bear the costs, and hence they infer their right to inquire into the propriety, of war. Nations really free will not permit their rulers to slay multitudes, and waste millions, without a strong necessity—and that necessity must first be proved. Nations really free will not be the sport of weak men, of men not so weak as wicked. On the subject of their own interests, the multitude are seldom long mistaken; and the bulk of thinking men among the people of England have made up their minds to the truth of the assertion, that "War is universally a losing game; and *must*, sooner or later, be followed by disastrous consequences."* If such are the merits of war itself, it becomes a matter of some importance to inquire into the merits of the military character, and its claims on the respect and admiration of mankind. On this point there has been in England, within the last twenty years, a strong re-action. To this happy change that great organ of opinion to which I have repeatedly referred, and with which you, Sir, stand so closely and so honourably identified, has most materially contributed. It has lost no opportunity of casting a withering glance at the laurels of conquest, and of making a passing thrust at such as have flourished by their country's ruin, and become great through murder!

Permit me now, Sir, to sift the claims of the soldier, and to compare them with those of the Christian missionary. The attempt will not be useless, if, in the smallest degree, it tend to propagate a more general and intense hatred to the principles and spirit of those men, whoever they may be, and of whatever country, whose ambition or other passions would renew, under any pretence, the countless miseries of war!† Warriors and warlike statesmen

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxxii. p. 43. † See ib. vol. xx. p. 216.

have hitherto been too much the idols, the gods of mankind! It is time for the friends of humanity to approach them, and take their true moral and intellectual dimensions. It has been too long the custom to identify them with all that is generous in spirit, great in action, and noble in nature. Those men themselves have done their best to propagate the delusion. They have contrived to monopolize nearly all the honour of nations. They have long looked down with contempt upon men of a wise, and prudent, and peaceful spirit, who fear God and keep his command to "Do no murder!" Let us look a little more closely at these monopolists of honour and glory.

The medium through which the martial character has generally been viewed, has not been that of the prophets and apostles, but of Homer and of Ossian—not that of humility and reason, but of pride and passion. The greatest conqueror, in all ages, has been too frequently deemed the greatest man. It cannot, however, be denied,—nay, it is confessed and deplored,—that, in all past time, war has appropriated to itself much of the genius of the world, a very large portion of the finest talents that ever adorned the human race. Moral qualities, too, of a very elevated order, have occasionally distinguished men who have passed their lives in arms. But the greatness of the majority of fighting men has been of a very questionable character. The military genius which mankind have most frequently praised and rewarded, has been, in my poor judgment, very little more than a species of mortiferous instinct, enjoyed in common with the tiger, the bear, and the other tenants of the jungle and the desert—a ferocity the more terrible and destructive, as being under the direction, without the restraint, of reason. It was a dexterity in destroying, combined with a delight in destruction! Such were most of Homer's heroes, especially Achilles,

"whom," as Mr. Foster remarks, "it had deserved a conspiracy of the tribes, then called nations, to chain or to suffocate;"—and such were most of the generals of the French republic, and even of the empire. This spirit is strikingly described by the bard of our father-land, who, adverting to the gentle spirits of warmer skies, thus contrasts them with a Caledonian soldier, animated by blind loyalty and highland whisky,—

> "But bring a Scotchman frae his hill,
> Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
> Say, such is royal GEORGE's will,
> And there's the foe!
> He has nae thought but how to kill
> Twa at a blow!
> Nae cauld faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
> Death comes! wi' fearless eye he sees him;
> Wi' bloody hand a welcome gies him;
> And when he fa's,
> His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him,
> In faint huzzas!"

This, in the poet's eye, is the model of the true hero—he throws the reins of reason into the hands of passion, while he shoots, stabs, and cuts throats to please king George! He is not "teased by faint-hearted doubtings," as he proceeds to imbrue his hands in the blood of his fellow man! He is, therefore, brave. It is enough for him that human slaughter is the sovereign's "will." He is, therefore, loyal. He "asks no questions for conscience' sake." Considerations of justice, humanity, or religion, would be cowardice! The most gallant man, in the vulgar sense of the term, is he who having succeeded in divesting himself of all that is gentle, lovely, and humane, without fear or remorse, reflection or pity, rushes like a wild beast on mankind to destroy them!

The fame of the battle field, more than any other kind

of fame, is factitious, delusive, and equivocal. The great general, in ancient times, was frequently little more than a dexterous or a fortunate gambler, indebted for success, not so much to the coarse, the brutal, the ferocious element of personal bravery, so called, as to the chapter of accidents, to craft, to stratagem, to falsehood, to treachery, to the incompetence, disadvantages, or calamities of the adversary. The same remark extensively applies to more modern commanders, notwithstanding the refinements of latter ages. It has, however, been contended, and as I have already said, it is confessed, that the mind which comprehends, at a glance, the character and capabilities of a country, and accurately ascertains the positions which it affords for the successful conduct of a campaign, is one of a superior order. On this ground it was customary to extol, as most transcendent, the powers of Napoleon, and to pronounce him the greatest of all great men. It would certainly be neither wise nor just to deny his marvellous skill in disposing his troops so as to counteract greater forces; in supplying, by science and experience, the defect of numbers; and in giving unity, energy, and resistless impulse to all the parts of an extended and complicated system of operations, amid casualties, crosses, and obstructions, which no wisdom could foresee, and against which no prudence could prepare. In these respects, to mention no others, he unquestionably displayed a stupendous capacity, and an amazing versatility of genius. Granting all this, however, we do but grant him the possession of qualities possessed in equal degrees by many benefactors of mankind—the abilities of an engineer of the highest order. We grant his surpassing skill in the application of physical force, in the use of physical means to compass physical ends. Generalship is, therefore, to a great extent, a coarse question of matter. There is nothing in it which authorises either those who sustain the character, with the

highest celebrity, or their worshippers, to claim for them kindred with such men as Bacon and Newton, Burke and Smith, Shakspeare and Milton, and the loftier spirits of our race. What is it but an affair of rivers and ramparts —hedges and ditches—horses and human beings—bows and battle-axes—musketry and cannon? But putting the matter at the highest point, what is a genius for war but a genius for shedding blood? The curse of this genius has been mercifully bestowed upon only a limited portion of mankind. Ancient tactics were very simple. The club and the stone, the bow and the sling, the *balista* and the *catapulta*, the spear and the pike, the sword and the lance, were the prime instruments of destruction before the invention of gunpowder, and their use did not require science so much as brute force. Still, however, it admitted somewhat of a scientific exhibition. But the inventors were few in number. If we name Xenophon, Epaminondas, Alexander, and Cæsar, the catalogue is ended; for we can hardly include Hannibal. The invention of gunpowder altered the entire nature of warfare in what is, erroneously, called the civilized world. The tactics of destruction then required to be studied anew. In modern times, the number of inventors has not been greater than among the ancients. Of these, the chief were Maurice, prince of Orange, Gustavus of Sweden, Frederick II. of Prussia, and to them in our own day we must add Napoleon. Such have been the chief inventors of methods of destruction. Unhappy men! The inventors of the Steam Engine, and of the *Spinning Jenny*, merit a thousand times more gratitude and glory from mankind than they all, were they as numerous as the millions whom they have butchered! Yes! the names of Watt, with his engine, and Arkwright, with his jenny, will extend through all lands, and live through all time, diffusing a multitude of comforts among the human family. I really see nothing

to admire in the genius of war. I am, indeed, unable to distinguish between the science of war and the practice of it. All science is valuable only as it is useful. Can beauty then attend a science, the practice of which is hateful to every good man, and hurtful to all? Most of those whom I have mentioned, you are aware, were pre-eminent for genius in other things besides war—and upon the latter, not the former, their true glory rests.

But, Sir, the genius of war is a very small thing compared with its principles—a consideration which enters vitally into the claims of the martial character. I have reached the conclusion that war, in all its forms, is at variance with the principles of Christianity, the triumphs of which, we are assured by the Scriptures of truth, will be attended with its utter extinction throughout the whole earth. Military greatness is, therefore, at best a perishing object. It is doomed to certain banishment from our world. When the earth shall have been filled with the knowledge of the Lord, the order of heroes will expire, and the vulgar myriads of mercenary mortals, their instruments, whose calling is slaughter, will perish along with it. The Gospel of Christ smites the soul of war in the love of power and the lust of false glory, which are the fruitful source of fighting among men. The Redeemer of mankind, while resident in our world, arrayed the whole force of his authority against this strong and general passion. He not only denounced war, but laid it down as a law of his kingdom, that he who would be greatest, should be, not the ruler, but the servant, of his brethren; and Christian principle abundantly provides for cordial obedience to Christian precept. When the throne of Christ shall have been fully established in the hearts of the majority of the human race, "war will cease to the ends of the earth." Its guilty splendours will captivate no more, nor spread the blaze of a spurious heroism and a deceitful glory over

the wholesale butchery of our species! It will then be seen and felt, that the pure, pacific, benevolent, and righteous morality of the gospel is just as binding on nations as on individuals, and that, to whatever extent individuals may be formed into societies, and expanded into empires, the same laws that govern the units must rule the millions.* It will also appear, that, in the sight of Heaven, national war is just as culpable, as sternly condemned and interdicted, as single combat. What is the principle of duelling but the principle of war operating on the smallest scale, and displayed in its naked deformity, without those meretricious trappings and deceptive accompaniments by which the horrors of war are in part concealed, and its heinous guilt apparently lessened, if not altogether cancelled? In the eye of reason as well as of Scripture, they are only distinct exhibitions of the same principle—equally reprehensible, and exposed to the same condemnation. If, therefore, the truth may be told in the ear of pride, the vulgar prize-fighter, the brutal boxer, the hot-blooded, high-bred duellist, military officers of every rank, from the humble corporal to the generalissimo of the united armies of many nations, are all but members of the same profession, brothers of the same family;—the difference is only accidental and circumstantial,—they are all essentially men of the same order,—and the Christian moralist feels constrained to class them all in the same category.

Sir! Are these things really so? What then is to be thought of "the profession of arms"—a trade which consists in shedding blood and slaying brethren? Does it merit to be extolled as the highest of all human pursuits? Does the battle-field, as it drinks the blood of the slain, and groans beneath the load of murdered myriads, deserve the lofty designation of the "bed of honour,"

* See Chalmers' Sermon on Universal Peace, p. 23.

and "the field of glory?" Is human butchery a vocation for which the flower of a kingdom should contend? Is the command of homicidal legions a function deserving the fierce competition of the sons of the aristocracy, of the highest nobles, and even of the sovereigns of England? Does it become a generous, high-born, and accomplished man, to sigh for so dreadful an occupation? Is it honour, or is it infamy? Does it merit a sounding celebrity, or an eternal execration? Oh! Sir, who can endure to think of all the great ones of the earth prosecuting a science, the chief problem of which is, "In what manner the greatest number of men can be slain in the least possible time."* They who can, must surely envy the glory of the monster *Tamerlane*, as, dyed in blood, he reared his pyramid of seventy thousand human heads! They who can, must surely envy the felicity of the Greek auxiliaries in the pay of the king of Egypt, who, in the war against Cambyses, seized the innocent children of their recreant general, cut their throats, and drank their blood, in the sight of both armies!

Sir, the claims of the military character will be still better understood by looking at war in its consequences. Nothing further should be necessary to quicken that obtuseness of moral feeling, which has too long and too generally obtained respecting the legalized and wholesale murder of mankind. We have had, it is true, many avowed advocates of peace, both on philanthropic and on Christian principles; but with the noble exception of Channing, the writers of the "Prize Essays on a Congress of Nations," and the members of the London Peace Society, the voice of their reprobation has too frequently been wanting in truth, emphasis, and earnestness. It has generally, indeed, been liable to the charge of feeble cant,

* Filangieri, Science of Legislation, Introduction, p. 16.

and simpering sentimentalism. The bulk even of true Christians are not duly awake to the enormities of war. The fires of philanthropic and devout indignation have seldom been thoroughly kindled in the bosoms of the faithful. Their language has not been the vehicle of an intense, a burning, an overwhelming conviction, that war is a first fruit of the worst element of our fallen nature, a high crime against Heaven, the parent of most other crimes, the source of nameless and numberless calamities, the chief scourge and the greatest curse of a corrupt, convulsed, and miserable world. This dreadful subject, as seen by the enlightened eye of the Christian philanthropist, in all its magnitude, and in its relations both to time and to eternity, is a theme too big for utterance; and he who but half estimates its foul atrocity and its infernal character, will enter into the poet's spirit, and, with a full appreciation of his emphatic language, will be prepared with him to exclaim:—

"Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passion, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one* word,
And that one word were lightning, I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword!"

How dreadful are all the aspects of war! How widely different is war, in the printed page, from war in actual existence and operation! The full and faithful history of a great campaign has yet to be written. The civil historian discourses of marches, positions, charges, routs, and retreats—things which constitute but a small section of a boundless subject. Every aspect of war, in the countries where it rages, is inscribed, in tears and blood, with

lamentation, mourning, and woe! The soul of the Christian philanthropist sickens and is ready to die, when he thinks of only the wars of Europe—the smallest continental compartment of our globe. The spirit of such a man shudders at the recollection of the hundreds of millions of men who, during so long a series of ages, have been trained to the profession of murder, and paid to bear and use the instruments of death! The heart of such a man recoils with horror at the remembrance of the untold myriads who have perished by the sword! Who, Sir, can depict the ravaged fields, the sacked cities, and the plundered palaces? Who can record the history of violated virtue, broken hearts, ruined families, the groans and tears of wailing widows and helpless orphans, the sighs of ruptured and sorrowing friendship, the agonies of bereaved and despairing love? How often has the demon of war turned the fairest fields of that fertile continent into a desolate wilderness,—scattering its society like chaff before the wind,—arresting the peaceful pursuits of commerce, agriculture, and the arts,—extinguishing the lights of science, education, and religion,—covering whole kingdoms with rapine and murder, famine and pestilence, and polluting fountains and rivers with the blood of man!

But, Sir, war presents another and a still more hideous and appalling aspect to the mind of the Christian. As a minister of religion, I am bound to reflect on the spiritual condition of military hosts in the hour of conflict. While nothing is heard but the deathful volleys of battle, the savage yells and the maddened shouts of infuriated men, the work of dissolution is advancing with a rapidity which it is terrible to meditate! The murderous metal pouring like hail through the air, is but too apt an emblem of the flight of spirits successively passing into eternity, where they must appear before the bar of God, to "give an account of the deeds done in the body." Who shall describe

the scene presented by these mutual murderers, as they approach in thousands the throne of the Prince of Peace for judgment! Of the innumerable spirits now in the eternal world, how vast a proportion left their bodies, bathed in blood, upon the battle field! Is it not, Sir, inexpressibly awful to think, that, to such an extent, man should have been the butcher of his fellow and his brother, and that the invisible regions should be so largely peopled by the souls of men who fell by mutual violence? My regrets are multiplied, and my griefs are deepened, when I reflect that it is of Europe that I am speaking—of Europe, where Christianity has so long been known, and where, upon the whole, it has, at times, existed in greater purity, and exerted a greater power than in any other country. It but slightly consoles me to know that Christianity has done much to mitigate the horrors and the cruelties of wars, and much, very much, to prevent the frequency of their recurrence. The fact at once proves and proclaims in how very imperfect a degree European nations have yet been imbued with the doctrines of the gospel.

Without enlarging on this terrible theme, I submit, that, whether we look at the peculiar genius of the warrior, at the warlike principle, or at the results of war, there is little to admire, nothing to love, much to denounce and to execrate. In spite of a world's practice for several hundreds of generations, and in spite of all that has been said and done to dignify "the profession of arms," the Christian can look upon military greatness only as the attribute of a devil! It is a mere capacity to destroy! The poet, the musician, the painter, the sculptor, and the orator, have all combined their arts to deceive the nations of the earth, and, as John Foster remarks, to impress the mind with the idea, "that the grandest employment of a great spirit is the destruction of human creatures."—"A trans-

forming magic of genius," as the same great writer observes, "displays a number of atrocious savages in a hideous slaughterhouse of men, as demigods in a temple of glory."* Yes, and the infatuated millions surround the temple with songs of praise, and offer incense to the sanguinary deities within! What is military greatness, Sir, as compared with that which is moral? You will remember Addison's beautiful remark relative to the judgment of the angelic world respecting the comparative greatness of the military and the moral character:—"The evening walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight than the march of a general at the head of a hundred thousand soldiers! Men are denominated great and glorious, only by an unfeigned exercise of humility—by a contemplation of God's works, and by a generous concern for the good of mankind!" Moral greatness is "first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and of good fruits." The military hero's selfish, sanguinary greatness vanishes like vapour before the rising sun, in the presence of the generous, the social greatness, which flows from Christian principle. True greatness is personal. It resides in the soul, and is, therefore, independent of matter. It is immortal as its temple! Extremes try men. The world has been furnished with a fruitful example in the history of Napoleon. Let us look at the late military monarch of France, the dictator of Europe, without his crown, his throne, and his legions, during his testing exile on the solitary rock of St. Helena. Let us compare the hero at arms, the world's wonder, with John Williams, the English Missionary, on the islands of the South Seas. How poor and pitiful, in my esteem at least, is the great, proud soldier beside the humble, meek evangelist! There we see the real character of the man—

* Foster's Essays, p. 342.

"Whose game was empire, and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table, earth,—whose dice were human bones!
Smile to survey the queller of the nations,
Now daily squabbling o'er disputed rations!"

I defend not the barbarity of his treatment by our government and its representative. I blush for it! I speak of the man, apart from his imperial dominions, and, without hesitation, I submit that he cannot, for a moment, bear comparison with the murdered missionary just mentioned. In Williams you behold the voluntary and happy exile for the sake of humanity and religion,—the zealous and stedfast adherent of Christian truth—alone, unsupported by physical force or regal authority—with no admiring crowds to inspire courage and cheer sadness—with little to excite vanity or nourish energy. In Williams, thus situated, you see a man of God, calmly, but resolutely, with invincible patience and unwearied perseverance, consecrating his time, his talents, his all, without money and without price, to the work of Christian philanthropy, and waiting for his reward in a future world. In this heroic man, the Light of Polynesia, now, alas! extinct, you are presented with an exhibition of real moral greatness—of that sublime and quiet energy which alone is adequate to the demands of the Missionary's high vocation. We see in John Williams a man entirely controlled by the love of Christ, blended with compassion for perishing men—a man giving himself up to the arduous work of civilizing the barbarous, and saving the lost. In behalf of these objects he sacrifices friendship with its many sweets, home with all its endearments, England with all its comforts and luxuries, braves the perils of the deep, reaches the isles of the Pacific, and there takes up his abode for life among savage men! To you, Sir! I appeal, and submit that here is a greatness which utterly eclipses

that of military men, whether in prosperous or in adverse circumstances. Tried by the test of the missionary principle, as exemplified in Williams, how insignificant an object was the late ruler of France in his proudest hour! There was not the smallest ingredient of this celestial greatness in his marble heart. Even when clothed with all but superhuman power, it may well be doubted whether the thought of using it to advance the glory of God and the real good of mankind ever once crossed his earthly mind. It may well be questioned whether the slightest thought of promoting peace on earth and good will among men,—of introducing into the world a new and a happier era,—of ennobling the character and improving the condition of his race, ever entered his selfish soul! When elevated to the rank of First Consul, it is true he uttered a series of noble conceptions in his letter to George III., the main portion of which, as it is material to my general object, I may be allowed to recite. "Shall the war," said he, "which has already ravaged the four quarters of the globe, during eight years, be eternal, and can no means be taken to extinguish it? Why should the two most enlightened nations in Europe, whose power and independence are sufficiently ascertained, sacrifice to vain ideas of grandeur, the advantages resulting from commerce, internal prosperity, and the happiness of families? Why do they not consider peace the first want, as well as the first glory, of a people?—France and England, by the abuse of their respective resources, might still for a long time continue a contest involving the misery of other countries. But I dare venture to assert that the fate of all civilized nations is connected with the conclusion of a war which has set the whole world in commotion."—These sentiments are doubtless full of truth as well as seeming dignity; but they are the dictates of expediency in the guise of feeling. They are not in harmony with the ruling spirit and

passion of the man, who, when only a lad at the military school, wrote thus to his mother:—"With my sword by my side, and my Homer in my pocket, I hope to find my way through the world."

The spirit of disinterestedness and of self-sacrifice for the good of his species was wholly incompatible with his blood-thirsty ambition and callous barbarity, or rather it was diametrically opposed to them. A man is known by his company. On declaring that he loved no man—not even his brothers—he excepted the fierce Duroc. "Duroc! yes; him I certainly love. But why? His character suits me. He is cold, severe, unfeeling; and then Duroc never weeps!" His tyrant passions were completely at variance with true magnanimity. Moral greatness is of a nature too simple, modest, holy and heavenly, to make itself for one hour the theme, the gaze, and the wonder of a dazzled, deluded, infatuated world! His doctrine was that "Friendship is but a name." "As to me," said he, "it is all one; I well know that I have no true friends. While I remain what I am, I can make as many of them as I like, in appearance."* He spoke the truth, as the experiment bore witness. Such was the man of blood, at whose name nations trembled; the man who fought and won nearly fifty pitched battles:—

> "Nor till his fall could mortals guess
> Ambition's less than littleness!
> Nor think that God's fair world had been
> The footstool of a thing so mean!
> Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
> A brighter name to lure mankind!"

But in the midst of indignation, let me not be unjust. I have no wish, and, in addressing you, Sir, it were vain to attempt to conceal the fact, honourable to the warrior,

* Bourienne, vol. ii. p. 28.

that at times he had his misgivings. A feeling of compunction has been known to wring from him the confession that human havoc was an act of doubtful merit. "Is it worth while," he would say, "to desolate the world for so slight a memorial?* On the day after a battle, as he rode over the field, and beheld the horrid havoc which surrounded him, reason and humanity would for a moment gain the ascendency; and he would say to his attendants, "What is war? A trade of barbarians!" This extraordinary man was, in fact, aware that his own immortality would turn less upon his warlike than upon his peaceful achievements. He knew that the military star was but a meteor, and that in all past ages like a meteor it had risen, and like a meteor, had fallen. You will recollect his expression, "I have framed and carried into effect a Code of Laws that will bear my name to the most distant posterity. My Code alone, from its simplicity, has been more beneficial to France than the whole mass of laws which preceded it." Thus he frankly disclosed his full conviction that the glory of the useful lawgiver was more durable than that of the most brilliant conqueror. The great American statesman, Webster, puts this point well, in the following words:—"Of the ten thousand battles which have been fought; of all the fields fertilized with carnage; of the banners which have been bathed in blood; of the warriors who had hoped that they had risen from the field of conquest to a glory as bright and durable as the stars, how few that continue long to interest mankind!" This witness is true. The moral benefits which Napoleon conferred, directly and indirectly, upon France and other countries,—for, apart from his military misdeeds, you will agree with me that such benefits were numerous, various, and great—will be remembered for

* Bourienne, vol. ii. p. 208.

centuries to come, and rehearsed to his honour, when all his blood-stained glories have vanished like a vision of the night.

But, Sir! if such be the superiority of the legislatorial to the military character, how shall we estimate that of the missionary? His case must be dealt with absolutely; comparison with either of them would be almost preposterous; he stands alone in his glory. In whatever light the missionary character may be viewed, it is one of shining, unmixed, and ever-during excellency. It is fast becoming the great and leading character of our times. It has already quite eclipsed every other, and its glories are yet but rising. What, then, will be its meridian of splendour? The promotion of civilization must henceforth be the great business of all nations, and in that business the missionary must be the prime agent. All things are ready. Maritime discovery is nearly complete; Inland research is also far advanced. The printing press is brought to a state of great perfection; the science of mechanics has advanced with giant strides; and the extension of steam power, from railways, rivers, coasting, to universal navigation, has triumphed over space both on land and water. Literature, in all its branches, has been enriched by the genius of ten thousand generous and gifted minds. Education, too, has largely shared in the general progress. The word of God is translated into all the leading languages of our world. All this, Sir, is done. What then remains? The application of the mighty whole to the real improvement of mankind. Who is to open up the way for the operative, the schoolmaster, the merchant, and the philosopher? He who has always opened it, and who alone can both open and keep it open,—the Christian Missionary. Through his means the knowledge of the Lord shall, in due season, cover the earth. All nations

will assuredly receive it. This, and this alone, will be the source of true, complete, and lasting civilization.

It cannot be doubted that a man of your characteristic habits, has been led to inquire into the most efficient methods of promoting civilization. I rejoice, indeed, to find that you are fully committed to an opinion upon this subject by the Address of the "Society for the extinction of the Slave-trade, and for the civilization of Africa," which, by a sort of hereditary claim, has the honour to enrol you among its members. In that address it is emphatically asserted that the only cure for the grievous maladies of Africa, is "the introduction of Christianity"—in other words, to send to it a sufficient supply of Christian missionaries, for that is the plain English of the expression. Christianity can only be diffused by those in whom it resides as its living temples. If such, Sir, be the fact, can any thing further be required to show the paramount importance of the missionary character? He is, he has ever been, the great and the only true civilizer of mankind. On him alone the hope of all heathen lands, at this moment, entirely depends. He alone can bring them deliverance. It must be very pleasing to the friends of the heathen to know that you have really begun to give the subject your serious attention. Every thing connected with human society and the affairs of nations, however important in itself, is really insignificant as compared with the work of Missions. Their temporal is only second to their eternal importance. The question of universal civilization is mainly a question of Missions. May I cherish the belief that you have read the principal portion of the Missionary publications issued within the last twenty years, and, above all, the "Missionary Enterprises," in the South Seas, by the Rev. John Williams? That work I respectfully offer to you as at once the proof and illustration

of all my assertions on this point. The present Bishop of Chester,—an authority, you will grant, of the first order in such matters,—after perusing that work, declared that "he knew not whether he would not willingly put away at least half the folios which he possessed, rather than part with one volume which had recently been published by the Missionary Williams!" Such a statement, from such a man, surely bespeaks a corresponding degree of merit in the work. The causes which have produced such effects in Polynesia, are causes to whose power no limits can be set. The power which wrought such wonders is equal to the working of any thing. We have only to multiply the same sort of agency, in order to adorn and bless all countries with similar results.

Let me most earnestly entreat you, Sir, if you have not yet had leisure to read Williams, to give him a careful perusal. It is of the first importance to this first of earthly causes, that you, and all legislators and men of letters, should seriously entertain this question. It is in your own power, singly, most materially to forward it. It is supremely to be desired that the *Edinburgh Review* should heartily espouse this great cause. It has never yet put forth its giant strength on any theme, that equally deserved the utmost stretch of its highest power. The question of Missions is, moreover, a standing subject. Not a new work of any importance on Missions ought to pass without notice in the pages of that journal. And, independently of such works, were it to put forth an *annual article* upon all the Missionary Reports, it would render an invaluable service to the general cause of civilization and of universal humanity. The Annual Reports of the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, the London, the Baptist, the Wesleyan, and Moravian Missionary Societies, would supply abundant materials for discussions and dissertations, which, for œcumenical importance, practical

utility, philanthropic interest, and moral grandeur, have never been equalled in its most brilliant, profound, and enlightened lucubrations.

It is to be hoped that the infamous articles* on Methodism and Missions, will not prove a bar in the way of such a course. Because the original conductor of the journal erred in admitting such miserable slanders, are his successors, in all coming time, bound to exclude missionary literature, or else to vilify its authors, that they may maintain consistency in error? Surely this is not the way to atone for the wrongs perpetrated upon the cause of humanity, and for the injuries inflicted upon the characters of honourable men! Frankly to confess mistakes, and promptly to repair them, is among the finest traits of noble natures. The path of justice, moreover, is always the path of wisdom, as well as of prudence. Whatever tends to promote the glory of God and the good of mankind can never be impolitic. Forgetting all that is past—and the Christian public will readily unite in such an act of oblivion—let the *Review* come forth at once as the advocate of Christian Missions, on the largest scale, and the most liberal principles. Let the reverend traducer who wrote the articles in question, be at once thrown overboard! It might wound his pride to see the *Review* practically disown his productions, but it might also serve to appease his conscience. As he still lives, he must have seen enough of the beneficent results of Missions to cover him with confusion! He and his co-operatives, in the manufacture of impiety and falsehood, have had time to ascertain the effect of the "pestilent absurdities" of the gospel; they may now witness, in the work of Williams, "the extent of the mischief of that delirious enthusiasm, which is still more pernicious in its remote consequences

* Vol. xi. p. 341; xii. 153; xiv. 83.

than in its immediate effects."* The isles of the South Seas are tolerably "remote" as to space, and thirty-three years are tolerably "remote" as to time. How it is to be wished that the venerable libeller would now favour the world with his septuagesimal reflections on the deeds of his unreflecting youth! The friends of Missions are now in circumstances to answer his question:—"Why are we to send out little detachments of maniacs to spread over the fine regions of the world the most unjust and contemptible opinions of the gospel?" Their reply is, Read Williams's "Missionary Enterprises" in the South Seas, and behold the work of the madmen!

With respect to the duty of attempts to convert the heathen, the reverend adversary of Missions says, "It is somewhat strange, in a duty which is stated by one party to be so clear and so indispensable, that no man of moderation and good sense can be found to perform it: and, if no other instruments remain but visionary enthusiasts, some doubt may be honestly raised, whether it is not better to drop the scheme entirely." Let him read Williams's "Missionary Enterprises" in the South Seas, and behold the work of the enthusiasts! The conscience of the critic, towards the end of his second article, seems to have become rather uneasy, and hence he concludes with the following passage by way of caveat and redemption. "For ourselves, if there were a fair prospect of carrying the gospel into regions where it was before unknown,—if such a project did not expose the best possessions of the country to extreme danger,—and if it was in the hands of men who were discreet, as well as devout, we should consider it to be a scheme of true piety, benevolence, and wisdom: but the baseness and malignity of fanaticism shall never prevent us from attacking its arrogance, its

* Vol. xiv. p. 83.

ignorance, and its activity. For what vice can be more tremendous than that which, while it wears the outward appearance of religion, destroys the happiness of man, and dishonours the name of God?"* To all this we reply, Read Williams's "Missionary Enterprises" in the South Seas, and behold the fruits of fanaticism! The clerical calumniator, at the close of his first article, thus expresses his solicitude for the good of his country:—"It is impossible to say what political animosities may not be ingrafted upon this marked and dangerous division of mankind into the *godly* and the *ungodly!* At all events, we are quite sure that happiness will be destroyed, reason degraded, sound religion banished from the world; and that, when fanaticism becomes too foolish and too prurient to be endured, (as is at last sure to be the case,) it will be succeeded by a long period of the grossest immorality, atheism, and debauchery. Whatever happens, we are for common sense and orthodoxy. Insolence, servile politics, and the spirit of persecution, we condemn and attack, whenever we observe them;—but to the learning, the moderation, and the rational piety of the Establishment, we most earnestly wish a decided victory over the nonsense, the melancholy, and the madness of the Tabernacle."† To all this again I reply, Read Williams's "Missionary Enterprises" in the South Seas, and behold the results of the work of the men who laboured most deeply under these mental maladies! Williams was, beyond all question, and all comparison, one of the maddest and most melancholy members of "*the* Tabernacle."

The present Conductor of the *Edinburgh Review* is not to be held responsible for the folly, ignorance, impiety, and injustice of the articles from which these extracts are taken. They were highly mischievous in their tendencies

* Vol. xii. p. 181. † Vol. xi. pp. 361, 362.

at the time of their appearance, both at home and abroad. Their evil effects have long since, however, been obliterated; but a large debt of reparation is still due from that journal, to a cause which is that of the whole human race, as well as to a people who form the wisest, the most virtuous and philanthropic portion of mankind, who are now counted by millions, and are spread among all nations. It is to be hoped that the learned conductor feels a conviction of the justice of this debt. There can be no doubt of it. In proof, I rejoice to acknowledge that he has honourably paid one instalment of it in his review of the Voyages and Travels of Tyerman and Bennet, deputed from the London Missionary Society to visit their various stations in the South Sea islands, China, India, Africa, and other places, between the years 1821 and 1829. In that just article there are concessions made which, on its appearance, multitudes of right-minded men read with much satisfaction, and which go far to furnish an antidote to the malignant virus of the adverse articles already quoted. It is there stated that the volumes "relate some very remarkable phenomena in the history and condition of rude nations, and give a more striking view of the existing state of the heathen world, and of its dawning day of civilization, science, and religion, than has been furnished from any other quarter; and that the account of the islands of the South Sea is peculiarly interesting, as offering to our view some of the most remarkable moral improvements that the world has seen since the early diffusion of Christianity." The article concludes with the declaration that the Deputation "accomplished one of the most varied, interesting, and instructive expeditions of which we have any record."* Sir, the whole missionary community estimate these concessions at their due value. They set the

* Vol. lvii. pp. 80—95.

greatest store by them. Such acknowledgments, from such a quarter, it is scarcely possible too highly to appreciate. That community, moreover, take them as an earnest of something more, and of something still better. I say better, for, although the opinions just recited are highly flattering, still they are but opinions. The article is merely a mass of extracts, with a few connecting sentences. There is a total remission of that intellectual might, profound research, and amplified discussion which, upon all great questions of a literary, scientific, or political order, characterise the *Edinburgh Review*. The writer appears to have merely lounged, wondered, and admired, while he read the marvellous record of the Deputation, without once arousing himself to reflection or to inquiry. What labour, what vigour, what brilliancy, the *Review* has from time to time displayed in articles upon romance, poetry, and party strife! Yes; and often upon subjects of little general interest, and of absolutely no intrinsic importance. It will be a bright day for letters, for science, for jurisprudence, and for all that is dear to man, when the literature of Missions shall become a reverend subject of intense and constant attention in all the great organs of literature. I do fervently hope that the *Edinburgh Review* will quickly step forth and take the lead in this most urgent and laudable of all intellectual labours. In this walk it may yet earn laurels inexpressibly more glorious than those which it has already reaped.

It merits the attention of the Edinburgh reviewers, that the business of Christian Missions is fast becoming a national matter. Men of all classes, from the peasant to the peer, and Christians of all sects, from the Established churches to the Plymouth brethren, are becoming engrossed by its consideration. Even the heads and chiefs of the literary world have not only begun to look with favour upon the undertaking, but are lending their

powerful aid to promote its success. That great national work, the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, has done itself lasting credit by the insertion of a valuable article upon the subject. The *Quarterly Review*, also,—which, notwithstanding difference of opinion on certain points, must, I think, be allowed to have done immense service to letters, science, humanity, and religion,—is boldly putting forth its great power in behalf of this cause. It has already done excellent service by its articles on missionary works. The question of the general principle of Missions, in fact, is carried among the ruling minds of the empire. It is, therefore, every hour assuming a more practical aspect. In this highest enterprise of philanthropy, as in every thing appertaining to civilization, the first place is held by England. May our beloved country continue to be in the cause of Missions what she so long was in the cause of Mars! To adopt the words of a youthful writer, the gifted son of a gifted sire:—

"Rule—but, Britain, rule no more,
As thou didst in days of yore,
With fierce war, with battle dire,
Bow, and sword, and cannon's fire;
Shed no more thy richest blood
O'er Earth's plains, on Ocean's flood;
But let war's dominion cease,
In thy last, long reign of peace.
Then, when the flag of peace unfurl'd
Shall freely wave o'er all the world,
The warrior's sword, with flowers enwreathed,
Rest undisturb'd, unhandled, sheathed;
The bloodless spear, the broken bow,
Musket and battle-axe laid low,—
Forgotten, lost, unused shall stay,
Or, rescued from dim rust's decay,
Re-forged, some peaceful form shall take,
Of reaping-hook, or plough, or brake;

Then, then shall Truth revisit earth,
Religion know a second birth;
The wilderness in gladness bloom,
Life, cheer the lonely desert's gloom;
Faith, make the blind bright visions see,
And Justice set the captive free.
Then Britannia o'er the deep
Shall still her march triumphant keep;
Not answering with her cannon's roar
The booming waves; but, to the shore
Of some unbrightened region bound,
Where error's last remains are found,
Bear gladly to the distant strands,
Of those expecting, thirsting lands,
Hopes with health and vigour rife,
Words of Everlasting Life."

To you, Sir, are entrusted powers which, perhaps, beyond those of any other living writer, may be rendered instrumental in awakening the learned world and the great world to the claims of the Missionary character, and to the beneficence and glory of the Missionary enterprise! By consecrating to this object your genius, your talents, and your attainments, you, Sir, will treasure up no bitterness for that hour which is now on the wing, and which will soon arrive, both to the friends and to the enemies of Revelation and of Missions. To this may the hand of Heaven direct your energies! May you be long spared, and abundantly prospered in all your endeavours to enlighten, to elevate, and bless mankind! And at length, when gathered to your fathers, and numbered with the illustrious dead, may you receive one of those crowns of glory which will be awarded to all those who labour to advance the kingdom of Heaven upon earth!

LETTER XIII.

TO FIELD MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

MILITARY AND MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE ILLUSTRATED, COMPARED, AND CONTRASTED, IN RELATION TO THEIR RESPECTIVE CHARACTERS, CLAIMS, AND GLORY.

My Lord Duke,—I beg leave to address your Grace upon two subjects which I conceive to be of the utmost importance to mankind. These subjects are War and Missions. With the latter there is reason to believe your Grace is not intimately acquainted, and I am, therefore, anxious to place before you some of its principles, and a few of the facts by which those principles are illustrated. I shall, at the same time, take the liberty of inquiring a little into a subject with which you are profoundly conversant, and of venturing to express a judgment on the respective merits of the soldier and the missionary. Every age has had its heroes, and those heroes have been its gods, to whom have been raised statues, columns, and temples, in addition to the more substantial rewards of wealth, rank, and privilege. There is reason to hope that this order of heroes is coming to an end; for certain it is, that the sword will not devour for ever. The prime function of military heroes has been, to destroy men's lives; but the field now begins to be taken by a new order

of heroes, whose special province it is to save them. No glory or utility, your Grace will allow, can attach to war but as it makes for peace. Now whether is the greater, he who extinguishes a conflagration, or he who prevents it? When wisdom shall govern our world, and mankind shall use their reason, military enterprise will be little thought of; and they who aspire to conduct it, they whose occupation is war, will be viewed with small favour. That day, I trust, is now dawning; and I would fain hope, that your Grace is England's last Great Warrior. "Soldiers of fortune" must soon lay aside their swords, and devote their faculties to the arts of peace. The missionary character, in all points the reverse of the military, is fast commanding the attention of mankind; and the sense of its claims is becoming hourly stronger. Hitherto the power of the sword has been paramount, its reign universal. Mortal strife has, for thousands of years, been the pride of princes, and the business of nations. The experiment is sufficient. The efficacy of the sword, as an instrument of civilization, has been fully tried; with what success, let the whole earth proclaim. It is now time for mankind to sit down and calculate the commercial and political, the moral and religious value of military enterprise.

May I be permitted to point your Grace's attention backward for two or three thousand years, that I may exhibit before you the images, and remind you of the feats, of some of the principal destroyers of mankind? In attempting this, it is needless to go beyond Alexander, whose career commenced upwards of three hundred years before the Christian era. He is indisputably the grand prototype of modern martial heroes. Alexander's father having trampled on the liberties of Greece, was meditating the subjugation of other nations, when he was cut off. The son at once proceeded to carry out his father's pur-

pose; and the first step of his dreadful course gave mankind an earnest of his future operations. When the noble Thebans made an attempt to recover the freedom of which they had been cruelly robbed by Philip, Alexander, having taken the city by storm, levelled it with the ground, and sold thirty thousand of the virtuous and innocent inhabitants into slavery. The conqueror's progress was worthy of his commencement. He rushed forth like a dragon, to destroy mankind, and desolate the earth. We next behold him on the banks of the Granicus, fearfully polluting its pure streams with the blood of man. Anon we find him at Issus, mowing down a host of six hundred thousand men, who had come to oppose him in defence of their king and country. Soon afterwards we view him filling the famous city of Tyre with unutterable calamity, taking it by storm, and, to gratify his vengeance, crucifying two thousand of its defenceless inhabitants. See him again at Arbela, assailing Darius, the lawful and unoffending king, who, with six hundred and forty thousand men, came forth to repel the invader, and who left behind him three hundred thousand of them slaughtered by the hero! Such are the deeds he actually performed; but these were only the buddings of his military glory! Nothing could satisfy his thirst of power but the subjugation of the globe itself. He aspired to plant his blood-stained foot on the neck of all nations; and, when it was suggested that the number of worlds was infinite, he burst into tears because he could not ascend to the stars, and carry his conquests throughout creation.

Such was Alexander, son of Philip, king of Macedon; and for these remorseless cruelties and dreadful crimes men have called him Great! Great he doubtless was, but it was in wickedness. He seems like an angel of death, who, by some error in the operations of nature, had become incarnate, and received a commission to desolate the

fairest portion of the earth, and to butcher its innocent inhabitants! He finished as became him. He crowned his sanguinary career of audacious ambition by actually claiming for himself divine honours! I marvel not that his claim was conceded by a benighted world. For intellectual power, for impetuous passion, for impious ambition, and for destructive genius, he has had no equal. Thus far I grant that he was Great; but my inquiry is, was he good? Was the world the better for his existence? Did he promote the cause of human happiness? Did he advance one hair's breadth the progress of liberty and civilization? Ah! my Lord Duke, it had been well for the nations of the East had he never been born! He deserved neither a tear, nor a tomb! He richly merited to be hissed off the stage of being, and driven into darkness by the curses of mankind! His name should have been blotted out of the vocabulary of their tongues, or, if retained, it ought never to have been pronounced but with execration and horror! In all respects he is diametrically opposed to the spirit, principles, and procedure of the Christian Missionary. The one destroys, the other builds up, the social edifice. The one imparts felicity, the other inflicts calamity. The presence of the missionary excites songs of gladness; the presence of the warrior extorts groans of grief. The latter is a scourge, the former a comforter, of mankind.

Cæsar, I need not remind your Grace, was a meet successor of Alexander, at a distance of some two centuries. He applied a master's hand in crushing the nations of the West. To fit him for the work of evil, not one additional quality of any kind was wanting. With a frame of iron, and intellectual powers approaching to perfection, a taste exquisitely refined, an eloquence unrivalled, or rivalled only by one,—with manners and habits the most polished and popular, reckless, prodigal, and splendid—with a cou-

rage that feared no danger, a perseverance that knew no weariness, and a sagacity which penetrated all things—with the impetuosity of a torrent, and the ambition of a Lucifer—a perfect pattern of all vices, a matchless example of all talents—he stood forth by far the most accomplished deceiver and destroyer of men that had ever appeared beneath the European sky. His career, from the storming of Mitylene, to his own assassination in the Senate-house, was one series of sanguinary atrocities. His chief business, in his first province, was to pillage the inhabitants to pay the debts incurred by his profligacy. During the first division of his wars, he destroyed or took some eight hundred towns and cities,—subdued three hundred nations,—and butchered more than a million of men! What shall be said of the second division, terminating, as it did, with the havoc of the plains of Munda? Who can estimate the amount of calamity which this conqueror brought upon mankind? Is not his conduct also inconceivably aggravated by the fact, that his wars were not defensive, but aggressive—wanton, covetous, or ambitious invasions and outrages on innocent kingdoms? But how shall I speak of the climax of his crimes, the plunging of his sword into the heart of his own country? Did the sun ever look down upon a conflict so dreadful, so inhuman, so diabolical, as that of Pharsalia, in which fathers slew their children, and thousands fell by brothers' hands?

Such, my Lord Duke, was Julius Cæsar, whom mankind have so lavishly lauded, so heedlessly glorified. Among his reputed excellences, some men of letters have actually celebrated his "humanity." How blinding to the keenest vision is the glory of war! The humanity of Cæsar! This ruthless soldier, this victim of a cruel ambition, aimed at nothing short of the complete subjugation of mankind. To promote their welfare, in the smallest degree, never entered his thoughts. He would have

deemed the blood of one-half of the human race a cheap price to pay for the thorough conquest and enthralment of the other! In his eye men were no more accounted of than beasts. His dispensation was destruction. His glory was celebrated by the wail of widowed and fatherless millions, by the groans of nations, and the crash of the fallen liberties of his native country! Let Cæsar, the emperor, only be compared with Paul, the Missionary, in spirit, in principle, in action, in character, and work. Paul, too, in his own way, was a warrior. The distance of time between their respective appearances, was not great; they both in part acted in the same spheres, and on the same people. The efforts of their several operations may be examined, compared, or contrasted. They may be tested also by extension. Ten thousand Cæsars within fifty years, would have done much towards the utter depopulation of the globe; a like number of Pauls would, within the same space, have done as much towards filling it with the blessings of truth, knowledge, liberty, purity, piety, peace, and happiness. Which, then, is the great man? Which of the enterprises merits the epithet, *glorious?* As were the respective works, such also were the agents in their performance. The spiritual and moral difference between Cæsar and Paul is inconceivable. Cæsar was the chief priest of Roman idolatry; Paul the Heaven-taught and Heaven-sent teacher of Christianity. The men were as opposite as their functions; and their effects as diverse as either. Paul enlightened the nations, and lifted them up to fellowship with God. Cæsar subdued, oppressed, enslaved them. Cæsar's weapon was the sword; Paul's, the truth of the gospel. The one, like Apollyon, destroyed men's lives; the other, like Messiah, saved them.

Alexander and Cæsar may suffice as illustrations of the military enterprise of the ancient world. I will not dwell

on Jenghiz Khan, and the madmen of the Middle Ages, but, coming at once to more modern times, fix upon Charles XII., of Sweden. This savage sovereign, from his youth, was bent on being a hero. He resolved to become the Alexander of the North. He was, however, in all things an original. He possessed few points in common with either Alexander or Cæsar,—few, indeed, in common with any of mankind. As compared with these conquerors, however, in several material differences, the advantages are wholly on his side. Notwithstanding his intense passion for military fame, his earlier wars were defensive. When neighbouring powers plotted cruel acts of aggression upon his tender youth, he awoke from that strange stupor, in which he had spent his previous years. His whole character was in a moment changed. He utterly and for ever renounced and abjured all sensual indulgence; he laid aside all regal magnificence, and adopted the most rigid economy. In May, 1700, as your Grace will remember, he left his capital for the war, and commenced that career of brutish obstinacy, blind courage, and cold ferocity, by which he is distinguished from the whole fraternity of heroes. He seems, in truth, to have been considerably tinged with insanity. In support of this allegation we have many facts, both of a public and of a private character. His conduct at the great battle of Pultowa, and especially at Bender, where he braved the power of the Ottoman empire with three hundred Swedes, and with that body began to fortify a mimic camp in the face of an army of twenty-six thousand men, more befitted an inmate of Bedlam than the sovereign of a great nation. Of war as a science, Charles knew very little; and he was still more ignorant of every other branch of human knowledge. He was a transient but severe scourge to many countries; from the time that he began to reign till the day of his death, he busied himself

entirely with the work of destruction. He was a great and unmixed curse to his own people, and a blessing to none besides. How to confer human happiness was never for a single hour his study, and by none of his actions, for a moment, did he ever gladden a solitary heart. He was a cold, callous, selfish, ferocious wretch, who deserved neither love nor imitation. All he did was to augment the misery of men, already miserable. His birth was a heavy calamity to the earth ; and his death, at the early age of thirty-six, was a deliverance to Europe. Nothing could have been more fit than that such a monster should have had an atheist for his historian.

Next, in order, my Lord Duke, you will doubtless allow me to mention the name of Frederick the Great, of Prussia, whose marvellous history equally demonstrates the benefits of peace and the evils of war. He was one of the most gifted of the human race. In many points he closely resembled Cæsar. His talents were of every kind, and all of the highest order. He was fitted alike to excel in the arts of peace, and in the arts of war. His law reforms, as comprised in the "Frederician Code," appear to have been a glorious achievement; his works, as a man of letters, entitle him to a place among the first writers of his time; his efforts to promote the Fine Arts, Learning, Agriculture, and Commerce, do him lasting honour. Had he rested satisfied with such deeds as these, and employed his resources to promote them, great had been his glory. But the demon of war possessed him, and he was occupied with these pursuits only in the few and transient intervals of a long and destructive career. He was the occasion of great calamity to all the nations that were round about him. He kept the north of Europe in one continual ferment. There is scarce a place or city, of any name, adjacent to his kingdom, which has not some tragic association with his mighty but murderous achievements. Liege, Glogau, Mol-

witz, Czaslaw, Prague, Friedberg, Sohr, Kesseldorf, Kolin, Rosbach, Lissa, Olmutz, Zorndorf, Zulichan, Cunnersdorf, Lundshut, Dresden, Lignitz, Torgau,—to mention no other—will, at the close of time, have to surrender an enormous mass of human dust, comprising the bodies of those that were slain in the battles of Frederick. To accomplish his military projects, he hesitated not to perpetrate the most fearful enormities. He was an infidel,—if not an atheist—and the friend and companion of infidels. Voltaire himself was long the object of his idolatry. He had no fear of God, and no love to man, although it served the purpose of British policy to consider him as a Protestant hero, fighting for the cause of religion and liberty, and to form with him a subsidiary treaty, commencing with a payment of little less than a million sterling! The blood and the treasure wasted in military enterprise by Frederick, and those powers whom his wrongs roused to resistance, had sufficed to civilize the bulk of the nations of Europe. How great was the guilt that rested on his head as he descended to the grave! Nor did his mischief end with his death. Your Grace needs not to be reminded that he was not only a consummate master in the art of human slaughter, but that he also formed his principles into a system, and published it in a volume, which acquired a fatal celebrity, and became the detestable instrument of advancing the cause of bloodshed and barbarism.

The instances here specified may serve both as ancient and more modern illustrations of the regal military character in general, and of the nature and tendencies of military enterprise in different ages of the world. Could I remember a case of any warrior of distinction which would present the matter in a more favourable light, I would certainly state it; but I believe there is none. I, therefore, come at once to our own age, where the eye is

instantly met by the blazing star of Napoleon, who, even if he stood alone, would sufficiently illustrate the whole question of military enterprise. Would that he *had* thus stood! The appearance of such a man in the midst of a world which had never known, and never heard of war, would have been as the breaking forth of a dreadful volcano in the midst of a fair and fertile country. Men would have gazed upon him with wonder and terror, and even after the tomb had received him, would have been unable to mention his name without awe and horror! But unhappily the name of warriors is, Legion; and Napoleon was only one of a multitude, of whom, if he was not the worst, the difference arose from circumstances, and not from any superiority or virtue. He was entirely void of all moral principle; and that he was not more wicked, was, because the objects of his ambition did not require the perpetration of greater enormities. In the career of conquest, he spurned all laws, human and divine. He was a law to himself, and aspired to make his will the rule of mankind. The military crimes of Charles XII. were limited to a comparatively small circle, and a brief period; those of Frederick II. were much larger, both as to time and space; those of Napoleon, although less than Frederick's in point of time, were threefold greater in point of space. It is not easy to conceive of a single military power working a greater amount of mischief in the same period. The chief business of all the nations of Europe was war, of which he was the prime mover. If these wars were meritorious, the praise is mainly due to Napoleon; and, if otherwise, his, too, is the demerit. I am far from insinuating that he had no high qualities. In common with all men, I have often felt the fascination of his marvellous genius, and been frequently betrayed for a moment into a foolish, a culpable admiration of his powers and feats, and a sympathizing regret at his disasters. Nor do

I deny that his tyranny and his wars have already led to much good for the nations of Europe, and that good will result to generations yet to come. But granting all this, nothing is granted in behalf of military enterprise. The submersion of England would be a source of commercial gain to some other portions of the earth; but who could calculate the loss to all nations? Were such an event within the compass of human power, and that power exerted to effect it, would he by whom it was put forth be entitled to rank as a benefactor of mankind? It is thus, I submit, that we must test the merits of Napoleon. The problem to be solved, is, the effect of Buonaparte's wars upon Europe. What has been the effect of those wars on its peaceful arts, its agriculture, its commerce, its science, its literature, its laws, its liberties, its morals, its religion, its happiness,—in a word, on every thing that constitutes civilization? Your Grace is competent to answer most of these questions. Would that their solution might occupy your hours of leisure! It would be the best service that you can now render to mankind. What a narrative might your pen produce! No such period is known to European history as that comprised between the years 1794 and 1814. In no period of its history were there such waste of blood and treasure, such violence and robbery, such commotion, fear, flight, distress, and misery. These calamities were confined to no one European country; in turns, they extended to all; and in some, they were continual. What was the result at the close of the frightful era? Civilization had not advanced but retrograded. Barbarity had become naturalized. All was confusion and desolation. Had the same measure of intellectual, moral, and physical energy been put forth, and the same amount of pecuniary means been employed to promote civilization, these countries which were deluged with the blood of their own citizens, and overspread with ruin,

from which even now they have scarcely recovered, they might have been raised to such a pitch of real greatness and true grandeur, as they cannot reach for centuries to come. How exasperating, how afflictive is the consideration! These baleful and accursed wars, however, affected the continent and Great Britain in a very different manner, the latter happily never being the theatre of conflict. Here, therefore, those things which constituted civilization, were but indirectly influenced by the sanguinary struggle. It bore upon Britain in another way, yet all the more destructive, because not direct and immediate. Our calamity is as extensive as the British empire, and it will be as permanent as the British throne. There is not a labouring man among the millions of England who feels it not, and, like the fall of man, its consequences will extend through our posterity to the close of all things. The positive mischief to the nations of the continent may be fully repaired in the space of a few more years; but Britain's wound is incurable.

The largest understanding supplies no thoughts adequate to represent the evils of Napoleon's military enterprises. To have run, during a space so limited, a career so full of havoc, and horror, so various in its iniquities, so fraught with injustice, cruelty, atrocity, and all kinds of misery, might have satisfied the most enlarged malignity of the most depraved spirit in hell!

But, my Lord Duke, these wars have had their bearing —a bearing tremendous beyond expression or conception— on the eternal well-being of myriads of myriads, and before *that* bearing, whatever is merely secular and sublunary, shrinks into insignificance. With all these facts before us, can we hesitate as to the light in which Napoleon should be viewed? I submit that, as patriots, it behoves us to denounce his spirit and his principles,—as philanthropists, to execrate his memory,—and, as Christians, to

lament his existence, and even shudder at the sound of his name!

My Lord Duke, I am now led to your own character and history, and the transition is a happy deliverance. After the scenes which we have contemplated, it is truly refreshing to the eye of the understanding and the imagination, to turn to the Duke of Wellington. But by me this pleasure is enjoyed at the expense of freedom and facility. Justice to your Grace, and still more, to my subject, demands a license of speech, a latitude of observation, scarcely comporting with the delicacy due to your illustrious person. There are cases, however, your Grace will allow, when considerations of delicacy must give place to considerations of public good. Through your Grace I am anxious to address an important class of the community on the subjects of this letter, and it is indispensable to my success to prove to that class, that, although the earnest advocate of missions, and the inveterate adversary of war, yet I am as sensible as any man can be to the claims of your Grace's character, which, indeed, I may, without presumption, assert, I have investigated with industry, candour, and veneration. To form a full and a correct estimate of such a subject, I confess to be a difficult undertaking. I do not forget that Alexander forbade any one to paint him but Apelles; while I keep in mind that your Grace's portrait has already been drawn by some of the greatest masters in English literature, still I conceive that their performances do not preclude this further attempt. Some of the chief features have, indeed, been brought forth but very imperfectly in most of these portraits, and in others they have not appeared at all. At any rate, so far as my knowledge extends, no man has hitherto investigated your Grace's character by the lights of Revelation, and contrasted it in its main points with that of the Christian Missionary, which it is my principal

object to do. That as much as possible I may avoid the embarrassment arising from the dread of impropriety, let me be considered, in discussing the personal part of the subject, as speaking not *to*, but *of* the Duke of Wellington. The judgment will be grounded principally on a minute scrutiny into your opinions and actions, history and character, as developed in your own Despatches, General Orders, and Official Letters. Of all evidence, documentary is the most valuable and satisfactory, whether for judicial, historical, or moral ends. By your own writings, therefore, posterity will be chiefly guided in forming their estimate of your Grace's character and merits as a soldier. Without overlooking the volumes of Londonderry, Elliott, Sherer, and Scott, the masterly productions of Southey, and, above all, Napier,—the great storehouse on which future historians and critics will draw, in reference to your Grace, will be the volumes compiled by Colonel Gurwood. The analysis of his volumes shows that they mainly comprise facts and opinions, illustrative of your Grace's military character,—of the character of the British army,—of the objects and motives of the Peninsular war,—and of the effects of war in general; these points, so far as they are material to my object, I shall adduce, without cumbering my page with constant reference.

Mankind are always jealous of superiority, and slow to believe in the union of many and diversified talents in one and the same person. Skill and prowess in the field are deemed hardly compatible with wisdom in council, and wide views on subjects of national policy and general legislation. Hence for many years it was fashionable to speak lightly, if not with contempt, of the Duke as a statesman. Not only was this the case among party politicians, but even among men of letters and philosophers. A remarkable example occurs in the case of Dr. Channing,

of America, whose eloquent, powerful, and unwearied denunciation of war entitles him to the thanks, respect, and admiration of the whole civilized world. That fine writer, in his "Analysis of the Character of Napoleon Buonaparte," thus expresses himself:—"The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, undoubtedly possesses great military talents; but we have never heard of his eloquence in the senate, or of his sagacity in the cabinet; and we venture to say that he will leave the world without adding one new thought on the great themes on which the genius of philosophy and legislature has meditated for ages."* Dr. Channing is wholly incapable of violating his conscience to strengthen an argument. What he affirms in the foregoing words, he unquestionably believes. The proposition in support of which he is arguing, is, "that military talent, even of the highest order, is far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is, (says he) one of the lower forms of genius; for it is not conversant with the highest and richest objects of thought."† The accuracy of this view, is, I think, incontrovertible; but it does not follow that, because a man is endowed with military genius, he possesses genius of no other kind. Dr. Channing, however, was misled by the

* Analysis, &c. Fourth London Edition, 1828, p. 10.

N.B. Since writing the above, I have examined the edition of Channing's works, published at Glasgow, in 1840, and find the passage altered, as follows:—"The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, possesses undoubtedly great military talents; but we do not understand that his most partial admirers claim for him a place in the highest class of minds."—p. 27. Whence this alteration? Was it an act of the author, or of the editor? If of the latter, had he the sanction of the former? The change of such a passage, relative to such a person, required a note of explanation. If the act was the result of Dr. Channing's more matured judgment, justice to himself, as well as to the illustrious subject of his remarks, demanded a public acknowledgment.

† Analysis, &c., p. 9.

literary gossip of Europe; and perhaps the declaration of Napoleon to O'Meara contributed as much as any thing to deceive him. According to that gentleman, the Emperor said, "Judging from Wellington's actions, from his despatches, and, above all, from his conduct towards Ney, I should pronounce him to be *un homme de peu d'esprit, sans générosité, et sans grandeur d'âme.* Such I know to be the opinion of Benjamin Constant and of Madame de Staël, who said, that, except as a general, he had not two ideas. As a general, however, to find his equal amongst your own nation, you must go back to the time of Marlborough; but, as to any thing else, I think that history will pronounce him to be *un homme borné.*"* In confirmation of this depreciatory judgment, the *Edinburgh Review* asserts it to be "the universal opinion that in all other respects there are few more ordinary personages."† In such a question as this, however, Napoleon, Constant, and Madame de Staël, will be the *last* authorities to which "History" will resort; and even the *Edinburgh Review* itself, notwithstanding its literary glory, its surpassing power as an expositor, and its eloquence as an advocate of liberal opinions, will not be admitted as a perfectly impartial witness in this matter. His Grace's politics will be always considered as more or less tending to warp the minds of the most upright contemporary writers. Amid the strife of party, and the mutations of feeling, it is not easy to maintain consistency. In June, 1822, for instance, the Edinburgh reviewers, in the passage above cited, declare that "there are few more ordinary personages;" but the same reviewers, in July, 1821, eleven months before, had pronounced the Duke "*both a great man, and an able general.*"‡ Nor is this all: in July, 1830, nine

* O'Meara, vol. ii. p. 229.

† *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxxvii. p. 184. ‡ Ibid. vol. xxxv. p. 392.

years afterwards, under circumstances of a very exciting nature, when there was every inducement to contract the scale of his Grace's competency in civil matters, as far as consistent with truth and decency, the same Writers, speaking of his fitness for the office of premier, thus frankly express themselves:—"That he has no qualifications, cannot be asserted by any candid observer. *He has valuable qualities even as a statesman;* he has firmness, sagacity, industry."* Now if honourable but unbending political adversaries, in the heat of a great national struggle, concede thus much as to his civil attainments, there must be some grounds for the concession.

These considerations and concessions ought surely to have great weight. In the absence of all other evidence, they would, perhaps, leave on a candid mind the impression that the Duke of Wellington is great in the council as well as in the field. The English public, however, have thought for themselves. They care not a rush for the opinions of Buonaparte, Constant, and other foreigners, whether European or American, however eminent; and, as for the Northern Review, it concedes the point. Again, it is not to be forgotten that these adverse opinions were all those of strangers, or of personal and political enemies, besides being pronounced a quarter of a century ago, when the conqueror's laurels were fresh and green, when envy was rampant, and before mankind had time to prove his Grace's civil and senatorial capabilities. Nor is this all: there is another vast section of the British public, distinguished for wealth and station, talents and learning, who entertain a very exalted opinion of his Grace as a statesman. They claim not for him, it is true, the praise of extensive and varied scholarship, the acquisition of which would have been utterly incompatible with due attention

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. li. p. 570.

to his active and arduous duties; they claim not for him the praise of an extended acquaintance even with the literature of politics and legislation, with the relations of empire and the mysteries of commerce; but they do claim for him, as a public man, the praise of soldier-like decision, of noble frankness, of unspotted integrity, of deep sagacity, of general prudence, of practical wisdom, of high superiority to all that is low and little, base and selfish,—to all that appertains to party spite and party cunning, of intense loyalty to his sovereign, and entire devotion to what he considers the good of his country. They claim not for him the doubtful praise of popular oratory, the power of bewildering as well as enlightening, the power of protecting error as well as defending truth; they claim not for him the graces of a meretricious rhetoric which would ill befit his illustrious person and elevated station; they claim not for him the praise of these things; but they do claim for him, and they claim with boldness, the praise of possessing "the clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic,—the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object."* Blunt and brief speech well suffices for all the purposes of great statesmen, because a *great* statesman is honest and upright. Thus much for the general question; and it may serve to clear the way to my special object, the consideration of his Grace's military character.

It is generally allowed that the Duke of Wellington is the most eminent military officer that England has produced. If any should hesitate between Wellington and Marlborough, inquiry will, perhaps, lead them to declare in favour of the living Duke, and not only so, but to pronounce him absolutely the first commander of modern

* Hon. Dan. Webster, on "True Oratory."

times. But, it must be acknowledged, that it is extremely difficult to institute a parallel between him and any other general of this or any other country. The war which he conducted in the Peninsula was, in almost all points, a war of peculiarity. It was attended with difficulties unprecedented,—difficulties almost inconceivable,—difficulties all but incredible,—difficulties all but insuperable. Without a careful investigation of those difficulties, it is impossible to form any idea of the true character and real greatness, both military and moral, of the Duke of Wellington. It is to be feared, however, that few even of the reading public have ever justly appreciated those difficulties. I have no where seen any thing like a full and accurate exhibition of them. I do not pretend to give such an exhibition here. To do so would require a volume for itself. Those difficulties were of all sorts; they sprang from all sources. Never was commander so entirely thrown upon his own resources, so entirely dependent upon the rectitude of his own purposes, and upon the wisdom of his own counsels.

The career of Napoleon exhibits no war, in all respects, resembling that of the Peninsula. His continental conflicts, in fact, were not so much wars as battles, of which each, frequently, decided the fate of a country, and finished a campaign. It was the doom of the Peninsula to be the grand theatre of a continuous, a terrible struggle. There the choicest troops, and all the greatest generals of France were collected. There Laborde, Junot, Ney, Soult, Victor, Lasnes, Jourdan, Massena, Marmont, and the mighty Master of them all, Napoleon himself, led on the imperial armies. All that could be done by science, numbers, bravery, pride, and desperation, to crush the inhabitants, and to dislodge the British troops, was attempted. It is to be recollected, too, that the invasion of the Peninsula succeeded the general subjugation of Europe. The terror

of the French preceded their march, and paralyzed the hearts of their trembling victims. The sound of their fame, in proportion as it depressed the minds of the Spaniards and Portuguese, elevated their own spirits, and filled them with pride and confidence. The French generals and armies had been so accustomed to victory, that they every where looked for it as a matter of course. All these generals had acquired renown prior to their appearance in Spain and Portugal, and they headed their troops with all the advantages which renown imparts. Before the arrival of Wellington, they had also possessed themselves of all the forts, and overrun the entire country. Such were the adversaries of the English commander, and such their advantages.

The Duke of Wellington, on the contrary, when called to oppose this dread array, appeared under great disadvantages. He was but little known, either in England, or on the Continent. In 1805, he returned from India, where, for eight or nine years, he had done good service; for which he was, on his arrival, made a knight of the Bath, and received the thanks of Parliament. It was not till after three years of repose and civil employment, that he was sent to Portugal to command the British forces. He was also comparatively young; he bore but little military name, and the English government itself showed its utter ignorance of his character, and its want of confidence, by giving the command, almost immediately, to Sir Harry Burrard,—an officer whose first and almost only act was to check the victorious career of Wellington, who had already gained two battles. Burrard, in turn, was superseded by Dalrymple, who was soon removed; and, in 1809, Wellington was proclaimed Marshal-General of the forces. His wonderful talents had now a fair field for their development. Now commenced his difficulties, his dangers, his conflicts, his glories, and that marvellous display of

moral greatness which gives him the pre-eminence among his peers. Here, then, I begin my inquiry into the moral and military greatness of the Duke of Wellington, endeavouring to ascertain the measures, absolute and comparative, in which both kinds of greatness were manifested, and which preponderated.

To the superficial reader of history, the Duke of Wellington may, for several reasons, appear but a third or fourth rate soldier. The first of these reasons is, the brevity of his career. From the time that he received the command till his triumphal entry into Paris, only five short years elapsed. Turenne, from the time that he became Marshal of France, spent thirty-one years in the camp, and died on the field. Marlborough, from the time at which he became Commander-in-chief, was occupied in wars, with occasional intervals of peace, twenty-one years. Napoleon, from the time that he became Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, to his abdication, was nineteen years engaged in constant conflict. The second reason, which has misled common minds in their estimate of Wellington as a commander, is, the small number of his battles. When Lord Chancellor Eldon addressed his Grace on his personal introduction into the House of Lords, in June, 1814, he could enumerate only four victories,—Vimeira, Talavera, Salamanca, and Vittoria,—and two sieges, Ciudad Rodrigo, and Badajoz; and these, undoubtedly, were his Grace's principal achievements prior to Waterloo, the crowning event of his life. In this last great battle he probably did all that a general could do; and, certainly, after allowing whatever can be claimed for either his allies or adversaries, he did enough to stamp his fame with such glory as can redound from such enterprises. The third reason is, that his conflicts, with the exception of the short campaign of 1815, were confined to the small territory of the Peninsula, which gave little room

for the display of military resources and skill, as compared with contests spread over large regions, and involving many nations,—an observation full of plausibility, but void of force.

Now, combining these three points, brevity of time,—paucity of conflicts,—and limitation of space, they seem to form but a narrow and unsubstantial foundation for the edifice of a fame so vast and towering as that of the Duke of Wellington. This has been felt by multitudes who have not reasoned about it; and hence it is a fact that his glory, to the eye of the millions, appears to rest almost wholly on the victory of Waterloo. Had his Grace not won that battle, they would have deemed him a very inferior personage compared with what they now consider him. Such is the dazzling power of success: and the deceitful force of circumstances! The battle of Waterloo was, doubtless, an awful, a sublime, an unparalleled spectacle. Whether we look at the events and circumstances which preceded, the results which depended upon it, or at the consequences to all parties which followed it, all is grand, momentous, terrible. The battles of Issus and Arbela, which made Alexander master of Asia,—the sanguinary conflict at Cannæ, which all but overthrew the Roman Republic, and Pharsalia itself, which placed in the hands of Cæsar the sceptre of the world,—all these were but minor conflicts as compared with the desperate encounter of Waterloo. At that great battle were assembled the collected power and prowess of Europe,—her marshals, her princes, her kings, and her emperors, all were there—there to fight—there to conquer or to die! Against them stood their late valiant and mighty foe, roused like a lion of greatest power and fiercest spirit, who had every thing at stake,—ambition, empire, glory,—and who knew that the alternative of the battle was a palace or a prison. The conflict of Waterloo was con-

sidered the battle of the world's freedom; for, although masses of those who fought were slaves, and their rulers despots, the thraldom bore a voluntary aspect, and the tyranny was deemed legitimate. On these grounds the Duke was viewed as the victor of the common tyrant of the earth, the cruel oppressor, equally of subjects and of princes, as the Liberator of Europe; and the peals of his glory were heard from Moscow to Madrid.

It is proper to value highly the victory of Waterloo as having given Peace to the Earth, a breathing time to distressed and labouring nations, and, I think, I appreciate aright the part acted on that eventful day by the British commander, yet by no means can I view it as the proper foundation of his fame. I cannot go thither in search of the proofs even of his military, still less of his moral, greatness. Nay, had he even lost that battle, I should not have thought at all the less highly of him; and his having gained it, does not greatly raise my previous estimate of him. "Nothing is more common, and nothing can be more unjust, than to judge of a general's talents by the simple test of a battle lost or won. A battle may be won by accident. Most battles, indeed, are so won."* In the language of Scripture, "the battle is not to the strong." There is an Unseen Hand that decides the issue of human contests. Of this, no man can be more convinced than the Duke of Wellington, who, in his letter to Mr. Stewart, of Oct. 10, 1810, referring to the general question, says, "I have but little doubt of success; but I have fought a sufficient number of battles to discover that the result of any one is not certain, even under the best arrangements." Failure may result from circumstances, which it was impossible to foresee, and which, when they arise, it was equally impossible to counteract. Even at Waterloo, victory hung

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxxv. p. 400.

trembling in the balance, till the arrival of Blucher and Bulow with a force of fifty thousand fresh men. Both the Duke and the Emperor, on that dreadful day, did all that could be done by men so circumstanced; but Heaven determined the result. As that battle, however, was a brief, although a stupendous, event, it furnished but small opportunity for testing, at *all* points, the true character of a general. It was an event most fortunate for his Grace's fame with the superficial millions; but his deeds in the Peninsula are the only sure source of proofs and illustrations of his military and moral greatness.

In all great movements, object and motive are every thing with regard to their moral character. On this head, never did general occupy higher or more substantial ground. Could any circumstances justify even a defensive war, the war in Portugal was justifiable. His Grace's views relative to that war were of a very profound and comprehensive order. He considered himself primarily as warring in defence of his own country. When the government meditated the recall of the British troops, on the ground of the expense, he told them that the moment the French were relieved from the pressure of military operations on the Continent, they would of a certainty incur all risks to land an army in Great Britain. "*Then*, indeed," says he, "would commence an *expensive* contest; then would his Majesty's subjects discover what are the miseries of war, of which, by the blessing of God, they have hitherto had no knowledge; and the cultivation, the beauty, and prosperity of the country, and the virtue and happiness of its inhabitants would be destroyed, whatever might be the immediate result of the military operations. God forbid that I should be a witness, much less an actor, in the scene!" A secondary but direct object, was the liberation of Portugal. On this point his Grace dwells with much earnestness, and with invariable hope in his Despatches

and Letters. His ultimate object was the emancipation of Europe, the eyes of which he knew to be intently fixed upon him. His views of the position of Napoleon were wonderfully clear and comprehensive. He knew that tyranny has its bounds, and that there is a limit to the endurance even of prostrate nations. He felt confident that the millions of Europe would, at a day not distant, start up in an agony of revenge, and burst their fetters. In the darkest hour, courage and hope never forsook him. Perhaps that hour was the divorce of Josephine and the marriage of Maria. On that alarming stroke of the tyrant's policy, he thus remarks: "The Austrian marriage is a terrible event, and must prevent any great movement on the Continent for the present. Still I do not despair of seeing, at some time or other, a check to the Buonaparte system. Recent transactions in Holland, show that it is all hollow within, and that it is so inconsistent with the wishes, the interests, and even the existence of civilized society, that he cannot trust even his brothers to carry it into execution." Twelve months after this, we find the great Captain still in the same mood. Writing to Lord Liverpool,—"I am glad," says he, "to hear such good accounts of affairs in the North. God send that they may prove true, and that we may overthrow this disgusting tyranny! However, of this I am very certain, that whether true or not, at present, something of the kind must occur before long; and, if we can only hold out, we shall yet see the world relieved." Six months later, writing to Lord William Bentinck, he proceeds in the same strain. "I have," says he, "long considered it probable, that even *we* should witness a general resistance throughout Europe to the fraudulent and disgusting tyranny of Buonaparte, created by the example of what has passed in Spain and Portugal; and that *we* should be actors and advisers in

these scenes; and I have reflected frequently upon the measures which should be pursued, to give a chance of success." Such, on December the 24th, 1811, were the noble, the almost prophetic, sentiments of the Duke of Wellington. Such were the adversaries, and such the objects of the English commander. The question now comes, What were the means, and what were the methods, by which he prosecuted such objects in the face of such adversaries? These are the elements of the general question of his military and moral greatness. The answer to this question involves a multitude of considerations and inquiries. If set forth with satisfactory fulness, it would exhibit such a variety and complication of difficulties and trials as no commander had ever to contend with. Of this, Wellington was himself aware. He repeatedly asserts it. The chief features of the great case, are the following:—

The British army proved itself to be a mass of depravity. It was found next to impossible to establish order and discipline among them. The Duke says, in 1809, that it is "an excellent army on parade, an excellent one to fight; but we are worse than an enemy in a country." The wickedness of the troops was wanton, and, as yet, without the apology of distress. He thus speaks, after the adoption of all possible methods to prevent crime: "Yet there is not an outrage of any description which has not been committed on a people who have uniformly received us as friends, by soldiers who never yet, for one moment, suffered the slightest want, or the smallest privation." So alarming was the moral state and discipline of the troops, that, writing to Castlereagh, he says, "take my word for it, that either defeat or success would dissolve us." Such was the instrument with which his Grace was sent to expel the armies of Napoleon! The evil was soon

increased by the neglects of the government as to pay, food, clothing, every thing. His Grace betook himself, with all energy, to the improvement of his troops.

The state of the Portuguese troops was most lamentable. The cool commander kindles into passion when he speaks of it. "I think it scandalous," says he, "that the Portuguese regular army should not be 100,000 instead of 50,000 men; more scandalous that they should want near 10,000 men to complete to 50,000; still more scandalous that they have not means to support even the army which they have; and, almost as bad as all the rest, that Great Britain should not have been able to send arms and clothing for men as soon as the French have been able to send in their reinforcements of made soldiers, which are now upon the frontier." The Spanish army was still worse. Their officers were a strange compound of folly and stupidity, indolence and pride. His Grace broke all terms with men in whom he found no capacity, no application, no truth, and no honour. The troops had neither the habits nor the spirit of soldiers, and the officers had not one redeeming quality. "There never was any thing," says he, "like the madness, the imprudence, and the presumption of the Spanish officers." But, to say the truth, they were as good as the population deserved. Wellington declares, that they were "starving in rich provinces." Where to get money for the expense of 20,000 Spaniards, he could not tell, "excepting from England; as the patriotic gentlemen at Lisbon, now that they can buy no commissariat debts, will give us no money." Such were the mass of the population, both of Portugal and Spain. The religion and government of these countries previous to the French invasion, had all but demented the people; it had rendered them utter serfs; had divested them of every attribute of generous manhood, and prepared them for the most galling thraldom. Their spirit was quite sunk. For

example, the Duke writes thus to the Earl of Liverpool: "What do you think of empty carts taking two days to go ten miles on a good road? After all, I am obliged to appear satisfied, or they would all desert!" Again, he informs the same nobleman, that, "when the whole of Castile and the north of Spain was cleared of the enemy, not a man was put in the field by those provinces, nor even one raised!" Did mankind ever witness such prostration of spirit? Was ever general so circumstanced? Was ever nation so indifferent to liberty, and so unfit for its enjoyment? But the worst remains to be told. The government of the country had been destroyed, and, so far as the British troops had reconquered, its forms were restored under the *Juntas*, which were composed of fools and knaves, who proved a source of constant obstruction, and of endless torment. Many of them, and also of the upper classes of the people, thought it a great hardship to be called on even to billet the British army, who had come to shed their blood for Peninsular liberty! Such was the pride of Spain and Portugal, that multitudes preferred remaining in chains to receiving liberty at the hands of the English!

Under such circumstances, the Duke, with his small British force, felt that, to assail the French army in general actions, would have been utter madness. A perfect master of all the circumstances of his extraordinary and unparalleled predicament, he saw that there was only one method of safe and successful operation,—a method the very reverse of that which he had pursued in India. At the outset, in 1809, he says, "I cannot sufficiently recommend a strict defensive position in all quarters."—"The plan of operation which I should recommend to the Spanish nation, is one generally of defence. They should avoid general actions." He told Lord Liverpool that the contest must necessarily be defensive; and he continued

accordingly to harass the enemy in every possible way, cutting off his supplies, and destroying his troops in detail, with the hope that some diversion on the Continent might occur to weaken the French forces in the Peninsula, or that the French themselves might become weary of the war, and dispirited. In the meantime he trusted that the British forces would be strengthened, their discipline improved, and the general spirit of the country aroused; thus leaving it to circumstances to determine the proper moment for vigorous offensive movements. Such were the enlightened and comprehensive views of Wellington, who, nevertheless, clearly foresaw that, although this was the only method of saving the country, and of effecting the other objects specified, it would inevitably encompass him with immense difficulties; and it was well that he was thus early led to anticipate them, for they speedily arose. The enthusiastic Portuguese loudly called for offensive operations. "Nothing will answer," says the Duke, "excepting to fight great battles in plains, in which their defeat is as certain as is the commencement of the battle. They will not credit the accounts I have repeatedly given them, of the superior numbers of the French." He likewise stated that, while the defensive was "the only system of war which their troops" were at that time capable of undertaking, the country was also "well adapted to it."

Now it was that the real moral greatness of Wellington broke forth with matchless splendour, making the future predominate over the present, and readily sacrificing the temporary applause of the passing hour to universal and permanent glory. The Prince Regent, and the chief personages of Portugal, became impatient, and began to murmur; the Duke, however, firmly told them that the army was his; and that he would permit no interference. At length the British troops, with most of the officers, as well as the allies, became weary of watching the foe, and burned

for action. They had not the wisdom to perceive that a course so unpromising was, nevertheless, one which would conduct them in triumph to the capital of France! The Duke was inflexible. He said he would have no "croaking" among his officers; and that if any were dissatisfied, they must withdraw. These officers, however, whether remaining or returning, contrived, by correspondence and otherwise, to do his Grace much mischief. The result of their misrepresentations was a cry of indignant disapprobation from England. It was first insinuated, and afterwards contended, that the army in the Peninsula were pining away, and that the Commander was wasting time and money to no purpose. The periodical press, as usual, soon blew the spark into a flame. Public Bodies began to take the matter up. The Common Council of the City of London presented an Address to the King, calling for inquiry into Wellington's conduct; and the subject was subsequently agitated in the House of Commons. But nothing could move this modern *Fabius;* who calmly says, in a letter to a friend, "I act with a sword hanging over me, which will fall upon me, whatever be the result of affairs here; but they may do what they please, I shall not give up the game here as long as it can be played."— "The government are terribly afraid that I shall get them and myself into a scrape! But what can be expected from men who are beaten in the House of Commons three times a week?" When the outcry was at its height, on September 6th, 1810, the Duke wrote as follows to Forjaz:— "I should forget my duty to my Sovereign, to the Prince Regent, and to the cause in general, if I should permit public clamour or panic to induce me to change, in the smallest degree, the system and plan of operations which I have adopted, after mature consideration, and which daily experience shows to be the only one likely to produce a good end."

The Duke's position was rendered still more provoking by the wavering of the Ministry, who, he says, sent him private letters, containing "hints and opinions directly contrary to the spirit, and even to the letter, of the public instructions." That they might act as *great* men, and not err with the vulgar multitude, who were offended with his prudence, they expressed great dread, lest he should fight "desperate battles!" To this he drily answers, "Depend upon it, whatever people may tell you, I am not so desirous, as they imagine, of fighting desperate battles; if I was, I might fight one any day I please." This was in April, 1810; and, in July, 1812, he is still of the same mood. He writes to Earl Bathurst, "I have invariably been of opinion, that unless *forced* to fight a battle, it is better that none should be fought by the allied army, unless under such favourable circumstances as that there would be reason to hope that the allied army would be able to maintain the field, while those of the enemy should not." To this wise and humane policy he resolutely kept, in spite of all opposers. He states that he could often have won minor victories, which would not in the least have operated on the general issue; and that, therefore, he purposely abstained from all needless waste of the life of his troops.

The Duke's difficulties were from time to time increased by the conduct of his General Officers. Military history records no instance of a Commander-in-chief, whose wisest plans and greatest measures were so thwarted, so opposed, so misrepresented and maligned, by those whose business it was, not to dispute, but to execute them. They, to a man, re-echoed the reproachful cry of that section of the English nation, who clamoured and thundered against the government, and demanded the recall of Wellington with the British army. The Marshal, in writing to the Right Hon. J. Villiers, in May, 1811, gives an affecting manifestation

of his feelings upon the whole subject. "No man," says he, "can appreciate better than yourself the difficulties with which I have had to contend; but I believe that you are not aware of all of them. I persevered in the system which I thought best, notwithstanding that it was the opinion of *every British Officer* in the country that I ought to embark the army; while, on the other hand, the Portuguese civil authorities contended that the war ought to be maintained on the frontier, for which they wanted not only physical force, but the means of providing for the force which they could produce in the field. I believe nothing but something *worse than firmness* could have carried me through the nine months' discussion with these contending passions. To this add, that people in England were changing their opinions almost with the wind, and you will see that I had not much to look to excepting myself." Could the General Officers have been kept in the army, and have been induced to be at least silent where they could not approve the Commander's course—as he insisted they were in duty and propriety bound to be—his situation had been less embarrassing. But they were constantly craving leave of absence, and, when at home, filling England with their murmurs, besides the grievous inconvenience to which their absence subjected him. Nor was this all; incredible as it may appear, the first body of officers, with a single exception, had entirely left the Peninsula before the aspect of things began to change. Hence the Duke had not the benefit of any old experienced officer by whom both the army and the country were thoroughly known. In reference to this, the Duke says, "The inconvenience of their going is terrible, and the detail it throws upon me, greater than I can well manage; for I am first to instruct one, then a second, and afterwards, upon his return, the first again, upon every duty. At this moment we have seven General

Officers gone or going home; and, excepting myself, there is not one in the country who came out with the army, excepting General A. Campbell, who was all last winter in England." In writing to Lord Liverpool, Wellington further points out the results to himself, thus:—"The consequence of the absence of some of them has been, that in the late operations I have been obliged to be General of Cavalry, and of the advanced guard, and the leader of two or three columns, sometimes on the same day." What a condition for a General-in-chief to be in while fighting the most renowned marshals of France, with her veteran soldiery! In the history of human conflict there is nothing for a moment to be compared with it. There are only two analogous cases of generals adopting the same method, both with success, and both, like the Duke, at the expense of great public censure. Of those, the first is that of *Fabius*, which acquired for him an immortality of fame; but the two Commanders are not to be named in the same page. The difficulties encountered and overcome by the Roman Consul were but as one to a thousand compared with those of the British Field Marshal. The next case was the splendid one of Barclay, Commander-in-chief of the Russian forces, during the French invasion of 1812; this noble-minded man adopted exactly the plan of Wellington, which, the French themselves being witnesses,* was the best possible plan for Russia, while it was the worst for them. Barclay's treatment, too, exactly corresponded to that received by Wellington. The ignorant but boisterous clamour of the empire constrained Alexander to displace him and appoint Kutusof. He was not removed, however, till, by his plan of retreat, he had drawn Napoleon into the heart of Russia, and thus, in conjunction with other events, secured the destruction of

* Segur, vol. i. pp. 304—309.

the tyrant's forces. Mark the sequel: as the successor of *Fabius*, to please the Romans, fought the battle of *Cannæ*, by far the most disastrous in the annals of the Republic, the successor of Barclay, too, to please the Russians, fought the battle of Borodino, by far the most sanguinary and destructive in modern times. Steady adherence to the Fabian policy would have averted the dreadful calamities of both these battles. Nothing was gained, either at Cannæ or Borodino, to counterbalance the fearful loss.

I have now finished my case for the claims of the moral greatness of the Duke of Wellington. All history, civil or military, will be searched in vain for an example of moral greatness so splendid and so glorious. During the whole of this solitary and tremendous struggle, his moral powers vastly preponderated over his mere military genius, towering with an elevation which far transcended his achievements on the field at Waterloo. The coarse-minded masses, however, see no glory but in conflict and slaughter. They forget who hath said, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." The glory of Wellington lies not in the plurality, but in the paucity of his battles, and in the fact that he fought so that he never wantonly shed one drop of human blood! He did his utmost to accomplish his object at the smallest expense to humanity. This is his real, and it will be his lasting, honour; it is in this that he so much surpasses all conquerors of all times. One scarcely knows which more to admire, the prudence, or the humanity, of his defensive system. In his bold defiance of the clamour of unthinking multitudes, both in England and in the Peninsula, heedless alike of human life and probable consequences, there is a sublime courage—inconceivably more glorious than was ever displayed in the ordering of battle, and the slaughter of men. This, this was heroism! This, this

was glory! Here it is that Wellington had fellowship with spirits of the loftiest order!

On the directly military part of his Grace's character, it is not to my taste, nor necessary to my purpose to dwell. Suffice it to say, that the hour, and all the circumstances which the sagacity of the Duke had anticipated, at length arrived. Then began the fighting, when he showed mankind that he was not less mighty in assault than he had been in defence,—that he could assail and pursue with resistless energy, as well as defend and retreat with consummate prudence. Having fairly commenced, he pressed forward, in the greatness of his might, like an impetuous torrent, bearing down whatever stood opposed to him, and halted not till he planted his foot in the capital of France! But on this part of the subject why should I linger? Can any thing be added to the declaration, or rather confession, of Napoleon himself, who said,—"Wellington is my equal as a general,—my superior in prudence."

The Duke of Wellington has been highly favoured. There is no case of a first-rate general surviving his wars half as long as his Grace has done. After completing his military enterprise, he has had nearly a generation to study the arts of peace and of civil government. He has, therefore, enjoyed the opportunity of adding the virtues and services of the loyal Citizen to those of the faithful and able Commander—a felicity peculiar to himself—but a felicity which has necessarily not been without its perils to his fame. His Grace has lived in troublous times, notwithstanding they have been times of peace; and, true to his manly character, in all civil, as well as in all military, conflicts, he has never shrunk from his share in battle and in responsibility. His reputation has, therefore, in all points, sustained a fiery ordeal. His friends, however,—and they are millions,—have abundant reason to congratulate both themselves and him on the fact, that not one

leaf of his laurels has faded, not a single ray of his lustre been obscured. This is certainly a circumstance and a satisfaction of no ordinary kind. His Grace's maintenance, —and not merely his maintenance, but, upon the whole, his improvement, of his position,—is the most convincing proof of the real greatness of his character. That character, at the distance of six and twenty years from his great and final victory, stands forth like the public Statue which adjoins his Mansion, in all the strength, grandeur, and majesty of its gigantic dimensions, unimpaired by the violence of the civil and political storms which, for so long a space, have raged around it. This fact demonstrates that the character of his Grace has in it nothing factitious; that it is a piece of pure solid gold, and will live in his country's history so long as true greatness is appreciated among mankind. Notwithstanding differences from his political creed, notwithstanding some foolish sayings and doings, equally foolish, upright and candid men, of all parties, at home, and of all nations, abroad, are of one opinion relative to his lofty patriotism, to his political rectitude, and to his moral integrity.

The Duke of Wellington is incomparably the first historical personage now living. All reflecting, all virtuous men, his contemporaries, pronounce his name with feelings of respectful esteem, profound veneration, and admiring gratitude; and History will not reverse but establish the general decision already pronounced by mankind. She will make due allowance for his aristocratic origin, for his peculiar temperament, and for his military education, and consequent habits; and in these she will find an apology for the want of attributes which would have imparted something more of a civil air to his noble nature and exalted character. History will adjudge, that not England alone, but Europe and the world, have been his Grace's debtors, and that he amply merited the wealth and ho-

nours which a grateful country awarded him. She will also notice with point and significance, that, as in the vegetable world, the bane and the antidote always appear in the same field, so the same year which, in wrath, ushered into our world a Buonaparte, in mercy, sent along with him a Wellington.

My Lord Duke, notwithstanding my admiration of your Grace's moral greatness, and also of your military genius, as far as it is possible for me to admire talent of that description, still I cannot look upon military enterprise with any feelings other than those of abhorrence or sorrow, according as it is aggressive or defensive. If I may be allowed to speak comparatively, on such a subject, I think there have been but few wars in our world of a less exceptionable character than that which your Grace conducted on the Continent. Still this did not render the enterprise the less dreadful in many of its aspects, nor the less calamitous in many of its results. Your Grace's avowed and real object and motive were the overthrow of the tyrant of France, the oppressor of Europe—a cause in which, if in any cause it were lawful to bear arms, it was lawful and honourable to fight. I speak not, however, of that particular war, but of war generally,—of such wars as have hitherto, almost without exception, prevailed in our world. They are an unutterable evil, a criminal atrocity. This fact is certified to the world by your Grace's own hand, in your letter to General Cox, in which you state, that "war is a terrible evil, particularly to those who reside in those parts of the country which are the seat of the operations of hostile armies;" and in your letter also to Baron Constant, in which you declare, that the "new French system of war is the greatest evil that ever fell on the civilized world." Your Despatches often speak in strong terms of the violence and wrong perpetrated by the French soldiery.

This fact is but too well attested by many nations. Even their own countryman, Chateaubriand, speaking of the Revolutionary army, truly declares that they "displayed a degree of energy which was completely without example, and an extent of crimes, which all those of history, put together, can scarcely equal."* But there was order and consistency in their horrid procedure. They prepared themselves for the work of murder among surrounding nations by a self-baptism in the blood of the best citizens of their own. Yes, even "the public streets (of Paris) were so inundated with blood as to become impassable; and it became necessary to change the place of execution!"† Chateaubriand himself has seen some of those modern cannibals with a piece of an adversary's heart dangling as a medal at the button-hole! But I need not remind your Grace, that the honour or the infamy of producing such a class of men was not peculiar to France. The race is as old as war itself. It is long since Tyrtæus taught the Spartans to sing, that—

> "The man's unfit for war that cannot view,
> With eye serene, the tide of human blood,
> Yet burn to wreak his vengeance on the foe!"

The character of the work generally determines that of the operator, while they act reciprocally on each other. Now your Grace emphatically declares that the British army is "composed of the *bad only*."—In your "memorandum on the proposed plan for altering the discipline of the army," I find the following lamentable, but most truthful declaration:—"The man who enlists into the British army is, in general, the *most drunken*, and probably the *worst* man of the trade or profession to which he belongs, or of the village or town in which he lives.

* On Revolution, p. 46. † Ibid. p. 50.

There is not one in a hundred of them who, when enlisted, ought not to be put in the second or degraded class of any society or body into which they may be introduced." Again, in the evidence of your Grace, given "before the Royal Commission for inquiring into military punishments," you declare that "the British soldiers are taken entirely from the lowest orders of society," and that drunkenness is "the great parent of all crime" among them. Your Grace further declares, that so sunk and brutalized are they, that "there is no punishment which makes an impression upon any body except *corporal* punishment." Such is the British army! What must be the nature of war, the employment that such men prefer, and which such men alone can be found to perform? I say such men alone, for it is clearly brought out by your Grace's evidence, already referred to, that the choice is, such materials or none, ruffians or nobody! You frankly and positively declared that you knew of "no mode by which a better class of persons might be induced to enter into the army, under the present mode of voluntary enlistment." Your Grace declares that, even "if corporal punishments were abolished, and certain civil privileges given to such as had served in the army," you do not think it would "have the effect of producing a better class of persons in the army." No man who knows the true character of British society will dispute the accuracy of your conclusion. Your Grace, so early as 1809, had discovered that the English were not "a military people;" that "the whole business of an army upon service is foreign to their habits, and is a constraint upon them." In the memorandum aforesaid, you also declare that "the British army is an exotic in England—unknown to the old constitution of the country;—disliked by the inhabitants, particularly by the higher orders, some of whom never allow one of their family to serve in it;" and that "even the common people

will make an exertion to find means to purchase the discharge of a relative who may have enlisted." To all this needs only be added the honest testimony of your Grace in your letter of August, 1815, to Lord Castlereagh, that all the powers of Europe have been "weakened by the wars in which they have been engaged with France," and that these wars have issued in "the ruin of the finances of all the Continental powers," while you elsewhere denounce Napoleon as the chief promoter of the said wars, and the "insatiable enemy of mankind."

Such is your Grace's evidence concerning the all-important subject of war. It is not too much to affirm that such evidence from such a witness, on such a subject, is sufficient, even singly and unsupported, incontrovertibly to establish the points for which I adduce it. Your Grace has pronounced a final sentence of condemnation against all wars of aggression. You are the avowed friend of perpetual peace. You readily concur in the judgment of Ulysses, that—

> "The bravest soon are satiate of the field;
> Though vast the heaps that strew the crimson plain,
> The bloody harvest brings but little gain!"

You, my Lord Duke, have never incurred the guilt and the infamy of declaring yourself "a lover of honourable war!" He who could thus do violence to the very first principles of humanity, had never seen actual war. He knew nothing of it except by report. Had he shared in the awful experience of your Grace, words so execrable would never have been allowed to pass his lips. Honourable war! If ever a war was honourable, it was that which Europe waged against Napoleon, which, nevertheless, you truly affirm, has "weakened the nations," and "ruined their finances," and which, all men know, brought upon England a burden under which she groans through

all her borders,—a burden from which she can never be delivered,—a burden which, perhaps, at a day not exceedingly remote, may completely crush her, and, with her, those institutions which have been the boast of ages, the admiration of all lands, the sanctuary of law, justice, liberty, and religion! Lives there now a man who dares, in the face of England, proclaim himself a lover of such wars?

Military enterprise, in its least offensive forms, and in its least repulsive aspect, is a dreadful occupation! If a wise and good man can at all engage in it, even defensively, he can do so only in obedience to a hard and cruel necessity. Such a man would greatly rejoice to see the nations of the earth raised to such a height of civilization, and filled with such a sense of humanity and justice, that, by joint consent, wars should for ever cease. Your glory mainly consists in having, as an instrument in the hand of God, given peace to a distracted and afflicted Continent; and great, exceeding great, is the honour of such an achievement. But the death, the crime, the ruin, and all the calamity survived! Your armies arrested the progress of the evil, but made no reparation for the past. Let me suppose, then, that in Europe another great spirit should arise, whose wisdom and commanding moral power would enable him to guarantee, in all future time, the perfect peace of its nations; with what reverence and admiration would such a man be viewed by the friends of humanity? But if this work, instead of being accomplished by *one*, should be effected by a multitude; then, ought not those feelings and affections to be transferred to that multitude? Now such men actually exist; they live and labour in divers parts of the world; they have already done much to promote peace on earth and good-will among men. I proceed to institute a comparison between their enterprise and that of the soldier.

Among all conquerors, I have read of none who demands a tythe of the respect which I feel for your Grace. But truth compels me to say, that, although I view you as the Prince of Captains, I am constrained to look upon you as immeasurably less than the least of all missionaries. Oh! how high and holy is their vocation as compared with that which occupied the first half of your eventful life! With them eternity is every thing; with your Grace, it appeared in those days to be nothing. They walk daily and hourly with God; from all that I can discover of your Grace's views, from your volumes, written during your warlike operations, God was not in all your thoughts! I can find no difference of creed, between your Grace and Napoleon, with respect to a future world and the hope of man; nor can I find any thing, in which either he or your Grace differs from Alexander or Cæsar, who dwelt in the darkness of idolatry. The letters of condolence which you wrote from fields of battle to the friends of those who fell at your side, are most affecting proofs and illustrations. The considerations, for example, which you employ to console the friends of Colonel Lake, are, that he fell "the admiration of the whole army," and "in the achievement of one of the most heroic actions." In the case of Colonel Cameron, you endeavour to comfort his father with the thought, that "he fell in the performance of his duty." You labour to soothe Lord Somers on the death of his son, with the assurance that "he fell in the zealous and gallant discharge of his duty." Ah! my Lord Duke, and is this all? With the wounds, and the blood, and the agonies, and the death, was there an utter end of these men? Is there no difference between the warrior and his horse? Does the shell or shot which slays them jointly, extinguish both their beings at once? Does nothing of man survive? Has your Grace not one thought to bestow upon the disembodied spirits of those hapless officers and

men who perished by obeying you, who contributed to your victory, and to your fame? Only think of them a moment! Where are they? What are they? Are you silent? My Lord Duke, can you answer these questions? Is military knowledge, are military thoughts, entirely bounded by this sublunary scene? Not one idea concerning the world of spirits can be gathered from your Grace's Despatches, General Orders, and Letters. Swords, bayonets, powder, shot, camps, cannon, carnage, hunger, crime, and death, make the staple of all your communications! Not that such communications are the appropriate vehicles of theological discussion; but frequent were the occasions when, with the utmost propriety, moral and religious considerations might have been adverted to. Many of the sublime but delusive verses of Tyrtæus would have been just as suitable to the views and feelings of your Grace as they were to those of the Spartans. The British troops might very well have sung, as they inhumed the young officers, whom I have just named:—

> "Still on the field of glory he expires,
> And, oh! how honourably for the land
> That gave him birth, how honourably, too,
> For all his fellow citizens and sire!
> The old and young alike lament his loss!
> A nation's love accompanies his fall!
> His tomb, his children, his posterity,
> In distant generations, gain respect!
> Who falls to save his country never dies,
> But leaves behind him an immortal name!"

When, like Ulysses and Diomed, tracing their dreary way,—

> "Through the black horrors of the ensanguin'd plain,
> Through dust, through blood, o'er arms, and hills of slain,"

on that terrible night which drew its curtain around

the dismal field of Waterloo, after parting with Blucher, and crossing the battle plain by moonlight, and beholding a scene of carnage seldom paralleled in the annals of war, it is reported, to the honour of your manhood and humanity, that, covering your face with your hands, you burst into tears. The heaps of dead you then saw, the moans of the dying, and the wail of the wounded, you then heard, might well have moved a heart harder than yours. It is but just to quote your well remembered words, in one of your letters, which ran thus:—"My heart is broken by the terrible loss I have sustained of my old friends and companions, and my poor soldiers; and I shall not be satisfied with this battle, however glorious, if it does not put an end to Buonaparte." Ah! my Lord Duke, was it really glorious? Is glory to be measured by the havoc of armies,—by the distress, the distraction, the woe, and the despair created throughout hundreds of thousands of families! Shall I appeal from this Aceldama, this field of blood, to the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and children, relatives and friends of the slain, whether, in very deed, this was a "glorious battle?" I well remember the joy of these nations, but what meant the solitary weeping, the deep grief, and the settled sorrow of such multitudes over all the land? Their answer was—*Waterloo!*

Sir Charles Bell, who followed the army that he might improve his knowledge of gun-shot wounds, and enrich his surgical lectures, throws a little light upon one of the aspects of the glory of Waterloo. He describes the condition of the hospitals in terms which make the ears tingle, and the blood run cold! It was, as your Grace will doubtless remember, full sixteen days after the battle before the work of the surgeons was finished. When about three weeks after the tremendous day, the living proceeded in the work of burying the dead, it was found that wounded men

had crawled to the carcases of dead horses, and gnawed their raw flesh for food, till putrefaction put an end to the horrid banquet, and they died of hunger! Such facts as these will help to demonstrate how far this was a really glorious battle! Alas! glory and battle are terms which ill agree.

When you look back, my Lord Duke, on your career, and reflect on the multitudes whom you have conducted to slaughter, do inquiries never obtrude themselves upon your mind relative to their eternal destinies? I should wrong your Grace were I to insinuate the negative. You are not an infidel. You fully believe in the immortality of the soul. If reliance can be placed on credible testimony, religious considerations have, of late, occupied your mind. Assuming this fact, I may, nevertheless, perhaps, further assume, that the subject of the spiritual condition of the myriads who have bled and perished in your battles, is too repulsive, too terrible to be looked at, even by a man of your Grace's courage! You have already certified the unparalleled pravity of morals among your troops; and to the Christian who remembers this fact, there is something inexpressibly, inconceivably appalling in the thought of such men dying and departing for judgment, in such circumstances! In all ages, indeed, this has been the general character of armies, and hence their slaughter has presented to thinking men a theme of insupportable reflection. The peculiar wickedness of soldiers did not escape the notice even of idolaters; the poetical historian of the battle of Pharsalia, thus records the fruit of his observation and experience:—

"Rara fides pietasque viris qui castra sequuntur."

It is not to be doubted that the mind of your Grace is now occasionally filled with melancholy, when you revolve

this fearful subject. It presents war in a new aspect, and that aspect clothed in tenfold horror!

In what I have already addressed to your Grace, the soldier and his work have formed the chief theme, while my references to the Missionary and his labour have been only occasional. In what remains, however, I shall reverse the method, and permit the Missionary to take the lead; and the discussion will be conducted upon the principles of the Sacred Scriptures.

The first point which invites notice is that of personal character. The true Christian Missionary is at once a believer of the doctrines he promulgates, an example of the precepts he enforces, and a pattern of the character he delineates and desires to impress upon his hearers. He is the subject of that great spiritual change, set forth by the Son of God, in the third chapter of the Gospel by John; while his mind is enlightened after the manner described in the first chapter of the Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians. He is penitent for his sins; "the burden of which is intolerable:" he cordially believes the record which God hath given concerning Christ, and he makes it the business of his life to walk as he walked. In this way his guilt has been pardoned, he has peace with God, and stands accepted in his sight. He is now filled with that wisdom which is from above, which is "first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and of good fruits."—Such is the Christian Missionary! What is the military commander? Of the common soldiery your Grace need say no more. I only ask you about the officers? Are they men who strictly correspond to this delineation,—who really fear God and work righteousness?

In human conduct, motive is every thing. The Christian Missionary is animated and governed by a principle

of love to God and to Jesus Christ, whose very name is to him as "ointment poured forth." If he can, in any way, promote the Saviour's honour and glory, he is willing to suffer the loss of all things; and, as a first step towards this, he endeavours, with his whole heart, to imbibe the Saviour's spirit, as well as to follow his example. He likewise loves all who love Christ, and, so far as it is practicable, he seeks to do them good. Nor are his regards confined to the righteous; he is full of benevolence to the whole human race; and as the greatest good he can effect for them, he is desirous to bring them to the knowledge of God. He honours his sovereign, and he loves his country; but he knows nothing of a patriotism which excludes good-will to all mankind; and he is not able to understand how it can in any way benefit his native land to injure other lands. One of the great general laws laid down for his government by Christ, is to "do good to all men,"—to treat all men as brethren, and as the offspring of the same common parent. Hence his hatred of war, in every shape, and his delight in peace, at whatever price. He is utterly incapable of understanding how it can be for the glory of his king and the good of his country, that he should be one of a multitude of fellow-subjects employed to sink the ships, to burn the cities, and to kill the people of any other country. He considers the human family as one, although broken up into a multitude of portions, under their several chief magistrates, upon the same principle as his own country is divided into counties, cities, towns, and burghs, with their several local governments; and he deems it their duty and interest to live in constant peace and harmony with each other. He can see no more glory in foreign war than in civil war, in homicide than in suicide! He can view it only as folly, madness, crime!—Such, my Lord Duke, is the missionary. Your Grace will judge how far his character corresponds to that of the

military officer, and whether of the two is the more enlightened, the more dignified, and the more honourable. While I consider your Grace by far the first of your class, and view the war, in which you won your laurels, as among the least exceptionable that have been carried on for ages, yet I submit that, in these respects, even you cannot for a moment be compared with such men. How infinitely superior are their moral principles and feelings even to yours, in your capacity of commander; and how much more to those of such barbarians as Blucher, Murat, Ney, Davoust, and the whole race of Continental heroes!

The Missionary's unconquerable love of peace is founded in his nature. He has been the subject of a spiritual influence, of which much is said in the Scriptures. He has received the gift of the Spirit of God, which resides in his bosom, producing "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness." These are "the fruits of the Spirit," and they are the invariable characteristics of all true Missionaries. The Apostle, in the letter which contains these words, likewise sets forth what he designates "the works of the flesh," the attributes and marks of men who are "sensual, having not the Spirit;" which are these, "adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, envyings, murders, drunkennesses, revellings, and such like." Your Grace will decide how far these are attendant upon the course of military officers. This difference of nature in the two classes fully accounts for the difference of their feelings and pursuits. So long as men of the latter class live, there will be wars and fightings among mankind. War can only be destroyed by destroying the warrior:—

> "Not with the burial of the sword this strife
> Must end, but of the warrior!"

It is in vain that we look to the spread of *mere* secular knowledge and civil liberty for the extinction of the manifold evils which afflict mankind. This fact has taken strong possession of the minds of the first class of political and moral philosophers. The following remarkable passage is exactly to the present purpose:—"Take the case of war,—by far the most prolific and extensive pest of the human race, whether we consider the sufferings it inflicts, or the happiness it prevents,—and see whether it is likely to be arrested by the progress of intelligence and civilization.—Men delight in war, in spite of the pains and miseries which it entails upon them and their fellows, because it exercises all the talents, and calls out all the energies of their nature,—because it holds them out conspicuously as the objects of public sentiment and general sympathy,—because it gratifies their pride of heart, and gives them a lofty sentiment of their own power, worth, and courage,—but principally because it sets the game of existence upon a higher stake, and dispels, by its powerful interest, those feelings of *ennui* which steal upon every condition from which hazard and anxiety are excluded, and drive us into danger and suffering as a relief. While human nature continues to be distinguished by those attributes, we do not see any chance of war being superseded by the increase of wisdom and morality. We should be pretty well advanced in the career of perfectibility, if all the inhabitants of Europe were as intelligent, and upright, and considerate, as Sir John Moore, or Lord Nelson, or Lord Wellington,—but we should not have the less war, we take it, with all its attendant miseries. The more wealth, and intelligence, and liberty, there is in a country, the greater love there will be of war; for a gentleman is uniformly a more pugnacious animal than a plebeian, and a free man than a slave."* The reviewers reason with great power

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxi. p. 14.

upon the general principle, strongly contending also with respect to "the other glittering curses of life, that, as they are miseries which exist almost exclusively among the most polished and intelligent of the species," it is not "very probable, at least, that they will be eradicated by rendering the species more polished and intelligent." For any thing they can see, unless an instrument of greater power can be discovered or invented, matters, they think, will remain much the same "ten thousand years hence, as they are at this moment."* These are far from shallow thoughts; they are the judgments of pure philosophy—the profoundest operations of reason apart from Revelation. Philosophy, however, holds forth no hope of relief to mankind from their manifold miseries, except the tomb! Looking at generation after generation, through the vista of thousands of years, she beholds nothing but Discord, which—

> "Raging, bathes the purple plain;
> Discord! dire sister of the slaughtering power,
> Small at her birth, but rising every hour,
> While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
> She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around.
> The nations bleed, where'er her steps she turns,
> The groan still deepens, and the combat burns."

Turning from philosophers to the prophets of God, how changed is my prospect! Their writings abundantly assure me that all nations "shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; that nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." The wonderful writings of these seers not only foretell the fact of the ultimate prevalence of Peace, but describe the process by which the great revolution will be effected. It is not by philosophy; it is not by legislation; it is not by secular instruction; it is

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxi. p. 16.

not by the diffusion of freedom; it is not by the extension of commerce and the multiplication of wealth;—it is not by one nor by all of these things, and still less is it by war, the bane and destruction of them all! No. It is by filling the earth, as the Prophets express it, with "the knowledge of the Lord." This, this will extinguish the flames of war!

I have now reached the highest point of my great theme. From this fact arises the glory of the Missionary. He is the man by whom the earth is to be so filled. On his agency, therefore, hinge the hopes of all nations. It is madness to look for deliverance from any other; and such an expectation must end in despair. How dignified, then, is the position of the Missionary body, the appointed enlighteners and liberators of mankind! How puny, how contemptible an object is the greatest of this world's great men, as compared with the least of these heavenly benefactors! All earthly operations are truly honourable and glorious only as they harmonize with the work of Missions, or help it forward. Such men as the late John Williams, the Martyr of Erromanga, are incomparably greater men than the greatest of European conquerors, or statesmen, or philosophers. The fame on earth, of Williams and his brethren, will be as lasting as the benefits which they have conferred on mankind; it will be bounded only by the globe, and terminate only with the end of all things. Their names are written, not in blood, but in the hearts of nations. The celebration of their peaceful glories commences not with the thunder of desolation, the shrieks of suffering, and the groans of death! Their acts are not

> "Such as nations yet unborn shall tell,
> And curse the battle where their fathers fell!"

Oh! my Lord Duke, what peace, joy, unity and bro-

therhood succeed *their* victories! How tender, how intense is the love of the vanquished for the victor! How they admire the Saviour! How they cleave to his servants! Good, and only good, good personal and relative, good of all kinds, good in the largest measures, good both for soul and body, good for this world and for that which is to come, attends their march, and flows from their conquests. The Missionary's Station is a fountain of good, of unmixed good to all around it; and the Missionary himself is at once seen to be the friend of God and the benefactor of the whole human race.

How simple are the means, how unostentatious the movements, how cheap the wars of the Missionary body! Their Bibles, paper, types, and printing presses, are the cannon, shells, and mortars with which they storm the citadels of idolatry. The Missionaries assail systems, not men; in their battle there is love to man, hatred only to evil. They go to this, the most difficult, sometimes the most dangerous, of all enterprises, in the strength of the Lord God. In the name of their God they "set up their banners;" and "his banner over them is love." They lay their sieges to the soul of man. They first proceed to rectify the deadly disorders that rage within him. They lead him to the knowledge of the true God through Jesus Christ, which proves life, light, peace, hope, and happiness. From this moment the most savage of our race become gentle as lambs, and the most barbarous are introduced within the pale of the only true civilization, and lifted up to fellowship with God. This internal renovation becomes the basis of a new moral character. The Book of the Missionaries declares that, "if any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature; old things have passed away, and all things are become new." Thus piety is the source of morality; and morals the foundation of government. In the British capital there is, at present, a mem-

ber of the missionary brotherhood, who could rehearse to your Grace, facts, illustrative of the power of the gospel over the hearts of men, such as would not fail unspeakably to interest you. He could tell you of the murderous feats of Africaner, the terrible Caffrarian chief. He could tell you of the power of the gospel over this desert monarch of Namaqualand; he could show him to you in all the simplicity of childhood, and, with more than female tenderness, acting the part of a peace-maker, pouring forth the bitterest regrets for the torrents of blood which he had caused to flow, and earnestly imploring the head-men of his region to unite with him in efforts to establish permanent peace.

This Missionary, whose name is Moffat, could give your Grace the history of a ten years' experiment upon the tribes of the Desert, comprehending accounts of labours, trials, privations, and dangers, in connexion with this magnanimous experiment, such as your Grace never formed an idea of. At first he knew not the language, and he had none to teach him. To accomplish this, unmindful of their filth, and fearless of their ferocity, he went and lived, for a period, entirely among the natives. He waked, he slept, he wandered, he hunted, he rested, he ate, he drank with them, till he thoroughly mastered their language, and he then began to preach to them the gospel of Christ. Through this long space of ten years, amidst difficulties and afflictions of all kinds, occasionally attended by threats of murder, he laboured on without any tokens of success. Still he continued to preach to them the love of God, and the death of Christ for the sins of men, till, at length, they began to listen, to tremble, and to weep. They repented of sin and forsook it; they heard the gospel and believed it. Then, as the evidence and effect of this, burst forth the buddings of civilization. The once naked, filthy savages, became clothed and cleanly; idleness gave place

to industry; they built houses, and cultivated gardens; provisions for the wants of the mind kept pace with that of those for the body; they reared schools for the young, and chapels for the old. The business of education and religion rapidly advanced. Hundreds of these sable savages now believe the gospel of Christ, and "walk in his holy ways;" thousands are learning to read; surrounding tribes behold and admire the change, and are imploring Missionaries to come and work like wonders for them, and communicate to them like blessings. Human bones no more strew the region; bonfires are no longer made of the children of prisoners taken in war; and no more do they bury alive their own little ones! Mr. Moffat, to complete his benevolent operations, is now in England, printing Bibles and school books in the language of these people. He has with him a Bechuana girl, whom, sixteen years ago, he rescued from the grave. This girl, with his own daughters, has been trained in England to conduct infant schools on his return to Africa. Who can describe the obligations under which these tribes are laid to their Missionaries!

This, my Lord Duke, is only a specimen of a work which, in substance, is being carried on with like success under almost every sky, and by Protestant Missionaries of all denominations. Among men of all hues, of all tongues, and in every stage of barbarism, it is now being demonstrated that the gospel of Christ is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Those portions of the globe which have been last discovered, have been among the most successful fields of modern Missions. I refer more especially to the islands of the South Seas. The spirit of discovery, animated by the love of science, first descried those lovely isles. Commerce, impelled by cupidity, next visited them; but science and commerce left the natives ignorant of God. To them the white

man's discovery was no blessing, and each successive visit was but a greater curse! At length the Missionary ship from England arrived at *Otaheite,* with men, of manners so unlike all that had previously appeared on their shores, that the natives could scarcely believe them to be English. After fifteen long years of delay and disappointment, difficulty and danger, and the murder of a portion of the Missionary band, the truths of God began to take effect, and produced such results as had had no parallel since the times of the first propagation of Christianity. Would your Grace wish to see a record of those moral wonders? The volume of John Williams records facts which place the work of Missions in a light altogether new. The perusal of it will, I doubt not, fully convince you that nothing is wanting to the entire moral renovation of our race, but that "the earth should be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." This allegation admits of no dispute. Its truth is as clear as the light; its certainty amounts to demonstration. What developments you will perceive in that book of spiritual life, of intellectual and moral power! What an exuberance of all that tends to make man lovely and life happy! See once degraded humanity now robed in the dignity of virtue, and liberty, formerly unknown, enshrined in the sanctuary of Law! See Art strewing her comforts, Education diffusing her benefits, Science her pleasures, and Religion her glories! See the candle of the Lord lighted up in the hearts of myriads who but lately dwelt in darkness! Now beholding the image of God in the face of Jesus Christ, they rejoice in the Prince of Peace.

It well becomes England to think highly of Christian Missions, for with them originated all her greatness. They found her a slave-province of Rome: they now behold her the foe of thraldom and the first of free empires, and the mistress of great nations. The Protestant principle and

doctrine, to which she owes her present constitution, with all its attendant blessings, was first brought to her by these missionaries. England is the chosen abode of civil freedom; and still more is she distinguished by that yet greater blessing, Freedom of Conscience. Most nations know but little of civil, still less of religious liberty. The union of these liberties, however, is the principal source of her renown. Nor is this all: during the late great continental war of freedom, England's gold mainly sustained the costs of its armaments throughout the terrible struggle; and, in the person of your Grace, she fought, in its war, the greatest battle that ever was fought for freedom in our world. Thus has England attained the dreadful summit of martial glory; and her matchless maritime power and prowess have been long proved and confessed by all lands, and in all seas.

Such is the peerless pre-eminence of Old England, in matters of a warlike character; but in the mind of Christians this constitutes the meanest of her glories. Her true glory is based on her piety, and on the institutions which it has created. In the British Isle there is more true godliness—religion founded on knowledge—the fear and love of God residing in the heart, and regulating the life—many times over, than among all the nations of Europe. Her schools, her colleges, her chapels, her churches, her hospitals, her asylums, and her innumerable receptacles for every variety of suffering humanity—these and their attendants are more substantial grounds of praise. One chief element of her greatness is the fact alleged by your Grace, that the English are "not naturally a military people," that "the army is an exotic," and that none can be induced to enlist in it but the very offscouring of society. This national feeling of aversion to war may be traced up to the evangelical principle of the Reformation, a principle which has affected the moral sentiments of multitudes who never

received the gospel in the love of it. She has become deeply imbued with that gospel which is destined to extinguish war throughout all the earth. Next to her glory in being the great European depository of pure religious truth, is her glory in being the foster-parent of Christian Missions. She has been chosen of God, in preference to all other kingdoms, for this great work of piety and mercy. She has not only taken the lead of all the nations of Europe, but she has the honour of performing nearly the whole work alone. It is British type that is diffusing the Scriptures of truth among all nations; it is the English tongue that is calling upon those nations to behold the Lamb of God!

In connexion with the work of Christian Missions, and in order to facilitate its advancement, God has given to England more colonial territory than to all Europe. She is marked out to be the great mother of empires. Her gigantic first-born, in the New World, is fast becoming her rival in all that constitutes true worth and national greatness. What interest attaches to Plymouth Rock, New England, on which the Pilgrim Fathers first set foot as they left the little ship which had wafted them from the land of their fathers' sepulchres! See them ascending from the frozen beach, and penetrating the pathless forest, where they effected a first lodgment for the arts, letters, and religion! What a work was that day begun! Never was colony so commenced. Never did perfect liberty so combine with the most enlightened piety. On that day, a continent, stretching from pole to pole, became the residence of a portion of the highest civilization and the purest Christianity that the world had seen. The arrival on those shores of the bark of the Pilgrims was an event only second in importance to that of Columbus. But how different the principles, religious and political, of the Spaniards and of the English! and how different the results! From the one

colony sprung evil without mixture—crimes without parallel—calamities and curses which baffle description, which baffle conception! From the other incalculable and unmingled good,—good which will exist through all future time, and which will be diffused over all countries. The shores of New England are now studded with cities, its plains are waving with golden harvests, religion and commerce, liberty and learning, preside, with matchless beauty, throughout all the happy land!

What the doctrines of the gospel have done for the colony of the Pilgrim Fathers they can effect for all the colonies of Britain. No place more loudly demands their restraining presence and mitigating labours. Nothing but the doctrines of Christ, as diffused by his true and faithful missionaries, can prevent even British colonies from becoming what the Spanish and Portuguese colonies have ever been, a double curse—a curse to the Aborigines and to Britain herself. She has, in her colonial movements, too much resembled ancient Rome. Her object has not been to benefit the natives but herself; her policy has not been governed by the principles of Christianity; it has been always military and commercial. Her aim has been subjugation, ascendancy, and wealth. Like Rome, her colonies, as your Grace well knows, have been little more than military establishments, advanced posts in the path of rapacious conquest. Her law has followed her cannon. First the soldier, then the merchant, while both have done their utmost to exclude the missionary. "First bind, and then plunder," has been the motto of England's colonial procedure; and if God had not, in mercy, raised up Christian missionaries, and sent them forth to both the East and West Indies, to Africa, and elsewhere, to mitigate misery as well as to abolish or prevent it; to plead for the oppressed, and to break the rod of the oppressor, the cry of the afflicted in the British dependencies had long since

ascended to the throne of Eternal Justice, and brought down vengeance upon the head of the guilty! But why has God given to England those immense territories? That she may bear to them the Gospel of Salvation. This object begins to be realized; it is apparent already, that what was at first a curse is, through the labours of the missionary, becoming a blessing.

My Lord Duke, in carefully examining the great question of Christian Missions, you will find it to involve the highest points of the policy of nations. The real purposes of Heaven, in giving to Britain so much colonial territory, will soon become obvious even to mere statesmen. The Population question will shortly be solved. A current of distress is setting in which will try the skill of those who guide the vessel of state. Temporary expedients may be adopted, and, for a season, they may appear to succeed; but the evil will, from time to time, return with a more appalling power and a more deadly malignity. Philosophers may speculate, statesmen may debate, party may upset party, experiment may succeed experiment, and scheme follow scheme, but the affliction will continue, without any material abatement, in spite of the legislature. The province of true legislation is limited. In regard to commerce and colonies, it generally does most for their benefit when it does least, unless in the way of undoing its previous enactments. When all has been done that can be done by either of the great parties in the state, or by both, should the cry of calamity happen to unite them, still wants, vast and pressing, will remain which nothing can supply, and hardly any thing mitigate. Legislation cannot ultimately defeat the purposes of Divine Providence; but by delay it may double the difficulties of obedience, and prolong the calamities which it is intended to alleviate. Carefully surveying the present state of the globe, with the history of past times before me, and with the condition

of our country full in view, I am reluctantly, but irresistibly, led to the conclusion, that England is on the brink of a great era—an era marked by difficulty, distraction, convulsion, and peril. But her affliction will, in the end, redound to her honour and glory. She will be summoned to the self-denying task of sowing the seed of her people, her institutions, her arts, her sciences, and her piety, in far distant lands. The people of England must, at a day not very distant, emigrate by millions; and the process, at brief intervals, will be repeated. This, however, will, no doubt, be attended with sore, although temporary trials, to the separated parties; but these will diminish with time, and soon be much mitigated by circumstances; while the benefits to posterity and mankind will be boundless and endless.

Taking a wide view of the whole question of civilization, of which the grand element is Christian Missions, I conceive that Prophecy, Providence, the temporal welfare of England, and the general good of all nations, alike and urgently call for British emigration upon a scale which no country has ever yet attempted. This measure, wisely conducted, will be fraught with a multitude of benefits. To England it will be profitable at once in point of wealth and of morals, both of which will be increasingly and fatally affected by the perpetuity of things as they now stand. Want apart, it is not desirable to cover England with buildings, and thus to convert the whole island into one great city. Emigration, on right principles, commercially, politically, morally, religiously considered, is a measure which well merits the support of every true friend to England and to mankind. Let cities rise in the wilderness, and let the desert echo the accents of Englishmen. Let the virgin soil of fertile regions, which have lain waste since the deluge, be broken up, that they may pour their treasures into the lap of man. Let those regions be re-

plenished with British subjects, alive to wants numerous and various, which only Britain can supply, and British canvass will still continue, with increase, to whiten every sea, and the manufactories of England be kept in busy play, teeming with well paid, intelligent, virtuous, and happy men. It sickens the very soul to see how lightly human life is estimated in England. A man is often little more accounted of than a dog! The feelings of nature, too, are shocked, and the laws of propriety are violated, in relation to the increase of mankind. Children are actually considered a "cumbrance," a great family, a great misfortune. This language is heard only in England. In America the feelings which prompt it have no place. Where such sentiments exist, and children are a hardship, there is something wrong. They ought to be viewed as Scripture represents them, in the light of a blessing. The feeling here condemned is that in which infanticide originates!

Philanthropy weeps at the aspect of English society. She is wearied by the sight of squalid misery, of workhouses, of prisons, of penitentiaries, and other instruments for the prevention, or the punishment of crime. To separate will be to purify society. Let the order of nature be restored as fast and as far as practicable. This would render the police of nations a very simple affair, and cheap because simple. It is time to look at this matter in the light of economy. The annual cost to the British isles, of police and crime, is, as near as can be ascertained, about a million and a half sterling! Whence this dreadful state of society? Is it not, to a large extent, from ignorance, from poverty, and from destitution? Would not the money, thus wasted, if well laid out, go far towards rectifying the fearful disorders of the body politic?

The cause of true civilization,—in other words, the cause of Missions,—requires more great centres from

which it might be successfully diffused throughout surrounding regions and adjacent lands. Feeble tapers, such as the Christian communities of most of our colonial establishments now are, can emit but little light. On this ground it is of the first importance that a system of colonization should be carried out with the utmost activity by the friends of religion and humanity. To use a figure familiar to your Grace, the army is much too far from their magazines—the Missionary stations are at too great a distance from the British churches to command a sufficient measure of sympathy or of succour. From England to those lands the voyages are so long, and so expensive, as to throw great impediments in the way of the Missionaries. Men with families cannot be sent forth; and families, in the event of parental sickness or death, can only return at a heavy, and, therefore, a hurtful cost to the Societies. Were the whole body of the supporters of the African Missions resident in Africa instead of England, how it would alter the character, and augment the force of these Missions! The same remark equally applies to India, and other heathen countries.

England could at present spare four or five millions of her people, without in the least degree impeding the operations of either her agriculture or her commerce; and, consequently, the withdrawment of such a body would serve powerfully to invigorate the whole system of society, while their location on other shores would lay the foundation of new and civilized kingdoms, open for England fresh and valuable markets, and give a rightful importance, as well as impart a substantial felicity, to multitudes of immortal beings who now feel existence to be a burden, and are tempted to curse the day that they were born! On these, and other grounds, my Lord Duke, I consider Christian Protestant Missions as the great and paramount work of the present age,—Missions first to our colonies,

and then into all the world. The establishment of the former in great power, because among great numbers, will most materially facilitate the latter. By multiplying great centres of evangelical operation, at wide distances over the earth, we shall proportionately augment power of action.

My Lord Duke, if such be the Missionary enterprise, it surely follows that the Missionary character is incomparably the leading character of our times. We have, indeed, at present, no other that can either command attention, or that possesses much importance. The military character, although immemorially and fatally famous, is now, I trust, nearly out of date. The people of England have now paid so much for plumes and epaulets, drums and trumpets, swords and pick-axes, muskets and cannon, and other instruments of human destruction, that, it is probable, they will feel but little disposed to make any farther purchases in that way for seven centuries to come. At the Revolution, in 1688, the National Debt was little more than half a million sterling; and the interest not forty thousand pounds. Then began our madness and our misery. The war of William, that followed the Revolution, cost *thirty-one millions!* The war of the Spanish succession cost *forty-four millions!* The Spanish war and Austrian succession cost *forty-seven millions!* The seven years' war about *Nova Scotia* cost *one hundred and seven millions!* The war with our American Colonies cost *one hundred and fifty-one millions!* The war of the French Revolution cost *four hundred and seventy two millions!* The war against Buonaparte cost *five hundred and eighty-six millions!* To these must be added the still more terrible fact, that such wars cost England, in one way or another, from four to five millions of men. Surely, my Lord Duke, we have here gold and blood enough for at least a thou-

sand generations! Oh! what infatuation! What madness! What culpable waste! What suicidal wickedness! This enormous misgovernment has entailed a curse upon the British empire which will cleave to her through all generations. "In a country like England, there could be no debt, and no burden of taxes, if there was no war."* War, then, horrid war brought upon us all our burdens and all our woe! Enough of war and warriors! Let peace and love henceforth prevail till the heavens be no more!

The literary character, too, has been exhibited so long, in ways so various, and with a splendour so dazzling, and the results of its toil have so amply supplied the intellectual wants of man, that, with the millions, its necessity, its glory, and its fascination, are nearly gone by. The same remark also applies to the philosophical character. The harvest has obviously been reaped, and little now remains but the gleaning. The romance of Voyaging and of Travel has also passed away. In this department of scientific and philanthropic inquiry, there is little more to be done, except in Africa. The reign of fancy is now generally giving place to that of reason. Knowledge has narrowed and lowered the province of imagination, and the splendid is now less looked for than the useful. Not only are earth and ocean explored, but the boundaries of empire are generally fixed. Dreams of conquest, and of universal empire, are fled for ever. The world pants to be happy. Amelioration at home is now the watchword of nations; and civilization abroad is the great problem of philanthropy. In a word, the world is now prepared for the Missionary enterprise. It is now generally confessed, among all enlightened men, that civilization is Missions;

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xiv. p. 285.

Missions are civilization. By Missions only can "the wilderness and the solitary place be made glad," and the desert be brought to "rejoice and blossom as the rose." The Missionary is, therefore, by far the first of human kind. He is the great type and character of the age. Even men of the world begin to understand his object, and concede his claims. Concession bespeaks candour; candour will lead to more inquiry; more inquiry to full conviction; and full conviction will be followed by intense admiration and munificent support. Poets will celebrate his exploits, orators eulogize his virtue, princes will caress him, and crowned heads will show him the highest favour. The smiles of royalty will not always rest upon worthless objects.

A few more centuries, my Lord Duke, of the labours of Gospel Missions, and what will be the aspect of our globe? What will then meet the eye that surveys it? An awakened world! An enlightened, a purified, a peaceful world! A world filled with men who fear God, honour their magistrates, and love one another! A world in which man is wholly free, and governments entirely just! A world where mind, religion, the tongue, the pen, the printing press—all are free, and not abusing their freedom! A world where God is glorified, and man is happy!

Come, then, illustrious Duke! and finish your career in a manner worthy of your character, your country, and the age in which you live! Oh! come and identify yourself with all that is wise and liberal in government,—with all that is generous and noble in humanity,—with all that tends to the peace of the earth,—and with all that makes for the furtherance of Missions—the fountain of all good! On earth this will not detract from your transcendant glory; nor will you have reason to repent it in the world

of spirits, for to have liberated one soul from the slavery of sin, will there be held an infinitely higher achievement than to have wrenched the sceptre of a terrible tyranny from the giant grasp of a ruthless usurper, and restored a continent of kings to their ancestral thrones!

LETTER XIV.

TO THE CHURCHES OF GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, AND AMERICA.

ON THE PAST HISTORY, PRESENT POSITION, AND FUTURE PROSPECTS, OF THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

MEN and brethren, does not the present state of Christian Missions call for consideration? Is not the aspect which the work now assumes, wholly new? Has not a point now been reached, which the most sagacious man among you never anticipated? David represents the Church as giving utterance to the following lamentation:—"Thou hast cast off, and put us to shame; and goest not forth with our armies. Thou makest us to turn back from the enemy; and they which hate us spoil for themselves." According to Isaiah, she said, "We have not wrought any deliverance in the earth; neither have the inhabitants of the world fallen." In our day, how different is the language that becomes her situation! If "the inhabitants of the world have not yet fallen," is not the blame ours? In all lands, has not the Lord been before us, and opened up a way for our armies? Are not the walls of almost all nations levelled with the ground? Or are not their gates opened wide for the reception of the soldiers of Christ? Are not their inhabitants, as if ready to fall, patiently, in

some cases, anxiously waiting for subjugation? Are not men of all climes, some literally, others virtually, calling on the churches of the living God to come up and possess the land? Yes: but she is unable. Army she has none! All she can boast is a few faithful scattered soldiers; and, yet few although they are, instead of augmenting her force, she is actually incapable of supporting it! Under these circumstances, is it not proper to pause and ponder the path by which God has led us during the last fifty years? From the past, we may surely gain some encouragement with respect to the present, and direction concerning the future.

In taking a survey of the past history of modern Missions, we need not go further back than the memorable hour when, in Sierra Leone, the Rev. Melvill Horne composed his celebrated Letters. To his observant eye, how desolate and dreary, at that time, was the world! Greenland alone might be said to be the only heathen land in which the religion of the Son of God had for centuries gained a firm footing. While gazing on the sorrowful spectacle, the indignant spirit of that fervent writer thus broke forth, and summoned the world to testify against the church;—"Speak, ye desolate shores of Africa; declare, ye bloody fields of Hindostan; bear your impartial testimony, ye numerous islands of the Western and Pacific oceans!" The appeal could not be opposed. Those parts had nothing to say in praise of Christian mercy; at the hands of Christians, so called, they had received nothing but evil and wrong. Mr. Horne asked the churches what monies they had subscribed, what associations they had formed, what prayers they had offered, what exhortations pastors had given to their flocks, and to each other. To all this the answer was—silence! He next bewailed the extinction of the spirit of Missions in the Church of England; insisting, however, at the same time, that the Dissenters had

no reason to rejoice over her, since, with the exception of Carey and Thomas, none of them had then engaged in the work of Missions. He gave due and just praise to Dr. Coke, for the Missions that he established, which Mr. Horne correctly affirms to have been rather the Missions of that individual, than of the Methodists *as a body*, for they had not then taken that noble stand in the field which they have since assumed.

At this dark hour, the whole earth was quiet and at rest. The churches of Christ, in Britain, had no proper sense of their obligation to go to the Gentiles. Their knowledge regarding the subject was as defective as their feeling. It is very instructive now to read the Missionary meditations of grave and holy men in that and the former age. One of these, an excellent minister of the word, thus delivered his views on a public occasion:—"To a dark and benighted world at large, our efforts cannot extend; new arrangements of Providence alone can pave the way for its conversion.—Let us plead with him his own truth and faithfulness in fulfilling his promises, that, by *methods known to his infinite wisdom, he would enlighten the dark places of the earth* with the pure light of evangelical truth, and hasten the happy time foretold, when the dominion of Christ shall extend from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth." How strange such language now sounds! The command of Christ, the practice of the Apostles, and the history of gospel diffusion, seem to have been things quite foreign to the speaker's mind. The worthy gentleman assured his hearers that they could do nothing, and that the world could be converted only by some inscrutable "methods" in the economy of Providence, with which methods man had no instrumental concern beyond prayer. Our fathers, however, happily did not believe him. They found from the Bible that God had but *one* "method of enlightening the

dark places of the earth,"—a method which involved the agency of man; and that there was really no mystery about the matter. They saw that they had simply to do as they were bid, to "go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Under this impression they began to labour for the illumination of mankind; and this labour has been carried on to the present time. What has been the result? Many deem it small. According to the opinion of an acute writer, and a Christian, it has been very insignificant. "It cannot," says he, "but be a question to every mind—why is it that with such large and varied means our success is so trifling? Why is it, that, while so many societies are at work, and so much money expended, the results bear no adequate proportion to the cost and labour? The fact is notorious, both at home and abroad. We labour in vain, and spend our strength almost for nought; at least, all are ready to acknowledge that our success is not commensurate to our means, and that a vast machinery is employed to produce an insignificant result." —The writer, preferring assumption to argument, declares that "all are ready to acknowledge this." Is it so? When, how was this ascertained? Has it ever been acknowledged in the reports of any society? Has any Missionary ever affirmed it? I know of none, except infidel travellers and profligate voyagers, who every where find the Missionary a check to their plunder and their profligacy, that "are ready to acknowledge" it! Churches of Christ! are you thus ready?

The writer, I repeat, confidently assumes, instead of attempting to prove the fact alleged, and he likewise conveniently assumes the concurrence of Christians in his opinion! This plan is popular, and therefore mischievous. To my simple understanding, however, it appears that the work, already accomplished, is incredibly, I had almost said, inconceivably great. Let us just look at facts. Was

it a light thing to arouse the dormant spirit of the general church up even to its present lukewarm state? Was ever the mind of nations brought over to a merely secular question of magnitude and deep dislike in so brief a period? Let us think of its history. If we glance at Scotland, what meets our eye? The mass of an intellectual country, which was then generally indifferent, is now awakened, through all its borders, to a sense of the claims of Christian Missions! The Independents, the Baptists, the United Secession Church, the Relief Presbytery, and the Establishment,—all, all are now boldly standing forth in this cause;—all, all have their sons and daughters labouring in the foreign field. Again, if we look at England, we see the whole of the evangelical denominations of that teeming country animated by the same spirit, and embarked in the same cause. The English Established Church, it is true, does not, like her Northern sister, stand forth as *a church*, in the work; but a multitude of her best people, and the flower of her bishops and clergy, have all given in their adhesion; and the Church Missionary Society claims as hers some of the most devoted and excellent Missionaries now to be found among the Gentiles. Would any man, conversant with human nature and its tendencies, judging of this subject beforehand, have anticipated the accomplishment of so great a work in so short a space, in spite of habit and apathy, pride and prejudice, ignorance and banter?

The wondrous change which has been thus effected in the human mind, is not limited to churches and communities of believers; it extends to all ranks, and all classes. The first and most hurtful adversaries to the cause were men of letters, authors, and conductors of the periodical press. Bitter was the spirit of these parties;—violent were their assaults,—and great was the evil which they inflicted on the rising cause. Their tone, by degrees,

however, was lowered; and, at length, their voice has either been silenced, or changed into eloquent advocacy. One literary organ, whose power was equalled only by its malice and mendacity towards the promoters of the infant movement, has honourably changed its course, and done good service to an undertaking which it had laboured to destroy. Nor is this all; while the hostility of literature has been subdued, a new literature, both in prose and poetry, in behalf of Missions, has been created; and the Missionaries themselves, in addition to their specific toils, have done much, by the productions of their own pens, to shame their learned adversaries. The works of Milne, of Morrison, of Medhurst, of Philip, of Ellis, of Williams, of Campbell, of Buyers, of Swan, of Moffat, and of others, are before the world. These volumes speak at once to the mind and the morals of their authors, to the object of their Mission, and the tendencies of their labours. It would require more than common courage, in any scribe, now-a-days, to denounce, even anonymously, the men who wrote these books, as "ignorant clowns"—"enthusiasts"—and "maniacs;" or to deny that they are wise, humane, and virtuous!

But not merely is the harmlessness, and even the propriety, of Christian Missions now conceded; their matchless importance is fairly allowed in the high places of the earth. Their claims, in this respect, may now be asserted without provoking laughter and ridicule, even in the British Parliament. Yes, even in *that* place, where no excess of sympathy has ever been shown with Christian men or with spiritual enterprises, the merits of Missions, and the claims of the Missionary character, are now respected. It is no longer safe, even in that privileged place, to pour contempt on this heavenly undertaking. The high value of Missionary labours has been frequently recognized in recent acts of legislation. Nor is this respect for Christian

Missionaries confined to England; America, as well becomes her, is not ashamed to confess her Missionary citizens. Her Secretary of State recently declared that she will extend her protection to those noble men in every part of the world. It will not be prudent for France again,—or for any other power,—to repeat her outrages upon American evangelists, either at the Sandwich Isles, or in any other portion of the globe. Brethren, are these small considerations? But the Missionary principle has gained another triumph, perhaps even greater than any of those which I have mentioned. It has fairly subdued, and, to some extent, made the friendship of the proud *genius* that presides amid the academic bowers of Britain. It is at length fully recognized, both in the English and Scotch Universities; and most zealously espoused by the Board of Trinity College, Dublin. And last not least, two prizes, for Essays on Missions, have just been given, it is understood, by Scottish Churchmen, and the arrangements, with respect to adjudication, have been under the management of men closely connected with the Scottish Universities. This circumstance is, I think, entitled to be considered as one of the most remarkable and cheering signs of the times. It is a noble act in relation to a nobler cause, and will doubtless be attended with consequences of the greatest importance to the Missionary enterprise. It was also meet that the first prize should have been carried by the chief Head of the only College in England created by the spirit of Missions; and the second by one of the chief ornaments of the most enlightened community of Christians in Europe, and the first to take the lead, upon a large scale, in the Missionary enterprise. But prejudice was not confined to the chartered colleges; the Dissenting collegiate institutions of England were, at the outset, far from cordial; but now even the oldest of them are foremost in the race of promoting whatever tends to

advance the grand object of the world's regeneration. That object is carefully provided for by the Deed of Springhill College, while it was the specific design for which Cheshunt College was called into existence. What achievements! Can any Christian ponder the system of events of which these are only a part, without wonder and gratitude to the Head of the Church, who makes his people willing to do his pleasure in the day of his power? Surely the finger of God is here! Brethren, even if nothing had yet been done or begun, in foreign lands, still to have brought about such a revolution in the mind of a great empire, extending itself to the churches in America, within the short space of fifty years, is surely a stupendous result! Yet this is only the beginning of the wondrous recital. Allow me to recommend to those who are sceptical upon the subject, to sit quietly down and peruse the Reports, for the past year, of the Baptist, the London, the Methodist, and the Church Missionary Societies; and, when they have completed the task, let them speak their honest opinion. Let them take care to weigh well the difficulties attendant on the conversion of men under any circumstances, but especially in heathen lands; let them compare the result, in the Missionary field, with the agency; and then let them tell us whether the reaping, to say the least, has not been in full proportion to the sowing.* But leaving the British part of the proof as comprehending preparatory arrangements, I now proceed to the field of toil, and inquire into the actual condition, at the present time, of the Missionary enterprise.

Brethren, you know that in foreign lands there is much, very much, to rejoice the hearts of the faithful. Could any man of prudence and experience, even twenty years

* See a very able discussion of this subject in Buyers' Letters on India, p. 219.

back, have reasonably looked for the opening of so wide a door to the heathen, and that door beset with so few adversaries? How altered is the aspect of the chief Missionary fields since the elder portion of the present evangelists went forth! You will remember the fearful condition in which our brethren were placed in the West Indies prior to the Act of Emancipation. They moved in fetters; they were in hourly jeopardy; their presence was hateful to the bulk of the planters, and, so far as practicable, they were thwarted in all their efforts to promote the good of the suffering negroes. Such was their condition but yesterday. Now, however, old things are passed away, and all things are become new! The slave has awoke from the stupor of thraldom, and finds himself a free man; and the persecuted Missionary now rejoices in all the privileges of an Englishman and an Evangelist. Only those who have known both the past and present state of things, can fully appreciate the importance of the change. Then Africa, the land of darkness and of blood, stands ready, to-morrow, to receive a hundred thousand Missionaries! No region ever presented a more inviting aspect to the servants of God than that suffering and benighted Continent. It is now admitted that the poor black is not a beast, but a man; and the hardest heart scarcely disputes that eternal happiness is not the less necessary to him because he is *black*, and because he has been robbed, and oppressed by the white man! The African Missions furnish some of the finest specimens of Christianity that modern times can boast. The mass of the South Sea islands are fields white unto the harvest. With one or two peculiarly barbarous exceptions, there is reason to believe that Missionaries, in any number, may be settled on them all. Their sylvan voice breathes across the Pacific, to England and America, an hourly prayer for increased assistance. Passing on to the Indian Archipelago, all is

ours; and the palmy plains of India, with all her millions, smile with the golden smile of harvest, invite us to put in the sickle, and reap for the Lord. Such, in a word, are the fields which are open to us,—fields where life and property are both in perfect safety,—that were our Missionary means and instruments augmented five hundredfold, we have ample scope for their employment. You are all agreed that this is the true state of things, and in this agreement you rejoice; but your joy is marred by the thought that the servants of your King are so few in number, as to form an army utterly inadequate to the glorious work which he has placed before them. Never, no never, since the days of the Apostles, did the earth so resemble a highway as at this moment; all seas are safe to us; and nearly all lands are open to receive us. How has this been brought about? How? By prayer, suffering, and conflict! In the West Indies, in Africa, and in the East, our freedom has been the result of moral conflict on the part of the friends, agents, and advocates of Missions,—conflict in which they have, by the help of God, worsted the oppressors of those lands, and the foes of civilization! Who can fully estimate the greatness and importance of these victories?

With respect, then, to the creation of the Missionary spirit, to the organization of Christian communities for Missionary work, and to the removal of all barriers to the spread of the gospel over most of the chief territories of our globe, it is certain that, within the space of the last half century, mighty wonders have been wrought in the way of general preparation. But it may be said that the opinion which I am controverting, acknowledges the existence of "a vast machinery," and only insists that there has been "an insignificant result." To this it might be replied, in general terms, that the month of June is too early a period to inquire for the "results" of the immense

expenditure of March and April, in human and bestial labour, in soil and seed corn, in rent and taxation, and all that appertains to the business of husbandry. The planting of the Pilgrim colony of New England was an affair of much toil, vast suffering, and immense expense; and he who, in the fiftieth year of its existence, should have proceeded to inquire into the results, would not have had far to go for the materials of pity or of scorn. But let him repair thither at the proper period, when the colonial field has had time to bring forth fully even its first-ripe fruits, and let him mark the end! Little sagacity is required to discover that sowing precedes reaping; and we have a high authority for the application of the principle comprised in the fact, that "the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain." In reality, fifty years is a period too short even for the full commencement of the great enterprise of Missions. At this moment, it is but just begun. All that even an adversary has a right to ask, is, first-fruits; but we can show him that, to a considerable extent, the *harvest* is actually commenced. To all who honestly ask us, What have ye done? We reply, Come and see! What hath God wrought? In all parts of the world in which we have sown, we have already received at least the first-fruits, and in many regions we have already reaped a very considerable harvest. The Lord hath no where left us without witnesses. You may, with all safety, even on this point, challenge a comparison with the success even of home ministrations of the gospel, under analogous, although infinitely more favourable, circumstances. You may ascertain the number of true Christian Missionaries, of all denominations, now at work in the foreign field; you may calculate the aggregate amount of their period of service; you may then determine, as far as practicable, the number of converts they

have made, of hearers they have gathered, of schools they have established, of scholars they have assembled; you may next ascertain the catalogue of school books, and of religious treatises they have composed, or translated, and printed; and lastly, the number of translations of the sacred Scriptures which they have made; and when you have done all this, you may select an equal number of evangelical ministers from Christendom at large, all ordained within the same period, all ordained to *new stations*, and the aggregate amount of whose period of service is the same as that of the Missionaries, and then you may compare the former with the latter, point after point, as above specified. Let this be done, and, if the result of the process be not decidedly, prodigiously, in favour of the Missionary body, my reading, observation, inquiry, and experience, have entirely misled me. But I have done with captious men, and now proceed to more important business; and henceforth it will be necessary occasionally to address the churches of America, and those of England, apart.

Brethren of England! I have already referred to the extreme paucity of labourers; but, before any thing further be said on this head, we must discuss the previous question. If we had more competent agents, should we be able to support them? You have been frequently told that the Directors of the London Missionary Society have been compelled to reject excellent and accomplished candidates for the work from the want of all means for outfit, for transport, and for after sustenance. Further additions to the lights of the dark places of the earth is, therefore, at present impossible. Without more pecuniary means, must the force then remain stationary? No: would that this small consolation were a thing of certainty! But the truth is, that the existing incomes of your Societies do not suffice to meet the wants of the existing stations.

The amount of the deficiencies for the present year will be as much as were the annual incomes at a time when your fathers thought they had achieved great things. Although it may augment your fears, and aggravate your calamity, it must not be forgotten that this state of things is neither an affair of a single year, nor is it to be accounted for by the condition, either of our commerce or of our agriculture. All comfort from this consideration is denied us. The malady is chronic, and has been coming on for a number of years, annually augmenting in force and malignity. To meet emergencies, you have, from time to time, made extraordinary efforts; but while you laboured, the Lord blessed your labours, and the wants of the work increased with its expansion, so as to require not only the extraordinary efforts to be continued, and thereby rendered ordinary, but even to be annually increased from twenty to thirty per cent. Such are the requirements arising from the necessities created by your success. How have those requirements been met? There has been no such annual increase; nay, the extraordinary has not been converted into ordinary contribution. Has it returned to the former ordinary scale? Yes. Will it stop there? Would that even this poor consolation were yours! But look at the manufacturing districts of England and Scotland, the prime sources of your Missionary revenue. Is there aught in half-worked, or altogether silent machinery, aught among bankrupt merchants and manufacturers, aught among impoverished and emaciated artizans, to encourage the hope? There is much reason to fear, that for some years to come, there will be difficulty in steadily maintaining the Societies' incomes, even at the rate of the present year; and certainly any substantial augmentation is not to be hoped for. "What, then, is to be done?" Yes, brethren, this is just the question. *What is to be done?* Tell us! It is very obvious that all idea of fur-

ther extending the Redeemer's kingdom, for the present, must be given up. "Shall we be able to maintain our ground?" Brethren, beware of uttering such words, or of suffering them to penetrate your ears! They are treason! The ground MUST *be maintained, cost what it may!* The withdrawment of Missionaries, the cessation of preaching, the disbanding of schools, the extinction of the little light which you have put into the hands of benighted millions who sat in thick darkness in the region of the shadow of death! Oh, it must not be. Better, far better, that they had not seen the faces of your Missionaries! The honour of your country, of your religion, and of your Heavenly Master, are all concerned, and all in peril!

Brethren of England! It behoves you, in this awful moment, to profit by the example of the churches in America. The records of the American Board of Foreign Missions, for the last five years, form the most instructive chapter in the history of modern Missions. Their annual meeting, recently held in Philadelphia, far surpassed, in point of solemnity and importance, everything of the kind with which we are acquainted. This I affirm after a deliberate and trembling perusal and meditation of the voluminous report of its proceedings. The "Prudential Committee" of the Board are clearly men worthy of their work, and equal to the emergency. On that solemn occasion, they fully delivered their own souls. It is to be hoped that the Directors of the London Missionary Society, and kindred institutions, will not have occasion to report similarly of your conduct in exciting hopes only to disappoint them. The affairs of the Board had been considerably deranged prior to 1837, but that year brought on a crisis. Their income, from the apathy of the churches, not keeping pace with the extension of their field of labour, and all expedients failing, the Board were driven by necessity to curtail all the branches of their operations,—

a measure which, in its consequences, has proved most disastrous. The mischief was first felt at the foreign stations, where the intimation broke upon the ear of the agents like a thunder storm at the midnight hour. It smote them to the heart. This was a new calamity. They had never anticipated even the possibility of such a thing. Yes, it smote them to the heart! It shook their confidence in the churches; it brought both themselves and the Board into discredit with the heathen, when the latter saw them breaking up their schools and reducing their stations. One Missionary disbanded schools of 5,000 children, and sent them back to idolatry, to worship at its altars, and to perish in its darkness! You will not be surprised at hearing that the hearts of some of the Missionaries were broken, and their health ruined. But the mischief was not confined to the actual scene of Missionary labour; it reacted with double force upon the churches in the United States themselves. Many of them, it seems, came to view Missionary expenditure much in the same light as that of a public commercial company, or a state, where the established and approved remedy for straitened circumstances, is, retrenchment. In this way, an element of worldly prudence came to be substituted for a heavenly principle! Things were thus identified which are wide as the poles asunder. Brethren! must there not be something wrong amongst a body of churches who could compel or even allow their Board to adopt so cruel a step towards the nations which Christ had bought with his blood, and withdraw from labours in which the hand of the Lord was with them? Does not such a course implicate both the philanthropy and the piety of our Transatlantic brethren? Heaven avert the discredit—the shame—the guilt of such a course from the churches of Great Britain!

Brethren of England! The awful lesson and warning do not end here. The constituents of the American Board deeply grieved the Spirit of God! They were guilty of a heinous insult to the Son of his love! A trifling general effort would have sufficed abundantly to meet the necessities of the case; that effort they refused to make. By their deeds they said, "Let the 'head of the Heathen' get possession of his kingdom as he best may, *we* will not advance another farthing for it. If what we have done will not suffice to crush Idolatry, let it live and reign for ever. If perdition be the reward of its worship, then let its votaries descend into eternal night. What is that to us? Let those who will, see to it." So be it, but remember this; no man ever yet hardened himself against God, and prospered. Your brethren, regardless of the honour of their Lord, and of the salvation of the lost millions of our race, saved their money, and God hath "sent leanness into their souls." Sad compensation! The facts which came out at the last annual meeting, are an index to their true spiritual condition. According to Dr. Armstrong, one of the Secretaries, "*One third* of the churches, nominally the friends of this Board, make no regular contributions to its funds; and in those Churches which do contribute, *one third* of the members, and in some *two thirds*, and in others *three fourths*, give *nothing*. One half of the church members did nothing last year. Of the 300,000 members, 150,000 made no contributions." Here, as usual, it would seem that the adage, "like priest like people" holds good. The Hon. S. Hubbard, one of the Board, expressed a doubt "whether half of the ministers preach on the subject of foreign missions once a year." Dr. Armstrong also intimated that the single "state of Massachusetts, during the past year, paid in nearly one third of the whole contribution." Brethren, who can read these statements without a

mixture of grief and astonishment? But this is not the worst: the Rev. Mr. Greene, another of the Secretaries, stated a fact of the most extraordinary character, which will suffice to illustrate the marvellous apathy of the churches. His words are these: "If all the money now due from delinquent subscribers to the Missionary Herald, could at once be collected, it would pay off the debt of the Board." What think you of this statement? What is your estimate of the spiritual condition of these people? Surely these facts do not accord with much spiritual prosperity. Oh! let us beware lest *we* sink into the same condition. Let us tremble at the thought of following the American example! If we trifle as they have trifled with the cause of God, we may look for a like recompense. The Lord of the harvest has singularly blessed the American Missionaries in all their fields of labour. He has in fact opened for them a wide door in Palestine itself. Prior to the recent meeting, just as the Secretaries were leaving Boston, the extraordinary intelligence arrived that the Druses, Mohammedans, 100,000 in number, on Mount Lebanon, had determined to become Protestant Christians. They implored the American Missionaries "to come and help them." The Missionaries did so, and now, says Dr. Anderson, "we have not money to send them, and no prospect of having it!" The same gentleman attributes this fearful state of things to the withdrawment of Divine Influence. Having expatiated on the "extraordinary" encouragement received abroad, he said, "The state of things is equally extraordinary at home. The Spirit of God is *withheld* from the churches here, while it is poured forth so liberally abroad; and the Missionary spirit, on which every thing depends, is languishing. Even the fear of *retrenchment* among the missions, and re-calling of Missionaries, no longer appears to excite apprehension or anxiety. The retrograde movement of 1837, was dis-

astrous, because it familiarized the churches with the idea of curtailment, and they are no longer to be roused by the cry that the same danger has again returned." Brethren, what instruction and warning do these facts impart! They are all the more alarming from the analogy which the case of the American churches bears to that of the British Societies, especially the London Missionary Society. The words of Mr. Secretary Greene, are obviously applicable to it. "As yet," said he, "through all the remarks that have been made, I see no more light, than when we commenced our session. We have the same means proposed as in 1838, 1839, and 1840. We have calls, appeals, pledges, recommendations; but we are now deeper in debt than ever, and provisions made for an increase of funds in time past, are not adequate to the present emergency." Is not this precisely the present condition of the London Missionary Society? Again then I ask, What is to be done? Do you say, We cannot tell? Well; but is it not very clear that there is something which we must *not* do? Is it not plain that, come what may, that, whatever else you do or suffer, you must not fall into the snare of the American Churches connected with the Board of Foreign Missions? You must hazard all, and spend all, to enable the London and other Missionary Societies, if not to enlarge their respective spheres, at least to maintain them. Flinch who may, let not England flinch! In the darkest hour let England trust her God, and cleave to the cause of her Saviour! Let her not grieve the Holy Spirit by whom she has been selected from amongst all the nations of the earth, to enjoy such mercies, work such wonders, and diffuse such benefits! The cloud will again pass away! The sun of our prosperity and glory will again break forth, and the days of our mourning will end!

Brethren of America! multitudes of the best people of England have long been accustomed to look to you with

affection and admiration. They have often been animated when sluggish, and comforted when depressed, by the report of your zeal and liberality. It may be truly said, "they glorified God in you." In all your joy they rejoiced, and were exceeding glad to hear from time to time, that "the Lord was among you." Of late years, however, they have had great misgivings concerning some of the phenomena of your religion; they have been uneasy at the extensive popularity among you of certain views of divine truth, and of certain methods of promoting it. They have entertained a great dread lest the end should proclaim that you had been walking with man, rather than with God. Still they loved you, and endeavoured to exercise towards you much of that charity which "hopeth all things." But now it is to be feared that their confidence in you will be shaken. They will not know what to make of you. They will be utterly unable to reconcile your domestic revivals with your Missionary retrogression. The Spirit of God is the spirit of Missions. His high function is to extend the kingdom, and thus to advance the glory of Christ; and all those in whom he dwells, are zealously intent on the same object. A real revival produced by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, is always accompanied with compassion for perishing souls, whether at hand or afar off. Your apathy towards your Board is not one of those things which are of "good report." It is wholly inexplicable. We are often hearing of your great Revivals, and of your entire personal consecration to works of piety and mercy: and of business being carried on simply for the cause of God. We have heard a multitude of glorious facts relative to your zeal and liberality: and these facts are most surely believed among us; indeed we cannot discredit them, for they are reported by our own messengers. But while we believe their testimony, we cannot reject that of your honoured brethren, the members and officers of your own Board. Our astonishment

is increased by the facts which are so frequently adduced in praise of your condition. You have no public debt, you possess a cheap government, your taxation is a trifle, you enjoy abundance of well-paid labour, and you have no pauperism. You are deemed a happy people—the envy and admiration of all other nations. In the face of these facts, however, stands your strange apathy to the cause of Foreign Missions.

Brethren of America! be assured the Christian people of England love you with parental affection. They glory in you! They exult in your religious character, and in your godly rivalship of them in the work of spreading the Gospel. Nor is this all; amid the discouragements of their peculiar position, at the present time, their hope under God centres wholly in you! From Ireland, the chosen abode of the Man of Sin, in relation to the work of Missions, they have nothing to expect, but every thing to fear. As England looks towards the continent of Europe, scarce one of its nations meets her with a single ray of hope. In Europe, England alone is the land of Protestant doctrines and Christian Missions. Her Protestantism, however, stands in imminent peril from the elementary Popery of Oxford, and from that more matured form of it which flows in endless torrents from the sister Isle. An awful cloud rests on the prospects of English Protestantism. It seems not improbable, that the dark and dreadful days of your illustrious forefathers may yet again, and, perhaps, at no distant day, return. The re-ascendancy of Popery in England, seems but too probable. In this event, it is likely there will be another, and a much larger body of Pilgrim Fathers, who will go forth and lay the foundation of new colonies, destined at length, like your own, to become great independent empires. But amid possible distraction, distress, convulsion, confiscation, banishment or exile, what is to become of the

enterprise of Missions? England entrusts it to the hands of her children—to yourselves! Will you disappoint her? Will you prove recreant to a cause so dear to her heart, so intimately connected with the life of the world, and the glory of Zion's King? Will you, can you forget the land of your fathers' sepulchres, the land of your language, and of your religion? Oh! awake to a due sense of the dignity of your origin, the grandeur of your position, the elevation of your honour, and the weight of your responsibility!

Brethren of America! suffer the word of exhortation. Why has such a blight come over your once fair moral creation? Are you sure that the Lord has not a controversy with you? Has your treasury never been polluted by the wages of iniquity, the price of blood? What meant the memorial presented "to the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," at your last Assembly, by the New Hampshire ministers? Its burden was slavery; its object purity! What meant the emphatic and thrice-repeated reference to the "studied silence" of the Board? We are troubled by the following words of that calm, judicious, and respectful document. "The sober and considerate ministers and members of our churches, who have from the first been the firm and true friends of the Board, are distressed. They love the Board, and have loved it long. They regard it as foremost among the benevolent societies of the day. They have paid more for its support than for the support of any other Society; and more than of any other, has its prosperity been the burden of their prayers. But we greatly fear that their contributions must ultimately, and that before long, be suspended, if the Board shall think it their duty to observe such a *studied silence* on this great subject of interest and responsibility to American Christians." The admirable document from which these words are taken, is worthy of

the servants of Christ, and of men descended from the Pilgrim Fathers. Its just and upright authors have the hearts of the British empire with them, and posterity will honour their names! We rejoice to think that they are New England men. The answer of your Board is a thing of course. We were once familiar in England with such answers; and the experience we have had enables us to give you good and safe counsel. We say then, take warning! The present course of your Board will inevitably drive them on a rock, on which the goodly vessel must be dashed in pieces! Let them beware of worldly expediency! Let them beware of things that will "satisfy the South." Such things, we fear, will not often satisfy an enlightened conscience. Well might the Rev. Mr. Blodget, of South Carolina, say, "the report would satisfy the South. All the South asks, is, that the Board will attend to its own business, and so long we shall be glad to co-operate:" that is, Let us go quietly on making merchandise of our fellow creatures, and you shall have a small share of the profits! Brethren, who is it that hath said, "I hate robbery for a burnt offering?" One of your own Committee was anxious to know, "how much the Board would lose by the withdrawal" of the anti-slavery churches. This is good. Where the demon of slavery presides, the proper morality is arithmetic! How can a ruthless slaveholder endure the presence of any other conscience but that of profit and loss? Brethren, again I say, beware! When you have calculated the extent of your loss, by the possible withdrawal of the anti-slavery churches, might it not be prudent also to estimate the loss to be sustained by the withdrawal of the anti-slavery God? Can the God of eternal justice and boundless compassion, look with complacency on a work performed by hands dyed in the blood of man? Be not misled by the fact that he has hitherto blessed your agents. He has blessed his own

word; but this implies no approbation of your constitution! Are you not conscious that Heaven's frown rests upon you? Mark the declaration of your chief secretary: "If God has *left the churches at home*, the Holy Ghost is among our Missions abroad; and whatever becomes of this Board, or its officers, or the churches, the work will go on." We know this, and we rejoice to know it. This declaration, however, is a two-edged sword; it cuts both ways. The first part of this sentence supposes a calamity, which admits of no alleviation. Who can bear such a calamity? If any can, then the spirits of the lost may derive comfort from the fact, that while their residence is amidst eternal fire, the spirits of the just are rejoicing in paradise!

Brethren of England and of America! Christians, Protestants, friends of Missions in all lands! it is high time to awake out of sleep! The trumpet of darkness has sounded, and the papal world, so long dead, is rising again. The French "Institution for the Propagation of the Faith," and the "Catholic Institute of Great Britain," are but the nascent flames of mighty fires, which are smouldering in the hearts of many nations. The former is the idol of the bishops of France, and is fast spreading over other countries, while "the sovereign Pontiffs have opened for it the treasury of indulgences, which they have extended to all the faithful who shall receive it amongst them, in whatever part of the world they may reside."* The conditions of membership are, a *Pater* and an *Ave*, morning and evening, "adding each time this invocation: 'St. Francis Xavier, pray for us;'" and "an alms for the Missions," of at least, one halfpenny every week. This Institution has, it seems, already done great things; but it is expected to accomplish objects incalculably greater. It is expected to rectify all Protestant disorders, both in

* Institution for the Propagation, &c., Prel. Obs. p. 3.

Europe and America; to counteract the pernicious effects of Protestant Missions in foreign lands, to put down the Bible Society, and to fill the earth with faithful adherents to the Church of Rome. Brethren, this throws fresh light upon your path, and points out the necessities, not only of adopting a new course, but of providing yourselves with new armour. You will assuredly be compelled to fight over again the battle of the Reformation, not in Europe only, but under every sky! What pity that the conflict of three centuries back, should have ceased ere the BEAST had been slain, and the world freed from further alarm! How fearful is the war which you are now called to wage! Idolatry, Mohammedanism, Popery, and various corruptions of Christianity, fill the world, and are banded against you. How glorious then is the enterprise! It is worthy of angels! For God you fight, and God is with you! Your ultimate success is certain. As sure as the Mediator reigns, so sure will be your victory. These mighty foes will be all routed and annihilated! The Lord of Hosts is with you, the battle itself is his. Sublime distinction! Celestial vocation! Oh! awake to its dignity and glory, and acquit yourselves as the sons of the living God, and the servants of Him who is King of kings, and Lord of lords!

But, brethren, that you may be successful, your operations must be guided by wisdom and prudence, as well as by piety and zeal. A great problem is now to be solved, relative to future Missionary operations. The past has been devoted to a grand experiment, and the results have been the same both in Europe and in America. There is no need to repeat it; the process has been accurately conducted, and we cannot be misled. You have, therefore, now reached a point which calls for the adoption of a different course, and the introduction of a new principle. It is as clear as reason can make it, that if the Missions be wholly

dependent on Home support, a limit must be reached in their operations, unless there be no limit to their pecuniary resources. Unless a plan can be devised, therefore, by which all Missions shall at length become self-supported, the world will never be evangelized. The idea of converting all nations by means of European and American agency is utterly preposterous. The wants of the heathen world require at this moment, that Missionary agency should be augmented a hundred-fold. But our treasuries are exhausted; our concern is, therefore, about the reduction, not the increase, of our agency. This has become the vital question, the only means of salvation to our Societies. We are now at a stand. Our path is crossed by an impassable barrier. It is doubtful, indeed, whether, for a century to come, we shall be able to advance much further.

Brethren, these things demonstrate that there must be something wrong. Is not the work of modern Missions far too much a money matter? Is it not too dependent on filthy lucre, which is always the chief basis of man's operations, but never of the operations of God? Money, indeed, and much money, is indispensable to the work; but is it not far less necessary than our plan supposes and requires? What, then, is to be done? This, this must be done: *establish colleges rather than Missions.* Create efficient seminaries for the instruction and preparation of native evangelists and pastors. This must be done, or there is an end of all just expectation that the earth shall ever be filled with the knowledge of God. The Serampore Missionaries, full forty years ago, set forth some profound as well as practical views on this subject. The perspicacious and prophetic mind of Mr. Douglas, of Cavers, also, at a later period, descried the necessity of the academic plan, and the certain failure of that which has been hitherto relied upon. The "Prudential Committee" of the American Board, at the recent annual meeting, sub-

mitted a dissertation "on the importance of raising up a native ministry among the heathen nations." The report likewise says, "It is not a little remarkable that the same system has contemporaneously attracted the attention of Missionary Societies in various parts of the world." What is remarkable in this? It is the simple result of the discovery of the impossibility of advancing much further in the present path. If they had not thought of this, it had been remarkable. It is the dictate of common sense, and was long ago recommended by sound philosophy.

As with Life Assurance, so with religious Societies, the true and safe principle of conducting them was not at first thoroughly understood. In both cases it has been discovered by degrees. The case of the Missionary Societies is now precisely what that of the Bible Society was last year. In a moment of benevolence, that Institution departed from the rule of previous prudence, and sold two small books at considerably less than the prime cost. The demand was great, and in a brief space the Society lost nearly half its free income. On making the alarming discovery, it promptly and wisely stopped. It has since made arrangements by which it can sell books at the same price without a farthing of loss; and the consequence is, that it is able to sell such books without limit, since each purchaser pays the cost price of what he receives. Were the entire human race to purchase, and thus to pay, no more free contribution would be required, than the moderate expense necessary to work the establishment. Now the time is come for the adoption of this principle in Missionary operations. It is in Missionary as in military enterprises; the more distant the seat of war is from the country whence the armaments proceed, the greater the cost of the conflict; India, for instance, is distant from England fifteen thousand miles, a voyage of about five months. On this point, the Missionary, Ward, has left

this testimony: "The expense attending Missions, at such a distance, is very great, and must exceedingly limit the extent of these exertions. To prepare, to equip, and to land each Missionary, costs the British public not less than six hundred pounds; and to maintain him there, a considerable annual sum: so that charitable funds, where the numbers to be taught amount to so many millions, can do but little, except in making a commencement."* This witness is true. Your condition verifies his testimony. Would that this wise man's counsel had been taken and acted upon, before it was absolutely forced upon the Missionary Societies of Europe and America!

The military principle of seizing the commanding posts of a country, ought to be the study of your Societies. It is really surprising how the bulk of the Directors of such Societies have so erred,—how much they have talked,—and how little they have thought and inquired! It is pleasing, however, to find them at length awakening from their dream. The recent annual meeting of the American Missionary Society, will be an era in the history of this great enterprise. There was more bold, deep, and original thinking at that Assembly, than was ever uttered on a like occasion. The paper of the Secretary, Dr. Armstrong, calling upon the most able and learned men of the country to go forth to the field, presented a grand conception. What scope the work of Missions gives for the highest powers! The mastery of heathen languages and literature, the writing and translation of works on education and Christianity, the creation of Schools, the institution of colleges, and the rendering of the Scriptures into the native tongue; this is employment sufficient for the first abilities. The submission of the "inquiry whether the men who preside over our Colleges, and Theological Seminaries, are

* Ward's Letters, pp. 146, 147.

not the men who should go forth as Missionaries to plant the institutions of religion on heathen ground ?" was a master stroke.

We have now experience sufficient to direct us for a century to come ; and it is high time to revise the whole of our system. It is extremely important, that in Missions, as in the evil work of war, lines of operation should rest upon common centres. The importance of this view, which philosophy taught to Mr. Douglas,* has been fully corroborated by one of the ablest Missionaries of the East, Mr. Buyers of Benares.† It seems a point of conscience with all Societies, like rival merchants in the same market, to pitch their tents all in the same fields of labour. Four or five denominational flags must needs all wave in the same city, or in the same isle! This is bad in principle, and worse in policy. A territorial division would be a thing of boundless utility as well as of immense economy. But leaving this, let me suggest that no time should be lost by the London Missionary Society, in the formation of a central college in Polynesia, which ought to have been claimed and cultivated by that Society. A second college may be formed in the West Indies, for central Africa, which might be claimed and cultivated by the Baptists. A third college might be established at the Cape of Good Hope, under the auspices of the Methodists, to whom the whole of South Africa might be surrendered; and with it might be associated Madagascar. A fourth college might be established in the Indian Islands, under European control, adjacent to China, and largely peopled by Chinese, in which might be prepared a body of competent Missionaries for such islands, and for China, when the door shall be opened. Four more colleges might be established in British India, by the Baptists, the Church, the London,

* Hints, p. 37. † Letters, v. vi.

and the Church of Scotland Missionary Societies, and the country divided among them accordingly. The difficulties which would occur, and the temporary loss which would arise from an attempt now to effect some such division and re-distribution, may be considerable; but ultimately the gain would be an ample compensation. There is no probability, however, that this will ever be done, or even attempted. The next thing, therefore, is, as far as practicable, under the circumstances, to work out the academic and the self-supporting principle. For these purposes the present revenues of the Societies are perhaps sufficient. "It is vain to think that India will ever be evangelized by Europeans. All they can do is only to plant the first churches. Our great object ought therefore, to be, as soon as possible, to raise several large churches in the most influential places, which may serve as nurseries for Native Ministers and Missionaries!"*

Brethren of England and America! let us be of good courage. The work is fairly begun; much is already accomplished. Experience will correct error, and supply what is wanting, and success will tend to its own increase. Growing purity will prove growing power. More spirituality will be attended by more prosperity. Let us betake ourselves in good earnest to our part of the undertaking. Let our hearts, our houses, and our home education be much more missionary. Let all sorts of juvenile literature be thoroughly baptized with the spirit of Missions, and diffused among the young. Let all possible methods, both regular and occasional, be devised and adopted, for interesting the youthful mind. It were easy, and it was once my design, to specify more fully the chief of these methods, but they will readily occur to such as are really anxious to employ them. It is much to be desired that the whole

* Buyers, p. 47.

question of Missions should from time to time be brought and kept before the public mind, till Christians be made clearly to see the matchless glory of the enterprise—deeply to feel the duty, and duly to estimate the honour and privilege of promoting it. When once this comes to pass, the work will go steadily on; there will be prayer as well as labour for the great object, and prosperity will attend our way. The mighty undertaking is to be achieved by means, not by miracle. Indeed, "the only miracle necessary, is, that Christians should have some concern for the souls of their fellow creatures.*" The more we have of this, the more we have of Christ, the great Pattern and Patron of the illustrious brotherhood of Missionaries. Oh! what love is that which burns for souls in his bosom! Let us share it; let us show it. Let us feel as he felt; let us do as he did. Let us, like him, weep over sin, and go about doing good! Compared with this, every thing is low, and every thing is little. Oh! how transcendent, then, is the honour of England and of America, in being permitted to take the part which they have taken in this great work! Brethren, of both countries, ponder the obligations resulting from that honour! Let every soul on British ground hear the glad tidings, and let all who hear, believe, live, love and obey. Let Englishman be synonymous with Christian, and Christian with saint! Let America, with all her millions, awake to a full apprehension of her mercies and her duties. Oh! let her forthwith remove that foul stain, that spot of blood, which now pollutes her banner! America and Slavery! Horrid conjunction! America, the land of the free! *And that America, the greatest slaveholder, man-seller, man-slayer, in the universe!* Monstrous inconsistency! Cruel abomination! Men of Massachusetts! and all Americans who value the honour of a British origin, and who dread to disgrace their Pilgrim parentage, stand

* Douglas.

forth, and cleanse your hands from the foul fellowship of dealers in human flesh! And, ye Commissioners of the American Board of Missions, awake from your dream! Lay aside your fine distinctions about Slavery in the "abstract," or Slavery in the concrete! Slavery is slavery, disguise it as you may. Slavery is injustice—is cruelty—is murder! Your duty as members of the family of man, and still more of the family of Christians, is prior, and paramount to your duty as members of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Purify your Society, whatever may be the consequences. Reject at once the Planter, and his ill-acquired substance! Can the pure eye of Heaven look with satisfaction on the chains of bondage, and the price of blood? In the name of justice, humanity, and religion, we implore you, send not into the field of Missions, men clothed and fed with the product of tears, torture, and death!

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